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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMANDERY
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, [MILITARY ORDER
OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES, *New York Commandery.*

FOURTH SERIES

EDITED BY

A. NOEL BLAKEMAN



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But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the "Hour" glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

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PREFACE

THIS fourth volume of papers and sermons comprises papers presented at the banquets which follow the regular stated meetings of the Commandery, and sermons preached before the Commandery, as a part of the annual Church service which, during the past few years, has been held in commemoration of the surrender at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, an event that brought peace within our borders and that cemented once more the union of States comprising our great Republic.

One object of the foundation of this Order, set forth in our Constitution, is—"to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defence of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic. . . ." There is no way in which this result can be more effectually accomplished than by bringing together the personal recollections of those who took part in that great struggle. These narratives of personal experiences are interesting, not only because they bring us in contact with events of which the narrators themselves were a part, but also because, as a relation of facts and incidents based upon the personal observations and experiences of participants, they bring us much closer to the actual events of the War of the Rebellion than the more formal statements of the professional historian. Many of the incidents referred to, which are more or less of a personal character, would never have become matter of record but for these papers, nevertheless they give life to the accounts that are presented in the official reports.

NEW YORK, February, 1912.

The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

NOTE: The preparation of this volume was committed by the Board of Officers to the Commander and our late lamented Recorder, A. Noel Blakeman. The Recorder cheerfully assumed the burden of the actual work, which he performed with his usual painstaking care, leaving among his papers the draft of the foregoing preface, and to him is due the full credit for the editorial work.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

And there unchallenged may the boast be made,
Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
That Penn, the Founder, never once betrayed
The simple Indian's trust.

Personal Recollections of the Rebellion

THE BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS OF THE
WAR DEPARTMENT.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY, FEBRUARY
6, 1907, BY COLONEL FRANK MCINTYRE,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

LIKE other instruments of the National Government, the Bureau of Insular Affairs is a creature of necessity. At the close of the Spanish War and the taking over of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Archipelago, the necessity of some organization in the United States through which the varied affairs of these islands should be handled was apparent.

Civil government had to be established in territory under military control, and this territory, including Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, contained a population of approximately ten million souls. The War Department was organized for handling military matters, and while, as a rule, officers of the Army were placed in charge in the insular possessions, their duties were civil. In the collection of taxes, the establishment of schools, the adjustment of claims, the government of cities, and the administration of the customs, questions arose which demanded for their prompt determination an organization devoted to these questions only. Otherwise, every department of our government

must have been called on as the particular questions pertaining to its usual functions arose. This was impracticable, and the resulting delays would have been insufferable.

When civil questions thus arising were forwarded to Washington, they were at first referred to the Assistant Secretary of War and a clerk was appointed to take charge of this branch of his work. At first customs matters overshadowed all other questions, and the work was growing so rapidly that in December, 1898, an order was issued creating the "Division of Customs and Insular Affairs," in the office of the Secretary of War, and to this division were referred all civil questions arising in our newly acquired possessions requiring executive action. The division began with four clerks, but the business grew so rapidly, not only in quantity but in importance, that in February, 1900, Lieutenant-Colonel Clarence R. Edwards was appointed chief of the division, and in May the chief was instructed to report directly to the Honorable Elihu Root, Secretary of War, who in his annual report, dated November 27, 1901, gave the following admirable summary of the work accomplished by the division:

"The policy followed by the American Executive in dealing with the government of the Philippines (and also in dealing with the government of the other islands ceded or yielded by Spain which have been under control of the War Department) has been to determine and prescribe the framework of the insular government; to lay down the rules of policy to be followed upon the great questions of government as they are foreseen or arise; to obtain the best and ablest men possible for insular officers; to distribute and define their powers, and then hold them responsible for the conduct of government in the islands with the least possible interference from Washington.

"Notwithstanding a rigid adherence to this policy, and consistently with it, the demands upon the Department for action in the vast and complicated business in the island governments have been constant and imperative. Different civilizations, different systems of law and procedure, and different modes of thought brought into contact have evolved a great crowd of difficult questions for determination. New facts ascertained,

and changed conditions, have called for the interpretation and application of our own rules of policy and the establishment of other rules. Different views as to the scope of authority under the distribution of powers have required reconciliation. The application of the law of military occupation to rights and practices existing under the laws of Spain and the process of overturning inveterate wrongs have brought about frequent appeals to the highest authority, which, being in the name of justice, have required consideration. The work undertaken has been the building up of government from the foundation upon unfamiliar ground. We have had no precedents, save the simple and meagre proceedings under the occupation of California and New Mexico, more than half a century ago, and it has been necessary to decide every question upon its own merits and to make our own precedents for the future.

"For the performance of all these duties full and accurate knowledge of the conditions and proceedings of all the governments in all the islands on the part of the authorities in Washington has been required. It has been necessary to follow them step by step. The President and Congress have looked to the War Department for information as to how the trust of government in the various islands was being performed, and tens of thousands of applications by the people of the United States for every conceivable kind of information regarding the islands have poured into the Department in an uninterrupted stream.

- "Only thorough system could arrange, record, and keep available for use the vast and heterogeneous mass of reports and letters and documents which this business has involved, furnish answers to the questions, conduct the correspondence, and keep the Secretary of War from being overwhelmed in hopeless confusion. The War Department had no machinery for the purpose. No provision for any such administrative machine was made by law. Of necessity, by the detail of officers and the employment of temporary clerks authorized by law, such machinery has been created in the Department with a chief, assistant, a law officer, a competent force of translators, accountants, stenographers, and recording and indexing and copying clerks. It is called the Division of Insular Affairs of the War Department, and it performs with admirable and constantly increasing efficiency the great variety of duties which in other countries would

be described as belonging to a colonial office, and would be performed by a much more pretentious establishment."

This same report from which the above has been taken, recommended that the division be made a bureau, which was done by Congress, July 1, 1902.

As a matter of course, the organization and personnel of the bureau have been changed from time to time to meet changed conditions, but have been finally worked out into an organization consisting of the following divisions: Correspondence, Records, Compilation, Statistical, Accounting, and Purchasing and Disbursing. The names indicate in a general way their respective duties. The bureau is the medium through which the insular possessions communicate with the executive departments of the home government. The bureau is also the friend at court for our insular people, taking a deep interest in their welfare and promoting along legitimate lines such legislation as will contribute to their development and progress.

Descending from the general to the particular, it may not be out of place to mention some of the more important measures that have been directed by the bureau.

When customs matters engaged the attention of the newly organized insular governments, the tariffs of both Cuba and the Philippines were revised, and while no preference was given to the United States over other nations, it was nevertheless the frankly avowed policy of the bureau to favor American products so far as it could be done by the descriptive language of the tariffs. Full and free discussion was invited while the tariff revision was pending, and when finally presented to Congress for approval it was passed without any exception being taken to any schedule by any member of either house or of either party.

Owing to the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, the establishment of trade relations between the United States and Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands presented three distinct problems. In so far as trade was concerned, we could do as we pleased with Porto Rico and Cuba, fixing as between the United States and those islands tariff or free

trade, as we should deem advisable. This in the case of Porto Rico was not complicated by other conditions, and under the Act of Congress approved April 12, 1900, and the proclamation of President McKinley, dated July 25, 1901, free trade between the United States and Porto Rico was established.

In the case of Cuba, with our absolute right to give to ourselves such preferential duties in the Cuban tariff schedule as we should see fit, there was involved the promise of establishing at some future date a free government in Cuba. As a consequence of this it was deemed wise to give the United States no preferential position in the Cuban market pending the establishment of such free government. After the establishment of the Republic of Cuba and our withdrawal therefrom, in 1902, by a special treaty with that republic, the United States was given certain preferential tariff rates in Cuba, in return for which we gave a 20 per cent. reduction of our tariff rates to the products of Cuba coming into the United States.

The case of the Philippines was complicated by that article in the Treaty of Paris providing that "The United States should for a term of ten years from the date of the exchange of the ratifications to the present treaty admit Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States." This required that in any customs tariff of the Philippine Islands prior to April 11, 1909, whatever preference was given to American goods and American ships, except for value received, should likewise be extended to Spanish goods and Spanish ships. For obvious reasons it was necessary that the same treatment should in this period be extended to all nations. As a result of these conditions in the Philippine Islands, American goods received only that slight advantage which they could be given by favorable description and classification in fixing the rates of duty, and this they were given to the fullest extent.

As a consequence of this diverse treatment, while we have to-day practically the entire trade of Porto Rico, a trade that

has been developed by the increased prosperity of that island under the American occupation, and a very large and growing proportion of the trade of Cuba, we have very little of the trade of the Philippine Islands.

This is due, as indicated in the first place, to the very slight advantage given American goods in the Philippines under the existing tariff, which advantage is as a matter of fact absolutely nothing in the case of the great majority of articles, and to the great prosperity throughout the United States during the entire period of our control of those islands; a prosperity so great that very few of our industries have found it necessary to seek trade abroad.

Passing to another phase of the bureau's work, all appointments to civil-service positions in the Philippines are arranged through the bureau, working in conjunction with the Civil Service Commission of the United States, and to the credit of our insular administration it can be said that politics has not been able to seize upon the islands for places to reward political activity. Merit has been the only recommendation that has weighed with those whose duty it was to select insular servants.

The bureau has to stand sponsor for such Congressional legislation as is urged by the Philippine Commission. This involves a vast amount of research, and subsequent labor putting the information thus obtained in such shape as to be available for the committees of both houses of Congress in charge of insular legislation.

As an illustration of this phase of the work may be mentioned the task of establishing a coinage and currency system for the Philippines. When we took charge of the insular government all sorts of money were in circulation. There were Filipino pesos; there were Spanish coins; there were bills of the Spanish-Filipino bank, which had authority to issue paper to an amount equal to three times its capital; there were Mexican dollars; there were some Bombay dollars from the British possessions in the Orient; and finally there was added to this mixture, upon the arrival of the Army, our own currency composed of gold, silver, and paper. This, to

say the least, was confusing. In the fiscal affairs of the government, accounts had to be kept in two classes of money,—a great inconvenience; but, in addition to this, the price of silver was constantly fluctuating, so that it was impossible to know what a bank balance of one day would be worth the next day. This condition was intolerable. The Secretary of War, therefore, appointed an expert to go to the Philippines and to other places in the Orient to study the question and suggest a remedy. As a result of his report, a bill was prepared providing for a Philippine currency, which, while it employs silver as the medium for its coinage, is on a gold exchange basis, and a fixed ratio was established between the Filipino peso and the dollar of the United States, two of the former being equal to one of the latter. This simplified the accounting work of the government, gave stability to all classes of business, and has been of great benefit to the islands.

The work of selecting designs for the coins, shipping the same after being minted, purchasing the bullion, selling bonds for funds to inaugurate the new system, and securing paper silver certificates and sending them to Manila, all devolved upon the bureau, and thus the monetary system of 7,000,000 people was conceived and executed, and the currency was transported half-way around the world and put into circulation without accident or the loss of a single coin—a piece of practical business to which the bureau points with pardonable pride. A similar task was the preparation of a series of postage stamps which was forwarded to Manila for the use of the postal service.

Equally important has been the work of the law officer of the bureau,—a work developed by the Honorable Charles E. Magoon, now provisional governor of the island of Cuba. The questions presented for solution show to some extent the scope of the work of the bureau and opened a broad field for investigation, including the law of military occupation, the law and usages of civilized warfare, international law, interpretation of the Constitution of the United States, the interpretation of treaties, the status of the territory and

the inhabitants thereof acquired as a result of the war with Spain, the laws of Spain rendered ineffective or remaining in force in said territory, the rights of individuals and communities affected by the action of the military government, and the law respecting claims based upon military occupation, and the conduct of soldiers in territory affected by war. All these and many other questions came up for solution, not as hypothetical questions but in the shape of actual claims presented for adjudication. In many instances there were no precedents to guide, for the questions presented had never been judicially determined, and the only guide was the action of the legislative branch of the government toward the territory and inhabitants of the Northwest Territory, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Oregon, California, Alaska, and Hawaii. This required a review of Congressional debates and legislation extending over more than one hundred years, as well as digging through a multitude of annual and special reports, but even with all that work—much easier to describe than to realize—oftentimes no precedent, could be found, and precedent had to be carefully established with knowledge of the fact that the action taken would in all probability have to stand the test of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The more important opinions thus outlined have been compiled and published in book form, making a volume of more than eight hundred pages. In reviewing this the *Review of Reviews* said:

“Nothing could illustrate better than this volume the vast number of intricate questions that have arisen in the course of our conduct of affairs in the islands formerly belonging to Spain, nor could anything throw more light upon the care with which the War Department has studied all the principles and precedents of constitutional and international law in its treatment of every issue that has arisen.”

Every change in the form of government of a people is a fruitful source of perplexing questions. In the Philippines, for example, there was first the change of sovereignty from

Spain to the United States. The new sovereignty was at first administered through a military government, and then the military government gradually gave way to a civil government in which the Congress of the United States has a deciding voice, and now preparations are being made to hold an election in the Archipelago for members of the Philippine Assembly, which will correspond in a general way to our House of Representatives, while the Upper House will be composed of the Philippine Commission, the members of which are appointed by the President of the United States.

Another duty devolving upon the Bureau of Insular Affairs is that of auditing the accounts of the insular government. This has a twofold aspect: one is the responsibility of the officers who handle insular funds for the government of the Philippine Islands; and the other is the responsibility of said government to the government at Washington, whose duty it is to see that all checks and safeguards which Congress has placed about public moneys of the United States should also be applied to the revenues of the islands. The accounting and auditing system of the United States, adapted by experience to local conditions, has been applied to the receipts and disbursements of the Philippines. By the Act of Congress of July 1, 1902, a statement of all receipts and expenses is reported directly to the bureau. These statements are properly tabulated, entered in ledgers, and reported to Congress.

Closely related to the accounting division is the statistical division, which is charged with publishing the commercial statistics of the insular government. The imports and exports by ports and by articles are tabulated under appropriate headings, showing what proportion of the trade has been secured by the United States, and what proportion belongs to our commercial competitors. These data are now published in a quarterly summary of commerce and are distributed to libraries, commercial bodies, and chambers of commerce.

There is also a purchasing and disbursing division through

which all supplies for the Philippine Government bought in the United States are purchased. The payments are made in Washington by the disbursing officer of Philippine revenues. All requisitions for supplies, after being approved by the governor-general, are sent to the bureau and duly entered. After purchases have been made, the vouchers are audited and compared as to rates and prices, and the check for payment is drawn by order of the chief of the bureau, and an accounting is made to the auditor of the Philippine Islands. There have been disbursed in the United States, through this division of the bureau, since May 20, 1901, \$30,000,000 of Philippine funds.

As already stated, upon the organization of this bureau, the civil affairs of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines were all directed through it, but on May 1, 1900, civil government was granted to Porto Rico, and the War Department's jurisdiction over the island was discontinued. The civil governor is required by law to report once a year to the President. The island retains no vital relation to any of the executive departments of the government. As has been well said, she is an orphan in her relations with this country, and information relative to Porto Rican affairs, not contained in the governor's annual report, can be secured only by communicating directly with that officer.

The relations of Cuba to the bureau have been somewhat different. Its civil affairs continued to be administered through the bureau until May 20, 1902, when Cuba became a foreign government. All records relating to our administration in Cuba were brought to Washington, classified, and stored in the Bureau of Insular Affairs, where they have been accessible for the elucidation of all questions arising relative to our occupancy of that island.

Upon the downfall of the Government of President Palma, and when the United States again assumed control of the island on September 29, 1906, the civil affairs of the provisional government were again referred to the Bureau of Insular Affairs. The old record cards which had been closed in 1902 were again drafted into service, and a careful

record is being made of everything pertaining to our renewed administration of that island.

It is recognized that this is but a hasty review of the work of this important office. Those who have dealings with it are those who are most willing to justify its existence, and testify to the thorough manner in which it performs its numerous duties. The advantage of thus having, as it were, a clearing house for insular affairs has been recognized by the President of the United States, who in his last annual message to Congress recommended that all insular possessions be placed under the charge of one bureau. To-day Cuba and the Philippines report to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, Porto Rico reports but once a year to the President through the Secretary of State, Hawaii and Alaska report to the Secretary of the Interior, while Guam and Samoa are under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy.

This condition is felt to be anomalous. While special conditions obtain in each of these several possessions, that require no doubt special legislation from time to time, yet many features of insular legislation should be common to all, and it would be an economy of effort and a unification of policy to have one single office empowered to handle all the matters arising in the administration of these insular possessions.

No higher compliment could have been paid to the bureau than that by the action taken in connection with our pending treaty with Santo Domingo. In order to prevent the seizure of the custom-houses and ports of Santo Domingo by European creditors, an agreement was negotiated in 1905 by which the President of the Dominican Republic was to appoint a controller and general receiver of customs of the Republic, who was to be nominated for appointment by the President of the United States, and of the amounts collected 45 per cent. was to be turned over to the Dominican Government for the current governmental expenses, and the remaining 55 per cent., after the cost of collection was deducted, was to be deposited in a bank in the United States to be selected by the President, for the liquidation of the existing

debts of Santo Domingo. This agreement satisfied all foreign creditors and removed what may be considered a threatened stretching of the Monroe Doctrine by the seizure by European countries of the custom-houses of Santo Domingo.

Early in April, 1905, the Secretary of War was called on to nominate the officials to be appointed under this agreement, and to designate the bank of deposit. This matter was immediately handled through the Bureau of Insular Affairs, which was enabled to send without delay the necessary officials experienced in the handling of customs affairs in the Philippines and in Cuba, and speaking the language of Santo Domingo and acquainted with the form of tariff schedules in use in our Spanish-American countries. How well this work has been done is a matter of general knowledge. There is at present on deposit in the bank designated by the Secretary of War approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars towards the payment of the debt of Santo Domingo, which has by compromise been scaled down to about 17 million dollars. This amount has been so deposited notwithstanding the fact that the Santo Domingo Government has meantime received more from customs collections than at any period in its recent history.

As showing the appreciation of the work done by and through the Bureau of Insular Affairs, it may be stated that to-day perhaps as difficult and possibly the most delicate work performed by our government, involving, as it does in a manner, the invasion of the sovereignty of other countries, that of the governorship of Cuba and the collection of customs for Santo Domingo, is being performed by officials trained, and whose principal experience in preparation for their duties was gained, in the Bureau of Insular Affairs.

There is, however, another side to this. Lest I should appear to claim that the bureau gets all that it desires and succeeds in everything, it should be observed that in *Collier's Weekly* for last week there appeared a selected list of ten measures that ought to become laws prior to the close of this Congress. The first was the Philippine tariff bill,

the second the Porto Rico citizenship bill, and the tenth was the Santo Domingo treaty,—three measures the success of which, directly or indirectly, the Bureau of Insular Affairs has been greatly interested in.

I cannot close these remarks without saying a word about the work of Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. Army, who created the bureau and brought it to its present state of efficiency. To it he has given seven years of hard work, always alert to do what he could for our wards, and keeping Congress fully informed as to conditions in the lands across the sea. He has gathered and trained a loyal force, and, in the language of Secretary Root, has accomplished a work that in any other government would be given a more pretentious name.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK OF THE MILITARY
ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE
UNITED STATES.

AT THEIR ANNUAL CHURCH SERVICE, APRIL 14, 1907, IN THE
CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK, BY
COMPANION REV. MORGAN DIX, S.T.D.

I T was with great pleasure, gentlemen of the Loyal Legion, that I accepted an invitation to speak to you to-day. It was understood, however, that my words should be few, and the time occupied brief. I do not intend to preach a sermon, but to address you informally on two or three points suggested by the name and objects of your organization and the occasion of this service. I have the honor and privilege of speaking to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. And this service is annually held in memory of that surrender at Appomattox, which ended the War of the Rebellion. Every word gives food for reflection.

And first, this is a military order; and as such it stands for a certain estimate of the value of the profession of arms. That profession is one of the oldest in history; honorable and useful to the state. You, as members of such an order as this, can have no sympathy with people who waste time and breath in decrying the soldier and misrepresenting the value of his work, with such as would disband, if they could, the Armies of the United States, and run our Navy on rocks, there to break up and go to pieces. A military order is presumably a body of intelligent persons, with clear heads, open eyes, and a just perception of the conditions under which mankind are making their way from age to age in this changeful and

uneasy world. You have adopted the style of a Legion; the word recalls the day when over vast spaces of the earth men owed their peace to the legions of imperial Rome, which, like a police force, kept order far and near along the sea-coasts of the South and through the forest lands of the cold and gloomy North. Again, you are a Loyal Legion, and of that word loyalty I shall say something later on, as necessary for these times. Moreover, this order consists, in the greater part, of men who fought for God and country, as officers and soldiers in the service of the United States, during those four years which tried men's souls, and in whose issue was involved the safety or destruction of a nation. Let me speak as briefly on these lines, as the allotted time permits.

And first, of the Art of War, the ancient, honorable, necessary Art of War. Appreciating the motives of peace societies, and giving them credit for the good which they have done, we warn them, however, not to be over-sanguine, not to become excited in the expectation of immediate or even early success. The day is not in sight when their ideas can find universal, or anything near to universal, acceptance. Not one of us will live to see the entrance into the thousand years of peace. We fear that if international war should cease that happy occurrence would not bring war to an end; it would still have to be waged, not by nation against nation, but within each nation, between forces of protection of law and order and other forces destructive to the peace and quiet of the state. Here the motto on your coat-of-arms comes in well: **LEX REGIT, ARMA TUENTUR.** Never were words more happily conjoined; without the **ARMA** I venture to say there would be short shrift with the **LEX**. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed by law; the law is menaced, and will be while human nature remains what it is, by classes impatient of authority and restless under restraint. Take this great city, for instance. We have little or no fear of seeing foreign fleets in our waters in hostile array, nor of foreign troops landing on Long Island or Staten Island, but we can and do presage a danger worse than that. Modern society is in ferment to-day. This city contains,

one dreads to think how large a number, who are deluded by visions never to be realized, and seething with passions which no calm voice or sound speech can allay. This city, thank God, has a standing army, keeping watch on the turbulent and the seditious. A police force, numbering, horse and foot 8600 men, well disciplined, trained to the manner of controlling mobs and dispersing rioters; a National Guard, numbering some 9600, infantry, cavalry, artillery, not inexperienced in their duties as defenders of our citizens and keepers of the peace; and beyond and below, where the waters of the bay reflect the sun by day, the moon and stars by night, are military reservations, where the flag of freedom flies above the barracks and batteries of the Government of the United States. Dismiss the police, disband the National Guard, and secure non-interference by the General Government, and what would happen? I know what I am talking about, for I saw with these eyes the Astor Place riot in 1849, and the Draft riots in 1863, and the Orange riots in 1870-71, and I venture to predict as possible that within a month we should see worse things yet: mobs parading the streets, houses burning, shops looted, and citizens flying for their lives. Such revolutionary outrage would, of course, provoke resistance; conservatives would rise against the public foe, and there would be war again, more bitter, more fierce, more destructive than ever before. I speak to you as a minister of the gospel of peace, and also as a free-born citizen of the United States, and I predict that war will not cease until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and of Christ. If that is never to be, as the enemies of the Gospel declare, and if the revolutionary schemes with which the world is drenched, under the cloak of social reform, are not, by some means, checked or stayed, we venture the prophecy that there is trouble ahead exceeding anything known thus far on this little planet. It is a far cry to the day when Liberty can keep her footing without the defence and protection of arms and of men trained to that profession. True as Scripture is your motto, **LEX REGIT, ARMA TUENTUR.**

So, gentlemen of this military order, you are pledged to respect for your old calling. And reading the third article of your Constitution, which declares the objects of this society, I find among them these: "To cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defence of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic," and "to foster the cultivation of military and naval science, and advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States." No one can doubt where you stand, and it is refreshing, in this day of intellectual and moral confusion, to know where any one stands. Now let me proceed to speak of that word which describes your union; it is called the **LOYAL LEGION**. No emphasis on that term can be too strong, no word could ring more true. Loyalty and Liberty. They belong to each other; they should be held in the sacred bond of indissoluble marriage. But these are times when, through the perversion and abuse of the word liberty, men need the other word to restore the balance. Loyalty means allegiance to what exists under law; to the General Government; to the States in their proper sphere; regard for the rights and liberties of the honest citizen, the maintenance of the national honor, union, and independence. I am quoting again from your Constitution and from the article which pledges you "to enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government, protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and maintain national honor, union, and independence." That is the talk of which we cannot have too much just now.

For we are in a tideway; the flood is hard to stem. Sanguine theorists, fed chiefly on viands provided by foreign caterers to discontent; warm-hearted folk, carried away by a sympathy which cannot help its objects; romantic and hysterical men and women, who "listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope"; conspirators against all existing institutions, these have set the floods a-going and heated almost to boiling point the caldron of envy, class hatred, and general mistrust. At this point we want loyalty more than aught else, and a

strong conservative feeling of which that word might be taken as the just diagnosis. Loyalty has not always or everywhere the same meaning; its objects differ in different places and at different epochs in history. With us it means loyalty to the Constitution, to the system which has made us a world power, to American ideas and not those of foreign radicals and revolutionists, loyalty to the principles and faith of our fathers, uncorrupted as they were by the poison circulating to-day. We must be loyal to the Constitution, as the ablest document ever framed for the guidance of an intelligent people, too much tinkered already; God save us from the passion for further amendment of the noble instrument, and would to God we might not see another amendment for fifty years to come! We must be loyal to the memory of our forefathers, of Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Grant among soldiers; of Perry, Decatur, Farragut among naval commanders; of Alexander Hamilton, Marshall, Webster among statesmen; of martyrs like Lincoln and McKinley. Loyalty looks to the safeguarding of laws which provide freedom of person; the right of every man to labor without dictation from overseers, individual or collective; the right to hold property and accumulate whatever may be gained by honest and honorable means, and to enjoy in peace one's property, one's home, one's religion, secure from violent interference on any hand. We think that to be the mind of loyal men. We are daily stronger in that persuasion, as forced to see how the idea of loyalty is weakened in the passion for independent thought and act, the admiration for whatever is unbridled and eccentric, and the craze for experiment in the social and religious sphere alike.

I must be brief, and bring this address to a close. Pardon the speaker if it has not taken the sermon form. He has not forgotten—who could forget—the religious aspect of the case. You recognize it in your Constitution, from which, once more and for the last time I quote: Among your fundamental principles is, "first, a firm belief and trust in Almighty God." Yes, that is the first, in the creed of the loyal soul. God is above; in Him we trust. "The Lord is

King, be the people never so impatient. He sitteth between the Cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet." What there is now in our beloved country of order, of quietness, of peace, of truth to word, duty, obligation, is due to the presence and providence of that One "who made and preserves us a nation." God save the state! And that God will save the state we firmly believe. Not irreverently may we add another article to that faith in the Supreme Power above. The Lord works by instruments, through agencies, adapted to the fulfilment of His will. And we believe in such an agency, in the strong common-sense of the American people. This is one of the most fortunate of nations, one of the most prosperous, one of the most peaceful and orderly. There are no oppressed and down-trodden classes here; no silent, suffering victims of tyrannical rule; no man is forbidden to make his way, if he can, and rise to any position which he can reach; no sign is anywhere of arbitrary, irresponsible power; no check, so far, on enterprise, activity, advance from more to more. And yet we have the enemy at our gates and among us; not abroad, but right here. Our safeguard, under Divine Providence, from philosophic, theoretic, and sentimental aggression is, first, in the strong common-sense of the vast majority of the people. With that we trust to silence the evil voices, and prevent from listening to their delusive speech. Should that fail, should treason to American ideals and disloyalty to the Government proceed to open act, then, loyal men, stand forth, and draw the sword in defence of the nation, even as you drew it before! God avert the danger and defer the day when the fury of unnecessary and unjustifiable revolution shall break out within our borders, but if it must come, God give you the will to arise and quit you like men, and beat down the disturber of the peace!

To every loyal American in whose heart are the love of country, an ideal of good citizenship, and a reverence for the memory of the fathers, be health and peace! To all who have pledged their honor, as officers and gentlemen, to be governed by the Constitution and laws under which they live; to every man, be he lay or cleric, who keeps his word

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and solemn oath and means what he says, and abhors the "lying lips and the deceitful tongue," and, to quote the great poet, is minded

"To honor his own word as if his God's,"

to all such we do homage, as faithful and true; and we salute them and wish them God-speed as defenders of our freedom and maintainers of righteousness and truth.

ADDRESS READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK
COMMANDERY ON THE NAVAL SCHOOLS AT
ANNAPO利IS AND NEWPORT AND THE MOD-
ERN NAVY.

By REAR-ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U. S. N., MAY
I, 1907.

To those among my hearers who are too young to have experienced the hopes and dreads which mark the terrible years from 1861 to 1865, it is practically impossible to make clear the mental condition of us whose last thought at night during that time was "what will the morrow bring forth?" and whose last prayer, uttered or silent, according to our natures and habits, was "God preserve this Union!" I shall not attempt so difficult a task, but, asking some of you to take these features of that epoch for granted and trusting to the better and fuller knowledge of my other companions here, I shall endeavor to tell briefly some of the vicissitudes undergone by my Alma Mater while temporarily shifted to Newport, Rhode Island. If my account takes, at times, the guise of reminiscence, I hope you will pardon the unavoidable injection of the personal note.

Of the happenings during the early months of 1861, I must fall back upon the written page and upon my recollection of the yarns spun by my seniors to me, a plebe, just entered. These gentlemen bulked very large in my sight at this period. Freshly caught, I appreciated fully the truth of the biblical saying, for I too knew that there were giants in those days. I wonder whether they really were as big as their own stories.

The Naval Academy shared in the general perturbation of the time, for the shadows of an impending struggle between the North and the South had reached even its classic precincts. The institution, by the way, had its own particular trials from which its sisters were free, since it was not only a college, like so many others, but it was a national training school for officers—in this resembling West Point. In addition, it was situated at Annapolis, the capital of a border State whose loyalty to the old flag lay under heavy suspicion. There was no telling at what moment hostilities might break out; nor any assurance that they would not invade the Academic grounds. Many of the students, coming from the South, had been reared under the doctrine of States' rights so that they were, in some cases, only too ready to yield to the persuasion of their friends and relatives to resign from the Navy and join their kith and kin in the inevitable struggle. These were dark days for the Superintendent, the late revered Commodore George S. Blake. He hardly knew where to turn or whom to trust.

Here I digress a bit from my narrative to call your attention to what I believe to be a fact and one but little known. So far as I can learn, not a single officer in the Navy of the United States at this time was guilty of treason. Southerners who felt bound to serve under the Confederate flag brought their ships from foreign stations to northern ports, laid them up, accounted for every dollar of government property in their charge, and then went to their homes to surrender their commissions. Some of their letters of resignation are so touching as to bring tears to the eyes of the reader to-day. Surely this is a record for honor of which the Navy may well be proud.

So menacing was the condition of affairs on April 15, 1861, that the Commodore proposed to embark the officers and students on board the *Constitution*, to defend her in the harbor of Annapolis, or else to put to sea and proceed to New York or Philadelphia. His apprehensions were not without good grounds. A week afterwards he writes to the Secretary of the Navy:

" . . . having the most reliable information that it is the determination of a great many people of this State that the *Constitution* shall be the first ship of war to hoist the flag of the Confederate States . . . I have ordered Lieutenant George W. Rodgers to take her to New York the moment he is able to proceed to sea . . . but for the presence of General Butler's command she would have been boarded by steamers from Baltimore last night."

The recent arrival of this timely contingent had greatly lessened the strain, but it was evident to all concerned that Annapolis was no place for the Naval Academy. The *Constitution* with her precious freight of midshipmen and naval trophy flags was already in New York when, on the 29th of April, Commodore Blake acknowledged the receipt of the Navy Department's order to transfer the school to Newport, Rhode Island.

When a lad, I used to listen to the accounts of those older midshipmen who made this historic cruise in the *Constitution*. The impression left on my mind was that the novelty of the experience combined, with an interruption to the course of studies, which is naturally and always dear to a boy's heart, to turn this sad exodus into a deliriously enchanting voyage of discovery. I know how welcome such a trip would have been to me and I am not surprised even to-day to find myself envying those lucky sons of fortune.

Nor were the early days in Newport less sensational. The use of Fort Adams, that splendid specimen of the Totten school of granite fortification, was secured from the War Department, and these thrice-blessed youngsters passed from life on board an old-time frigate to life in a casemate with stations at guns to defend the entrance to Narragansett Bay against any and all enemies. Just imagine their gladness and pride!

It was on the 13th of May that the superintendent reported officially the completion of the transfer of the Naval Academy from Annapolis, Maryland, to Newport, Rhode Island.

Sampson and his class (he was the number one man then

as he was the number one man ever afterwards) were at once given their diplomas and sent into active service. They were followed by the second and third classes without diplomas, so pressing was the need of officers. Yet the curriculum was not entirely abandoned. The *Constitution* with sixteen of her 32-pounders served as a gunnery school and her main deck afforded the best of recitation rooms, where knotting, splicing, and French were taught; while her spars and sails were employed to train those of the sole remaining class in the important work of loosing, furling, reefing, bending, etc. It was not all play that summer at Newport in spite of the hints that reached us later of the ease with which French leave could be taken and of the warm reception in town that awaited the youthful transgressor.

It soon became apparent that arrangements which were entirely satisfactory with the sun north of the line would never do when he crossed to the south again; so the Atlantic House on Bellevue Avenue, a large square, wooden hotel with typical Grecian portico, was leased with all its fixtures for the now third class, while the *Constitution*, tied up to a dock on the inside of Goat Island, where now is the Torpedo Station, was allotted as the home of the entering fourth class.

It was here that I made my debut in December, 1861, a tow-headed urchin not fifteen years old, fresh from home and green beyond words. After passing at the Atlantic House what would now be considered a kindergarten examination, I was ferried over to the *Constitution* to report for duty to Lieutenant E. P. Lull, large, rosy, and dominating. An old hand took me to the store-house where I got some of the essentials of a midshipman's outfit, and then to supper formation on the gun-deck. The unit of our organization was the crew of a 32-pounder, namely, sixteen men and a powder-monkey. I was assigned to the tenth gun's crew just assembling. It contained only one other greenhorn, a chap whose very name I have forgotten, although his enthusiasm over the bountiful, if decidedly plain, table still

survives in my memory. It had not occurred to me that any one could do more than accept without murmur the fare to which the *Constitution's* cooking facilities limited us. I learned then that much depends upon the point of view.

Later, a sailor man brought a mattress, a pillow, a pair of blankets, a rectangular piece of canvas with holes at each end, two iron rings with some strings tied to them, and a long rope. "Your hammock, sir," said he as he deposited the armful on a study table and left me stupefied. I could have calculated an eclipse as readily as combine these warring elements into a soporific whole. As I struggled hopelessly, a kindly classmate approached with offers of assistance. In fact he "slung" my hammock for me, the first of many nice things the present Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis has done for me. We two are now one quarter of all those left on the active list of some two hundred and fifty who entered the Naval Academy during that season.

The fourth class lived on board the *Constitution*, eating, sleeping, and studying there. Each crew had its own study table. Of these there were five on each side and they stretched the length of the gun-deck from which the battery had been removed. Glazed sashes replaced those long 18's that once made America's foes tremble and yield. The most rigid discipline was exacted. We recited in temporary structures erected on the island, where, too, we had our infantry drills and our sports. The mazes of the covered passages in the old fort, which once bore the royal name of George, but which was rechristened at the Revolution into Fort Wolcott, vastly interested us and stimulated our youthful imaginations into weaving all sorts of bloody and piratical tales. Our life was very busy, but there was often some skylarking going on. On one occasion it reached a climax in the rolling of 32-pound shot on the gun-deck after tattoo, with the result that we were all turned out and made to stand at attention in ranks until a lengthy search revealed the chief culprit who was held for severe punishment. He had little sympathy from the suffering innocent.

We slept in hammocks slung to the deck beams. By

ten o'clock we were supposed to be asleep and we usually were, but sometimes the silence was broken by a conversation in low tones. I remember one night in particular when "Hunk" Fletcher, as he was called, having read in that day's paper a now threadbare conundrum relating to his own premature baldness, asked Dicky Shaw: "Dicky, why is my head like heaven?" Imagine his surprise when Dicky in a high-pitched voice, instead of guessing the answer, "Because there is no parting there," replied: "Well, Hunk, it may be like heaven but it looks like —." Poor Dicky! He bilged the following June higher than a kite, in spite of a warning dream in which he was foretold that he would have, for his annual examination, a certain problem in geometry, that he would fail, and that he would be dropped as deficient. We all begged him to learn that one proposition by heart, but he laughed at our folly in putting faith in such things, holding that this was the one problem he surely might ignore. But the dream was fulfilled to the letter.

The resignation of practically all the Southern midshipmen had created an equal number of vacancies to be filled by loyal boys, making the classes at this period very large. Moreover in my day the new appointees kept coming at any and all times, crowding the *Constitution* beyond safety, so that a detachment of the fourth class was sent over to town to be quartered in the Atlantic House.

Our life in this old fire trap was as regular as that in a monastery. We rose, messed, and turned in at the beat of the drum. We studied diligently or otherwise, as the case may be, and we recited our lessons to a set of hard-hearted monsters, as we thought them then. We now know them to have been kindly gentlemen, anxious only to push us, willy-nilly, up the Parnassian heights and making very heavy weather of it with some of our number. These professors and the naval officers at the school were not free from trouble of their own. "La calomnia è un venticello," says Figaro, but if the whisper hints of treason when the nation's very existence hangs trembling in the balance, the calumny takes on a fearful shape. The loyalty of some among our pre-

ceptors was anonymously impeached, a circumstance which caused them grave apprehension and led one of them, my old friend Tom Ford, to offer to resign, enlist as a soldier, and prove his patriotism under fire.

Our food was really excellent, plain, of course, but abundant, with occasional incursions into the realm of dainties. Yet our worthy purveyor, Colonel Swann, had to endure the pangs of unjust criticism, a Member of Congress actually alleging that the provisions were unpalatable and unfit to eat. I do not think he could have witnessed the avidity with which we attacked our rations. No reluctance was visible there, I am sure. I can even recall old Admiral Goldsborough's admiration of little Downes Wilson's knife and fork play when the Admiral was President of the Board of Visitors in June, 1863. He rolled in elephantine fashion through the mess hall inspecting the fare and the service until he came to our table where Wilson, a mere scrap of a midshipman, was doing great credit to his prog. The Admiral, who weighed nearly 400 pounds, stopped short, looked for a moment, and then asked, "Well, youngster, can you eat your weight in beef?" Whereto Downes, in a childish lisp, replied, "No, thir, can you?"

We cared little for examinations, if we could pass them; and we cared less, if we could not; we hated infantry drills as the devil hates holy water; we liked target practice and great-gun exercise, for it was splendid to yank on the side tackles and swing the gun right or left on the target, or use the handspikes to raise or lower the breech; while to sponge, load, and shift breeching all in one time, a paltry ten seconds, was the crown of the fighting sailor. How we would have laughed in derision at ignobly loading and pointing a gun by machinery! To the first practice cruise, with its relief from study hours and diabolical lessons, we looked with that eagerness which is born of ignorance. The old sailing sloop-of-war *John Adams* was delayed in arriving at Newport in June, 1862, and many anxious hours we spent in the cupola of the Atlantic House looking out toward Fort Adams and hoping to see the ship's royal yards appear above

the western parapet as she entered the bay. Little did I realize that in a few days I should be plunging into a nasty sea off Montauk Point, more dead than alive, and greatly resembling the gentleman in the story of whom his friend said that Jack had thrown up everything but his immortal soul. In the *John Adams* we visited Yorktown, from which McClellan's Army had just driven the Confederates. Under the guidance of some eloquent soldiers we were told more about that military operation than possibly the General-in-Chief ever knew. It quickened our pulses, however, to be in such close touch with the war, and we envied those happy, careless infantrymen whose good fortune it was to take a place in the firing line. Having duly appreciated this triumph of our arms on shore, we proceeded to Port Royal, where we rejoiced in the fact that the Navy, following the Army's example, had also done the state some service. We returned to Newport to give another batch of midshipmen a chance to acquire the sea habit and to learn, as we had done, the joys of reefing topsails at night in a howling gale of wind off Cape Hatteras.

We took their vacant places on board the *Constitution* and studied the professional branches of our course in a practical way. It was during this period that insinuations against his loyalty reached even so elevated a target as dear old Commodore Blake himself, bringing out, however, a strong counter-affidavit signed by all the principal officers and professors. It was a serious matter to have one's patriotism suspected in those days—so serious that those who passed through them can dimly perceive that only our Anglo-Saxon common-sense saved us from a milder form of the terror of the French Revolution.

By the autumn of 1862, the Academy had adjusted itself to the new and unnatural conditions at Newport; the authorities had established a species of dual institution, one branch (the fourth class) afloat, the other branch (the upper classes) ashore; and things were running as smoothly as was practicable under the strange circumstances. Both sections met weekly at battalion drill in Newport and at

exercises with spars and sails on board the sailing sloops-of-war *John Adams* and *Marion*. That prince among seamen, Lieut.-Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Stephen B. Luce, had my part of the school and the *Marion* under his especial charge. My recollection is that after getting the ship under way every Saturday morning and knocking about in the bay or just outside, he would seek out some soft spot, deliberately run her aground, and then make us warp her off into deep water. The precious Saturday afternoons we spent in carrying out anchors and chains and in heaving around on the capstan were legion in number, as it seemed to me then and indeed seems to me now. As a matter of fact, I do not believe the thing happened more than a few times altogether, but to lose the one day in the week on which we could loaf within Academic limits, or, better yet, leave them to make a little journey into the world, to see our friends, or gorge ourselves with indigestible tidbits at Muenchinger's restaurant, was such a cruel hardship that even now it obscures the vision. After all, however, next to keeping a vessel off the bottom, the most valuable knowledge is how to get her afloat again. That much we did gain.

The calm and orderly procedure of our cloistered existence was, as a rule, but slightly disturbed by the happenings of the war, keen and absorbing as was our interest in the stirring news from the front, with its cheering tidings of victory alternating with heartrending accounts of defeat.

As I look back upon the events of those desperate years, my feelings are divided between rejoicing at the blessed triumph of my own side and admiration for the stubborn and heroic resistance of our brothers of the South. Surely the world has never witnessed so Titanic a struggle, or one in which the honors were so evenly divided between victor and vanquished.

The actual fact of hostilities was brought home to us in vivid manner, however, when the *Florida* and *Tallahassee* and their sister Confederate cruisers appeared off the New England shores, destroying fishing-smacks and coasting

schooners and alarming the whole littoral community. Our practice cruises in 1863 and 1864 were turned into real operations of war as the Academy vessels bearing their quota of midshipmen under instruction were despatched after these harassing and predatory craft. On board the famous old sailing frigate *Macedonian*, in the latter year, we congratulated ourselves on our luck in picking up the *Florida*, for such we took to be a man-of-war steamer which approached us rapidly late in the afternoon of one gray, threatening day. We had cleared for action and our guns were all shotted and manned, ready, please God, to crush the foe at the first broadside. Alas, the stranger proved to be the U. S. S. *Saco*. We exchanged information and she proceeded on her way, leaving behind her a disappointed and disgusted set of lads, who had confidently expected this to be their one chance to fight for the flag. Since then, I have often wondered whether the Lord was not kind on that occasion and what would have been the *Macedonian's* fate, had it really been the *Florida*, and not the *Saco*, which she encountered.

One of the curious occurrences of that time was the capture, by Confederate raiders, while on leave in Ohio (I think), of Midshipman Crumbagh, and his subsequent release on parole. He was permitted to continue his studies, but forbidden to sail on a practice vessel lest he be drawn into action.

The last "rebel-cruiser" scare occurred in November, 1864, when the gunboat *Marblehead* was hastily fitted out with a number of my class-mates in the engine-room and sent to the vicinity of Block Island. The midshipmen who remained in Newport were detailed to man the guns on the ships in the harbor and on Goat Island. For aught I know to the contrary, they may also have been assigned to some of those in Fort Adams. Happily for all concerned, it was a scare and nothing more.

The Confederacy, as we all know now, was then in the throes of dissolution. By the Navy, it had been cut in twain along the line of the Mississippi River and shut off

from its only source of munitions of war through a blockade which remains to-day unparalleled for extent and efficiency.

Its non-combatants were brought to such suffering as only those can experience who stand ready to sacrifice everything in life and life itself for a principle, even though that principle be an error. In the meantime, our Armies had beaten its forces back from every field of battle and were shortly after hemming in the last remnants about Richmond, its capital. Then the glad intelligence arrived from Appomattox that the end had indeed come, hallowed by that noble utterance of our victorious General, "Let us have peace." What that wish signified only we can fully appreciate who know what war really is.

With the return to normal conditions throughout the land, the immediate future of the Naval Academy became a question demanding serious official consideration. The State of Rhode Island offered, as a permanent site, that splendid piece of ground, Prudence Island, in Narragansett Bay. Very unwisely, in my judgment, this offer was declined and the Naval Academy brought back to Annapolis at the close of that Academic year. The *Constitution* left Newport on August 9, 1865, to retrace in leisurely and humdrum fashion the course which, four years before, she had made under such thrilling circumstances.

Only those midshipmen who entered the school after the spring of 1861 and who graduated prior to the summer of 1865 can call themselves "graduates of Newport." The others are all graduates of Annapolis.

It is a graduate of Newport whom you have honored tonight by asking him to join your mess and spin you a sailor's simple yarn. On behalf of himself and his colleagues and for your patience and kindness in listening to this brief and imperfect account of some things which happened forty-odd years ago, he returns you most sincere and hearty thanks.

SOME REMARKS UPON THE ARMY AS A PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION AND AS A CONSTRUCTIVE AGENCY UNDER OUR GOVERNMENT.

MADE BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY BY COMPANION
BRIG.-GENERAL JOHN W. CLOUS, U. S. A. (RETIRED),
DECEMBER 4, 1907.

THE origin of the American Army is to be found in the force of the New England troops, which under the lead of Massachusetts had assembled at Boston soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord, and of which George Washington became the General and Commander-in-Chief.

It is said that in the intervening 131 years nearly 5,000,000 men have worn its uniform; it has conducted with success five great wars, covering a period of seventeen years, and numerous campaigns against hostile Indians and Filipino insurgents; it has been the chief instrument in restoring order and civil government after the war with Mexico, the Civil War, and the war with Spain; from its ranks have come twelve of the twenty-five presidents of the United States and many hundreds of men occupying the highest civil offices, governors of States, Senators and Representatives of Congress, Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and judges of important courts. For a people who never sought war and have only resorted to it when reluctantly forced to do so, the Army has filled a large place in our history. It has always been the legitimate and legal instrument of the civil power. In spite of this, it has ever been regarded with a certain jealousy and suspicion, born of other times and

conditions and surviving with extraordinary tenacity for generations after these conditions have ceased to exist. Its deeds, its history, its traditions and ideals, the spirit which animates it, the manner in which it has been organized and maintained, and its relation to the people whose faithful servant it is and always has been, are worthy of faithful study.

But my task this evening does not embrace the deeds of the patriotic armies of the past who established this nation and who later on preserved the Union from destruction. The glorious work done by them has become household history, and the results of their achievements are found in our fundamental law. I am to speak of a more modest force, the force known as the regular Army or as the statutes have often termed it: "The Military Peace Establishment of the United States."

Between 1802 and 1861 this force ranged between a minimum of 3000 and a maximum of 13,000 men, and for years after the Civil War its legal limit was 25,000 men. It is said that much of the history of the United States is the story of the swift occupation of new territories, and that mankind had never seen such a speedy and complete conquest of the wilderness. It is in this grand undertaking that this little Army was the chief agent.

When the United States became an independent nation, an observer stationed on the highest summit of the Alleghanies would have found himself nearly in the centre of our newborn nation. Looking about him he would have seen to the east of the mountain chain the long line of settlements bordering on the Atlantic seaboard, and the advanced frontier settlements scattered here and there upon the watercourses draining the eastern mountain slopes. Turning his gaze to the westward he would have seen three small areas containing considerable population, one in West Virginia, one in Kentucky, and one in Tennessee; and besides these a few remote and scattered trading posts, chiefly about the Great Lakes and the northern tributaries of the Mississippi. Of the 3,000,000 white inhabitants probably not more

than 20,000 to 30,000 were living west of the mountain chain.

Over the regions west of the Alleghanies the Indians still roamed at will, although the iron front of civilization was slowly and irresistibly moving to drive them into the distant unknown regions beyond the Mississippi River.

To this region, was added, soon after, the vast territory embraced in the Louisiana Purchase.

To-day the observer on his Alleghanian summit would see the boundary extended to the Pacific and the nation grown from 3,000,000 to nearly 80,000,000 of inhabitants, and its area increased to more than four times what it was a century and a quarter ago. His station there in the centre of the country is now upon its eastern border. The Indians have all disappeared from about him; in every direction from lake to river he hears the puff of the steamboat, and from the land the rumble of the railway train reaches his ears. The vast region of the Mississippi is no longer an unknown land, but within it are the homes of millions of happy and prosperous people engaged in every imaginable pursuit.

Across the plains, mountains, and desert once unknown and dreadful, and which were once painfully crossed by thousands of emigrants with their slow ox-trains, the railway train now flies along its iron road. The hordes of savages, who once roamed over this wide territory carrying with them death and terror, have now been subjugated, and those that remain are rapidly becoming educated and civilized.

In this grand transformation scene, this shifting of a hundred and twenty-five years, whereby the forests, plains, and even the deserts and mountains, have become the homes of thousands of free and Christian people from every clime and country, the part which the Army of the United States has taken has been of the greatest importance. Always stationed on the extreme frontier it has ever been on the move and ever gathering information of the country beyond and about it. Pressed onward by the advancing and increasing population it has penetrated farther and farther into

the Indian country and established posts which formed the nuclei about which congregated the adventurous and progressive settlers. In defence of these settlers, the Army has maintained almost perpetual warfare with the Indians, fighting many battles, suffering massacres, campaigning under the torrid sun of the southern summer and the ice and snow of northern winters.

By its blood and suffering, bravery and endurance under Scott, Taylor, Kearny, Fremont, Doniphan, and others the Army purchased and gave to the country an immense territory, an empire larger than was captured by Hannibal, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon combined; nearly 364,000,000 acres of land in mineral, agricultural, forest, pasture, the richest and most prolific in the world, wherein lay hidden the vast treasures of silver and gold which were soon to become the cynosure of every eye. The boundary lines of the Lone Star State of Texas became forever settled. We acquired a railroad route from the shores of New England to the golden lands of the Pacific coast, a direct road to China and the East Indies, and one of the finest harbors in the world.

The Army has found the way for and has guarded, guided, and given aid of every kind to the long line of immigrants who have wound their way across the land to the golden occidental shores, and by its presence, and tireless activity it enabled the constant communication by swift stage and pony express between the searchers for gold and their anxious eastern friends to be kept up, and when it became necessary to replace the stage and pony rider by the railway and the telegraph, the Army furnished its effectual aid in finding and locating the paths to be pursued by the iron horse, and in guarding those engaged in its final detailed location.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that there is scarcely a city of importance from the Alleghanies to the Pacific which has not had its origin in an Army camp. Within the protecting reach of the soldiers' camps on the frontier, the hardy pioneer established his home, and when those settlements became strong enough the troops moved

farther on into the wilderness establishing new stations, going through the same process time and time again. The roads and bridges necessary for intercommunication with the settlements, etc., so made, were constructed by the troops and so were the houses for themselves and the shelter for the government supplies and animals. These stations were misnamed "Forts," for perhaps beyond a blockhouse and a strong corral for the animals there was no sign of a fortification about them, being nothing more than an aggregation of rude houses for shelter.

It was to these so-called forts that the immigrant and pioneer came for aid when in distress, the army surgeon treated him and his family when sick, and when necessary received him into the army hospital; if destitute the post-commander, under then existing regulations, caused him to be furnished with rations and the quartermaster made the necessary repairs to his means of transportation to enable him to proceed in his search for a home. And if any of the pioneers ended their earthly careers near any of these stations, the Army provided them with their last resting-place in the post-cemetery, the post-adjutant performing the last sad rites with the Episcopal prayer-book in his hand.

The moral and religious tone of these frontier stations was vastly benefited by the presence of the wives and families of army officers; in the absence of chaplains the ladies organized praise meetings, formed Sunday-schools into which they gathered the children of the vicinage, and thus under the fostering care of the army officers' wives the basis of many a parish was laid. A missionary bishop told me that the Army had assisted him in the formation of many parishes and in the building of a number of churches.

A typical picture of life at a military post in Texas fifty years ago is given in one of the regimental histories:

"A very poor ranch, such as you may run across now in some distant sage brush Eden of the frontier, built of stone or logs, chinked with mud, with a clay floor and an earthen roof, formed a palatial residence. To such a home the ladies of the old Army

followed their lords and counted themselves happy when it was no worse. In these early Texas days most of the time was passed under canvas, with a certainty of constant scouting and a change of station at best once a year. Articles which are regarded as necessities, even ice and potatoes, were unheard-of luxuries at many posts, and scurvy was a well-known word in hospital records. The houses of the few married men formed charming social resorts which helped to keep alive the graces and refinements of civilization. Many a jolly party met within the narrow quarters, and the Thanksgiving turkey was nevertheless enjoyed when the guests had to sit on the family beds in order to arrange themselves at table. General Johnston's quarters at Fort Mason consisted of one small room for himself and family."

Without the Army, without a trained body of men, fearless and self-sacrificing, living ever in anxiety, discomfort, and danger; ever ready, like the wandering knights of old, to give and take blows with the crafty and merciless savages about them; ever ready in summer heat or winter cold to start upon a scout after marauders, to rescue some captive, or relieve some beleaguered immigrants, the settlement of the West could scarcely have been made. Without the Army it would have been a matter of hundreds instead of tens of years.

Not only time and space but also the purview of this paper forbids me to enter even in the most general way into the outlines of this more than one hundred years of strife and war, this story more replete with thrilling interest and glorious deeds than the annals of the Round Table. Suffice it to say that it cost the lives of many good soldiers. Theirs was not the grand privilege of doing and dying for their country with banners flying, comrades cheering; there was naught of glory here, no correspondents of pictorial papers to make them immortal, no tombstone or monument there to point out to the traveller, who may pass through the country, the resting-place of these heroes' ashes. No memory day there, no living hand offers them flowers over their graves, no kind relations or sympathizing friends brought their remains back to the resting-place of their fathers. They died in the line of duty serving their government in the cause of the

advancement of civilization, in order that the wilderness might be made into a blooming garden and millions of happy homes be founded.

From the earliest period the Engineer Corps of the Army has exclusively made the surveys for, and plans of, our coast defences whether of a temporary or permanent character, and superintended their construction and the disbursement of the funds appropriated therefor.

Two-thirds of the task of protecting our 4000 miles of our seacoast has been accomplished at a cost of \$130,000,000. So thoroughly has this work been done that not only do the great cities feel safe from foreign invasion, but also every Congressional district bordering upon the sea may sleep in security from marauding land forces.

Up to 1831, our army officers were to a great degree the depositors in this country of that knowledge which is requisite for the purpose of making accurate surveys. The location and construction of the roads, canals, and bridges, built for the development of the resources of the country, and the accurate methods of geodetic, topographic, and hydrographic surveying, now in use, are in a great measure due to the talents and labors of its officers.

Almost all the great routes of internal communications in the interest of commerce and speedy transit now in existence in this country were first explored, located, and projected by officers of the Army.

The earliest work of national improvement that the army engineers accomplished was the "National Road," the "old Cumberland Pike," which ran from Cumberland, Md., to St. Louis by way of Columbus, O., and Indianapolis, Ind. It made possible the rapid settlement of the Middle West. This road was 30 feet wide and 700 miles long and cost \$7,000,000.

But the most important service that was rendered by the Army is the development of the railway system of the United States. Up to 1855 there was scarcely a railroad in the country that had not been projected, built, and managed by officers of the Engineer Corps. In the early

history of railway engineering we find that army officers—Whistler and McNeil—were detailed in 1827 to aid in the location of the B. & O. R. R., the first railroad in America. Not only did army officers locate this railway but they constructed it, and with their contemporaries built and managed many other railways as well as canals.

Army officers explored the West and mapped it, especially from 1810–1830, and for years thereafter rendered the country invaluable service in the work of mapping. The great trans-continental railroads were surveyed and projected by army engineers. The greatest of topographical works undertaken in this country was the survey work of the one hundred meridian under Lieutenant Wheeler; this work covered 350,000 square miles.

In the matter of the improvement of interior waterways, rivers, and harbors in the interest of commerce the army engineers have had almost the exclusive control. The enormous amount of work accomplished in this direction and the benefits derived by commerce will be forever a monument to the scientific skill and integrity of the army Engineer Corps. The total expenditures by this corps since 1820 in this connection amounts to \$515,000,000, and now the grandest work of the twentieth century, the dream of ages, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific by the Panama Canal, has been confided to that corps, which by the manner in which it has already progressed gives every promise of the successful accomplishment of its task within a less period of time than originally expected.

We now come to that place of the Army's work when by reason of war it had to administer the civil government of vast territories.

Upon the acquisition in the year of 1846 by the arms of the United States of the territory of New Mexico, the civil government of the territory having been overthrown, the senior officer, General Kearny, holding possession for the United States in virtue of the power of conquest and occupancy and in obedience to the duty of maintaining the security of the inhabitants in their persons and property,

ordained under the sanction and authority of the United States a provisional government of the acquired territory. A complete system of civil government was organized embracing the establishment of a new code of civil and criminal law and the creation of courts to administer the same. This government remained until the Congress of the United States organized New Mexico as a territory. General Kearny was known as the law-giver, and his code successfully passed the scrutiny of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Early in 1847, the President authorized the senior military commander to establish a civil government for the conquered territory of California. This government consisted mainly of army officers appointed to act as civil officials: to wit, Col. R. B. Mason, 1st Dragoons, as Governor; 1st Lieut. H. W. Halleck, Engineer Corps, as Secretary of State; and Capt. J. L. Folsom, A. Q. M., as Collector of Customs. Colonel Mason was succeeded by General Riley, who continued as Governor, until December 20, 1849, the date of the ratification and adoption of the first Constitution of California.

The successful close of the Civil War to compel the seceded States to yield submission to the authority of the United States left the rebel States under military control.

During 1865-1866, riots, tumults, affrays, and a long catalogue of cruel and unprovoked outrages upon Union soldiers, loyal refugees, and blacks, and the passage of statutes—so-called vagrancy acts—by some of the Southern State legislatures—thus practically putting the blacks back into slavery or peonage, made it plain to all that military government must be continued from the Potomac to the Rio Grande until, by enfranchising the blacks, they should possess sufficient share of political power to command respect and security for their own civil rights and re-inforce the loyal white element of the Southern population.

In March and July, 1867, Congress by the Reconstruction acts reaffirmed and continued military rule over the conquered territory prescribing, however, certain limitations and regulations in restraint of martial law, and at the same

time tendering to the inhabitants the privilege and the means by which a majority in any one of the rebel States might organize a legal government and be readmitted to representation in Congress.

These acts came before the Supreme Court of the United States on the contention of unconstitutionality, but it was held by that body that under the injunction of the Constitution that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of Government," Congress was both authorized and required to provide by appropriate legislation for the restoration of the States to their normal political relations and by such action to terminate in law and in fact the status of insurrection; that while the President was authorized during continuance of war to institute temporary governments in the insurgent States, such governments could be provisional only, and that it devolved upon Congress after having provided for the suppression of active rebellion to take measures for the institution of republican governments in harmony with the Union in place of the revolutionary ones which had been imposed upon the States.

Under this legislation the rebel States were organized into five military districts, and commanding generals were assigned thereto with an appropriate number of troops. A grave and unwelcome task of great magnitude and delicacy was thus imposed upon the Army. Under the law the military commanders were vested with paramount supervisory power over the civil jurisdiction of these States, and with a controlling influence over all the administrative functions and powers of state officers, they exercised legislative power, abolished imprisonment for debt, and the punishment of crimes and offences by whipping, maiming, branding, stocks, pillory, or other corporal punishments, etc. Taxes were levied by the military appropriations made from State Treasuries, quarantine and sanitary regulations were enforced, in fine, every function of government was exercised by the military, many officers of the Army filling civil offices in the various States.

Such were some of the salient features of the procedure of Reconstruction. The effort of the military government during the three years of its existence was to secure an impartial and faithful administration of justice, repress violence and disorder, maintain an efficient police, conserve the public health, relieve the burdens of the unfortunate, protect the humble classes against unequal laws and oppressive usages, and while earnestly promoting the restoration of the States to worthily assert the paramount authority of the United States. In the discharge of these duties it is believed that the Army earned the respect and admiration of their former foes and the gratitude of the oppressed.

With the close of the Spanish-American War, the Army was again placed in a position of immense responsibility and charged with new duties among a people of foreign race, laws, language, religion, and manners. Nothing in its past experience, except some features of the Reconstruction period, had prepared it for the novel conditions which required the highest degree of intelligence, courage, resourcefulness, and sympathy on the part of the new rulers. Officers high in command governed provinces as large as European states and supervised hundreds of thousands of people. Young lieutenants just out of the academy were charged with the welfare of thousands. In every case the new responsibilities were met with courage, intelligence, and good will; and in a great proportion with real skill, insight, and sympathy. The instant needs of each moment were met and wise plans for the future developed.

The work accomplished by the Army in Cuba is so admirably set out by the President in his General Orders to the Army of July 4, 1902, that I shall take the liberty of quoting from it.

"He thanks the officers and the enlisted men who have been maintaining order and carrying on the military government in Cuba, because they have faithfully given effect to the humane purposes of the American people. They have with sincere kindness helped the Cuban people to take all the successive steps

necessary to the establishment of their own constitutional government. During the time required for that process they have governed Cuba wisely, regarding justice and respecting individual liberty; have honestly collected and expended for the best interests of the Cuban people the revenues, amounting to over sixty millions of dollars; have carried out practical and thorough sanitary measures, greatly improving the health and lowering the death rate of the island. By patient, scientific research they have ascertained the causes of yellow fever, and by good administration have put an end to that most dreadful disease which has long destroyed the lives and hindered the commercial prosperity of the Cubans. They have expedited justice and secured protection for the rights of the innocent, while they have cleansed the prisons and established sound discipline and healthful conditions for the punishment of the guilty. They have re-established and renovated and put upon a substantial basis adequate hospitals and asylums for the care of the unfortunate. They have established a general system of free common schools throughout the island, in which over two hundred thousand children are in actual attendance. They have constructed great and necessary public works. They have gradually trained the Cubans themselves in all branches of administration, so that the new government upon assuming power has begun its work with an experienced force of Cuban civil service employees competent to execute its orders. They have borne themselves with dignity and self-control, so that nearly four years of military occupation have passed unmarred by injury or insult to man or woman. They have transferred the government of Cuba to the Cuban people amid universal expressions of friendship and good will, and have left a record of ordered justice and liberty, of rapid improvement in material and moral conditions, and progress in the art of government which reflects great credit upon the people of the United States."

Unfortunately for us, self-government is not yet understood in Cuba. Under our international obligations our Government had to take over the affairs of Cuba and our Army is engaged in the work of pacification, practically administering every branch of the government of that Republic.

The task confronting the Army in the Philippine Islands

in the matter of civil government was one of great magnitude and full of difficult problems. Mr. Chas. E. Magoon says that an examination of the great work performed in the Orient in the development of government, the promotion of commerce and revival of industry, the establishment of schools, courts, and other means of promoting the peace of society and advancing the progress of civilization, reveal the remarkable and gratifying fact that the work was accomplished by exercising the military powers of the sovereignty of the United States. The Army, organized, trained, and equipped for the purpose of destruction, was made an instrument of construction. The enginery of war was utilized as an agency of peace. That which was fashioned to overthrow and expel one government was devoted to the purpose of creating another. The war powers of the nation, which are outside the limitation of our laws and Constitution, knowing nothing of their restrictions, bound only by the discretion of the commander-in-chief and the practices of civilized warfare, were effectually used to construct out of and for an alien and recalcitrant Oriental people, ignorant of our form of government, and of the principles upon which it is founded, a government incorporating and inculcating the principles and theories which have made the United States the foremost among the nations of the earth. So wisely, so justly, so efficiently were these war powers used in building up the government of the Philippines that when Congress was called upon to provide legislation for civil government in these islands that body was unable to discover any improvement upon the government created by executive action by exercise of the war powers, and adopted and approved said government in whole and in part, and ratified and confirmed its every act and policy.

It may here be added that when the military turned over the islands to the Philippine Commission it turned over 1380 soldier school-teachers.

How prophetic Doctor Lieber was when fifty years ago he said:

"We belong to the Anglican race which carries Anglican principles and liberty over the globe, because wherever it moves, liberal institutions and a common law full of manly rights and instincts with a principle of an expansive life accompany it. We belong to that race whose obvious task it is, among other proved and sacred tasks, to rear and spread civil liberty over vast regions in every part of the earth on continent and isle. We belong to that tribe which alone has the word self-government. We belong to that nation whose great lot it is to be placed with a full inheritance of freedom on the freshest soil in the noblest site between Europe and Asia, a nation yet young but whose kindred countries, powerful in wealth, armies, and intellect, are old."

The Army is proud of its record which it is hoped shows that the Republic has not had and has not seen in any branch of the public's service a more devoted and faithful body of public servants, animated by intense loyalty, splendid courage, and high sense of honor and duty.

A W OPPENHEIM
CONFEDERATE NOTE
COLLECTOR

SERMON BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK OF THE MILITARY
ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE
UNITED STATES.

AT THEIR ANNUAL CHURCH SERVICE, APRIL 12, 1908, IN THE
CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK, BY COM-
PANION GEO. WILLIAMSON SMITH, D.D., SOMETIME
CHAPLAIN U. S. N.

AS suitable to the occasion, I have chosen for the text the 19th verse of the 5th chapter of the Book of Nehemiah: "Think upon me, my God, for good, according to all that I have done for this people." The man who reconstituted the Jewish state could not ignore the testimony of his own consciousness. He knew that seeing clearly, purposing purely, and acting boldly with full faith in God he had conferred lasting benefits upon the nation, and he called upon God for His approval and for a blessing upon the work which he had done. His self-estimation does not offend, because it was justifiable. He knew what he was doing and he knew his motive to be pure in the sight of God and honorable among men. He may, therefore, be taken as the representative or type of those whom we devoutly believe God raises up to accomplish His purpose from time to time. By their labors and sacrifices the course of history witnesses to the guidance of a Divine hand.

This brings into view the larger aspect of the event which has gathered us here to-day in God's presence. The Civil War was a very great and weighty factor in our national life, but in the perspective of time it has also a much larger setting. I propose to speak upon this larger aspect at this time. May God bless us, in its consideration.

We need not dwell upon that part of our national history which contains the record of the ready valor and the military achievements of the American people. It is the honorable record of a noble race. It is worthy of men who had a lofty ideal and who aimed to realize it in suitable institutions. When we take the broader look at the issues of the Civil War of 1861-65, I believe that we shall find it one of the decisive events in human history.

The situation and circumstances of men on the Western Continent were fundamentally different from those of other peoples. In Europe, men had worked out through many centuries the great problems of human society. In tribal relations the energies of the man had been directed by the rude will of another—often for ends repugnant to his own interests and wishes. He had been drilled into self-mastery and the power of self-direction under military discipline and the necessities of social life. But when discipline had done its work and he had been schooled into fitness for freer action, he was restrained by the habits, traditions, and institutions of his tutelage. In order that we may understand the position of the ordinary man in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and his relation to our own continent, we must recall that, while living under the institutions of the Middle Ages, his vision had been indefinitely extended by the telescope; the highways of the sea opened by the mariner's compass; men's physical powers equalized by the invention of gunpowder; through the new art of printing knowledge was disseminated; by the revival of learning the Great Men of the Past, with their noble ideals moved before him; and by the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, God spoke directly to the individual soul. No wonder he chafed under the limitations and oppressions, political, religious, and social. The bed was shorter than that a man could stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he could wrap himself in it.

Then a virgin continent, rich with the garnered stores of untold ages, beyond the Western wave, invited him, when full-grown and mature in power and experience, to make

new homes, build new cities, and found new nations where he should be free to use his developed powers and advance nearer to the goal of human desires. The concealment of the Continent of America from the knowledge of men, and then its discovery at the opportune moment, seemed to mark a new era in the history of the race. The providential manner in which America was kept free from the interests which controlled affairs in Europe until a great Government of, and for, and by the people, sufficient to dominate the whole continent, had been established, is, I believe, among the significant works of God in the history of the race.

We were happy in our forefathers. By courage, under an overpowering sense of duty and honor, in the fear and service of God, they organized a state to suit the new life and new conditions and to assist men to realize their aspirations for the fuller enjoyment of their natural rights. Our fathers did not regard the state as an autocrat might regard it; as an aggregation of individuals welded together for security by the strong hand of authority, but as a living organism in which all persons are animated by a common life and interest. To realize their ideal they framed a government under which the individual should be as free to pursue his own interests as the good of all would permit; and where the enjoyment of security and personal freedom by each citizen should be bound up in the enjoyment of security and freedom by all his fellow citizens.

Such a government, without privileged classes, was a stupendous venture, a new kind of government. Experienced statesmen of the Old World who regarded the individual as only a national asset, and by whom the state was generally regarded as the personal property of the ruler, shook their heads and predicted a speedy dissolution of the fabric. In the early years of the nation our fathers forbade the introduction of European systems of government upon the new continent in order to make our own secure. They threw open the country to the whole world except where safety would be imperilled. The great races of the earth awoke with longing. It has been well said that "at

the bottom of the wail of every struggling people you will find American aspirations." And America became a refuge for untold thousands and historic lands pay us the blood tribute of their sons and daughters in countless numbers.

Our fathers, then, built well, and imperishable glory is their due. They are to be remembered on every occasion when deed or story shall call for their commemoration, for only those people who take pride in the deeds of their ancestors as the best manhood will ever do anything in which their posterity will take pride. The settled judgment formed in the progress of time, which has brought into ever stronger light the permanent and nobler convictions which moved and sustained them, presents Washington, Franklin, every man, from the least to the greatest of them, in such honor as never grows old. The eminent men who made our early history were called away, believing that their work would survive men; and they had faith to believe that when occasions which demand and illustrate their most remarkable qualities should arise, their children would meet them worthily.

But carefully as they had built, the constitution of the Federal Union left certain questions undetermined. The discordant elements embraced in the body politic wrought in the texture of the National Government until the fair fabric was shaken if not cleft in twain. Could the Union be re-established in greater strength and beauty?

The issue in its broad and far-reaching consequences was not understood then as it is to-day. Few on either side realized the magnitude of the stake. Some like Lincoln, Seward, Dix, and Winter Davis measured the questions involved, but to the majority it was a civil contest only. Men differed honestly, conscientiously; and the lamentable result was one of the greatest, as it was one of the most painful wars in history. How men shuddered and hesitated and tried to evade the fatal issue! Europe looked on. Its statesmen had expected the crisis. Would our people rise to the full appreciation of their incomparable heritage? Or would this continent, which God had preserved in his

blessed hands until the fulness of time, be turned over to the rivalries of contending nations? Would the heroism and singular wisdom of our fathers end in the old, old story of dynasties, and jealousies, and peoples exploited for the benefit of the few? Had God's providence provided in vain? It was a critical moment: the future state of humanity was in the balance. Should "Mene, Mene Tekel," be the judgment pronounced in less than a hundred years on the great Republic? It was the moment predicted by men experienced in government. No ruler could claim the right by Divine consecration to call the people to arms. The people themselves were their own judges of duty in the premises. But seventy-five years of freedom had produced a new kind of man. To the amazement of the politically wise in Europe, each in the sovereignty of his own manhood rose to the need, took his life in his hand, and went forth to die, if need be, for the land of his love. This sublime uprising of a great people confuted the political wisdom which had denied the ability or willingness of the multitude to make the sacrifices needed for the preservation of the State and justified the confidence of our fathers in the fitness of the people to control their political destinies. Men left the plough in the furrow, laid down the tools of their calling, closed the desk in the office or in the counting house, doubting whether they should ever return. Their characters stood the test of public no less than private duty. They were honest citizens. They became fearless soldiers and sailors. They lived and died not in vain. "There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live forevermore. And some there be who have no memorial." But those unnumbered heroes who fell in the conflict have the whole earth for their sepulchre, and all future ages will perpetuate their fame. In lands far away from their own there is enshrined in many a breast a record, with no other tablet to preserve it, of the deeds of men unknown by name who have awakened aspirations and a faith in "plain people" which will not die. Such honor never grows old.

Brethren and companions, your rapidly diminishing numbers tell you that much time has passed since those years of glad self-sacrifice, brilliant services, and splendid devotion. The gravity of the issue cannot be measured. But great as was the stake, the valor, devotion, and self-sacrifice were equal to its attainment. Could more be said of your achievements? Seldom has such devotion to a cause of all that men profess and of all that they are, been equalled. Never was it excelled.

Do you ask what has come of our tremendous struggles? Much every way. More, I repeat, was involved than in modern European wars. It was a struggle, as both sides claimed, to retain and advance in the New World the freedom which had been won through the welter and bloodshed and suffering of all past generations. But all now see that the failure of the National Union to maintain itself would have perilled popular government and have meant the retrogression of human society. Europe would have been upon our back, and her political system would have reproduced here the evils from which our fathers fled across the sea. France was already in Mexico. No longer could men hope that the New World would redress the evils of the Old. There are no more great continents to be discovered on which to start anew the work of political, religious, and social freedom. The influence of the United States upon the world had been very great before, but since the Civil War, it has been incalculably greater in the amelioration of evils in foreign lands, and is daily increasing.

Our fathers formed the Federal Union. You made the Union a nation, and secured the great cause from failure. You are living in another generation than your own. You have seen many rich fruits of your sacrifices, but only the years which are yet in the womb of time contain the full fruition of blessing you have rendered possible. But you have survived to enjoy the unprecedented satisfaction of receiving from the magnanimous survivors of those whom you defeated their thanks for what you did. Says the Confederate General Alexander:

"We now enjoy the rare privilege of seeing what we fought for in the retrospect. It no longer seems so desirable. It would now prove only a curse. We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it, not alone for our sake, but for that of the whole country, and even of the world. Had our cause [the Confederate], succeeded, divergent interests must soon have further separated the States into groups, and this continent would have been given over to divided nationalities, each weak and unable to command foreign credit. Since the days of Greece confederacies have only held together against foreign enemies, and in times of peace have soon disintegrated. It is surely not necessary to contrast what would have been our prospects as citizens of such States with our condition now as citizens of the strongest, richest, and—strange for us to say who once called ourselves 'conquered' and our cause 'lost'—the freest nation on the earth."

If there were nothing else, did ever man receive such guerdon for the toils and sacrifices of war? Ah, they are indeed of our own blood, and now we are all one in our ideals. They fled, as they thought, only from dishonor, and therefore in honorable acknowledgment of defeat, and in honorable return to the duties of their citizenship, they win a great moral victory of their own and thus share the glory of the triumph which crowned their opponents.

In conclusion, it seems passing strange that the cornerstone of stable nations should be laid in the blood of the brave and the worthy, and that when the foundations are shaken, they must be cemented again by the same costly sacrifice. And yet it may not appear so strange when we remember that in the last analysis men go forth to battle for their country in the spirit of self-devotion. Ruskin gives the soldier the first place among men because he offers his life for his fellow-men. There is something which associates his life in principle with that of our Lord who offered His life as a ransom for many. He treated with marked respect the Centurion whose faith in the Son of Man had been found in his own profession; and in the parable of the strong man armed, who was dispossessed by a stronger man

than himself, He found the illustration of His own work of expelling evil from the heart, and Scripture is full of like illustrative teaching. The sword and the gown: how many valiant Soldiers of the Cross were originally trained to military life! Military service contains a religious teaching beyond that of words.

Brethren and Companions, God laid upon your generation a great responsibility, and gave you a great opportunity. How you met the responsibility and what you did with the opportunity, the world knows and all future generations shall know. May God remember you for good, and may the greater responsibility and greater opportunity of the Soldier of the Cross bring us to the glory of heaven which shall never pass away, through the merits of Him who offered Himself for the salvation of man.

GLIMPSES OF HOSPITAL LIFE IN WAR TIMES.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY, OCTOBER 7,
1908, BY COMPANION EDWARD CURTIS, BREVET-MAJOR.
LATE U. S. A.

A PHASE of army life, unknown to the line officer who happily has escaped personal experience therein, is the life that moans and groans, or that halts and hobbles, in the wards of a great military hospital in war times. And just because it is so little known it has seemed to your companion that some glimpses into its hidden ways ought to be not without interest to the members of the Commandery.

Let us first put ourselves behind the eyes of a medical underling on his entry into the military service, and so glimpse:

(I)

AN ARMY HOSPITAL AT THE OPENING OF WAR.

Wounds call for dressing; dressing calls for skill, so, in the spring of 1861, Congress projected a temporary wartime addition to the medical department of the army in the shape of a corps of so-called medical cadets, who should be undergraduates at the medical colleges, qualified to act as dressers in the military hospitals. Pending the formal establishment of this corps, the surgeon-general was empowered to employ, for the service, a number of selected volunteers.

So, on the morning of the 8th of June, 1861, a certain embryo sawbones from New York, rejoicing in an assignment to duty as an acting medical cadet, U. S. Army,

mounts the front doorsteps of a dingy old red brick building in the dingy old Washington suburb of Georgetown. Entering he finds himself in what seems to be an ancient hotel of the ancient little city, now pressed into the military service for use as a general hospital. Compared with established institutions of its kind in civil life, this impromptu army hospital presents itself to the newcomer as but a sorry affair—a mere makeshift, as matters of military ways and means so often must be. For wards, here are for the most part only small rooms opening into blind corridors; for nurses, only clumsy-handed enlisted men, willing, but ill-fitted and all-untrained for the service.

To such a hospital enters for duty the acting medical cadet: duty, nominally the dressing of wounds, but practically also the acting as substitute surgeon, substitute steward, substitute nurse, substitute clerk, substitute orderly, substitute anything or anybody, whosoever and wheresoever the services of a substitute may be the need of the moment.

It is early in the war; no general engagement has been fought, yet there are plenty of patients, for already in the camps of the new-made army the ubiquitous fly and mosquito have begun their plantings of fever-seed. There is also a goodly sprinkling of surgical cases, from where city youths have essayed the backs of country horses to where opposing skirmishers have differed in opinion on the politics of the day. For a glimpse of ward life in a hospital of such varied service, take this picture of:

(II)

A NIGHT VIGIL.

In the one large ward of the hospital—the old hotel dining-room—critical cases are collected, upon which, through the watches of the night, a trained eye must be bent, backed by a skilled hand. So the acting medical cadet, having worked all day, hereby is detailed to sit up all night, with his

eye here and his ear there and his brain alert to a possible sudden summons from either sense. A good supper and the service begins. And what lies here on the couch by whose side the watcher takes his post? A figure motionless in sleep, showing an upturned shoulder overlaid by lapping bands of muslin. And why to that shoulder does the watcher give such heed, with gaze that for hours together scarcely wanders from the snowy folds of the bandage? Ah, there is a deep wound, at whose bottom an artery has been pierced. The bleeding has been checked, but the time is not quite up within which a recurrence still is possible. Should there come then a sudden reddening of what now lies so white—active surgery must be the order.

Night wanes, and for all save the weary watcher the hush of sleep holds sway within the ward. To the watcher, with eyelids sternly held open by the twin props, duty and determination, there is born of the very hush a strange phantasmagoria. Those silent forms outstretched on the beds now are sleepers, now mounds over graves, and anon sarcophagi, upon whose stony visages there looks down from some far corner a Rameses or a Ptolemy, still on a shadowy throne. But through all shifts of sleep-waking scenery a smooth round shoulder looms white, white, white.

Suddenly the spell is broken: "Right up in the rafters, there!" calls out startlingly clear a voice from a bed by the other side of the room. There, half-lying, half-sitting, is the figure of a tall trooper who was thrown from his horse and horribly crushed by a spurning hoof. A big nerve, bruised, brings fearful spasms and pains, to quell which the sufferer must be drugged to the verge of poisoning. So there he crouches, with burning cheeks and lustrous eyes, communing with the phantoms that, by order of a dose of the deadly nightshade, flit in full semblance of reality athwart his deluded gaze. And his call into the night seems to wake the slumbering witchery of the hour. For no sooner is he quieted than amid excited gibberings, comes from the adjacent couch a sound of vigorous thrashings in bed. A fever case; a strong man raving in the grip of typhoid. Ah,

he is dangerous; the disease has crazed but not yet weakened its victim, so that a spring from bed, a staggering blow, and a swift rush for the window—all are possibilities. Quickly, then, must the raver be quieted. Done, but no sooner done than—what is that? Dimly seen, at the far end of the room a wan arm flourishes a something long, whose polished sides gleam in the flickering candle-light. There lies, in hopeless case, another cavalryman, this one with bullet-shattered hip, brought in too late for the desperate amputation that alone might have given chance for life. With mind a-wander in the darkening shadow of Azriel's wing, the doomed wretch has managed to pull from out its enfolding bandage the long leg-splint, and now in dream again the trooper rides to charge, whirling his shining blade. So, so, then, the splint must be notched and replaced and the sufferer be soothed to rest.

So drag on the slow hours, till morning brings relief to the tired watcher. And now, at breakfast, the ward surgeon remarks to his cadet, "Well, I think henceforward we may count Bugbee out; it is very unlikely he will bleed again." But even as the words fall, there falls also a patter of feet running along the hall; the door bursts open; a blanched face intrudes,—"Bugbee's bleeding, sir!" Upsetting chairs, the breakfasting twain spring simultaneously to their feet, outrushing, the one for the ether bottle, the other for his instruments. And surgery gains the day; for, some weeks later, a white-faced figure walks into the hospital office to get his discharge and to bid good-bye to those two fellow-soldiers who, on a certain June morning, fought and won for him the battle of his life.

Next in order is that saddest picture that hospital life affords—the picture whose title reads, writ in red:

(III)

THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE.

June passes and the half of July, when, after weeks of waiting, it is "On to Richmond!" at last, so, hospitals, be

ready! Aye, ready, and for what? How hideous the thought! Ready upon the living bodies of fellow-men to stop vents not yet bored; to stitch gashes not yet slashed; to dismember limbs not yet mangled; even to close to their last sleep eyes not yet dimmed from the sparkle of health and hope!

And now day opens upon a serene midsummer Sabbath. Church-bells summon to worship in Christian spirit, when mingling with their music come from afar other, deeper tones that jar upon the peaceful chimes with a harsh dissonance. It is the song to whose accompaniment, at the front now, War, pitiless mower, plies his dreadful scythe. Meantime, for the aftermath at the rear, Surgery, sickle in hand, must wait—wait till Sunday's gloomy night gives birth to Monday's gloomier day. Then, soon following upon news of disaster and long-straggling in the double dispiritment of defeat and drenching rain, begin to arrive the vehicles that are to bring to the ancient hotel its expected guests.

First come the lighter two-horse ambulances bearing the lighter cases, those of such sufferers as can sit out the jolting journey. Rapidly are the cases recorded, assigned, and attended. Then later, slow-lumbering through the mud and the rain, appears a long caravan of four-mule teams. One after another the heavy wains back up to the old hotel-door. And what goods are these that, packed away in tiers on long four-handled stretchers, are unloaded now so gingerly, so gingerly? Fragile porcelains from abroad, or glassware from home, products, all, of the industry that builds a nation's prosperity? Oh, for some newspaper editor to lift a corner of a covering blanket and spy!—some yellow editor who, to sell his paper, willingly would foment a causeless war between friendly nations! Let such a one but glimpse from among these burdens what to him might be, and to some one is, brother or son or father; then, when next his "voice is still for war," let him bring forth from memory's gallery the picture of what here so makes his cheek to blanch, and his knees to quaver at the sight!

The last van has disgorged its load; the old hotel-door

has swung heavily in the faces of the gaping crowd of street-idlers assembled in hunger for horrors, and now, with the world shut out, begins and for the rest of the day and far into the night continues the sickening reaping here, or garnering there, of Surgery's aftermath of battle.

Days pass, then comes a period well to be dreaded by the surgeon—the period when, for those newly disarmed or dislegged by Surgery's reaping sickle, the road to recovery traverses the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Let a picture tell the story: Here lies a poor lad who has gone from farm to battlefield, from battlefield to ambulance, from ambulance to operating-table, and from operating-table to cot, *minus* the roses from off his cheeks and the right arm from out its socket. Eight days, and he enters the abode of the Shadow: for now has arrived the time when sooner or later, in the course of nature, the ligatured end of the great artery, severed in the removal of the limb, will cast off the controlling thread, as a horse casts a shoe. The thread so is cast, and lo, soon following, a gush of crimson waters, telling that Nature has failed to do her part in the healing process. While Art was holding fast provisionally from without, it was for Nature to build from within permanent closure of the cut vessel, and just this the faithless dame has not done. Quickly, then, must Art come to the aid of her ally, to afford the falterer a second chance to do her duty. So, while other hands hold the leak in check, deftly now must the expert in human plumbing dig down upon the buried conduit at a point in its course nearer to the fountainhead, and there set and tighten a new encircling band. Done, and an eight-day respite for anxious surgeon and suffering subject. Then must this second cincture follow the way of the first, and—ah! again a red gushing! Again, then, Art to the rescue! Farther back, farther back, though now is the digging deeper, more difficult and more dangerous. Nevertheless, done, but now with the doing, may the plumber lay down his tools for good. For this third saving girdle has been placed upon the conduit at the very last accessible point. Beyond, the course leads behind a ribbed wall between whose solid arches knife and

needle may not pass. If, then, at this last traverse Nature, for the third time, shall falter in her defence, Art, her faithful ally, barred out from the scene of the struggle, will be powerless to aid.

And now the third crisis is due; the ward cadet watches; the dark of the dreaded ninth night already is yielding to the golden promise of the tenth day, when suddenly for the third time a crimson tide, and now in a flood so furious as to overwhelm on the instant defeated Surgery's last foot-hold of hope. With a bound the watcher is on the bed, and fingers pressed firmly check momentarily, albeit imperfectly, the fatal flow. Then two men look one another in the face; no word is spoken, yet then and there is passed a decree of fate. In pitying eyes brave eyes read doom, then softly close in acceptance of sentence. And not long is there to wait: soon, and by signs that fail not, the silent summoner of the shadowy vale makes known his presence; with a shudder, then, he who would save, but may not, looses his now hopeless hold, and opes for a waiting soul the gateway to eternity!

Of such scenes in varied iteration, as battle succeeds battle, is made up the routine of ward service in a war-time army hospital. Enough of it; and now, that these glimpses may have proper tonal balance, let follow a scene where the colors are laid in lighter tints. Pass in imagination, then, from the earlier to the later days of the war; from a permanent hospital in the rear to a mushroom substitute therefor at the front; from indoors to outdoors; from a medical cadet at work to a medical officer at play, and glimpse this picture of an escapade, which may be entitled:

(iv)

A RIDE OF THREE.

In a certain beautiful valley of the Old Dominion State, on a certain beautiful morning in early October, the sentry by the entrance to a certain canvas city might have been seen saluting a trio of riders who issued forth from the

enclosure with countenances expressive of anticipations of pleasure. The valley is the famous valley of the Shenandoah; the October, that of the valley's most eventful year—1864; the canvas city, the big Sheridan Field-Hospital on the outskirts of Winchester, while the mid figure of the mounted trio is the former medical cadet, who, now an assistant surgeon in the army medical department, is on duty as executive officer of this field-hospital of his organizing.

There is a lull just now in hostilities. Early is resting his sore limbs after his drubbings at the Opequan and at Fisher's Hill; the hospital is relieved by transfer north of most of its surviving mementoes of those same two interesting occasions; work in the wards is light, whereupon Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Some of the ward surgeons are regimental medical officers detached for hospital duty, and of these a certain one, so it happens, was afield during the September engagements in the valley, and now is set upon by some walking delegate of the devil with a hypnotic suggestion: "Remember the scrap of a few weeks ago some miles up the road? Well, revisit the scene, taking a couple of comrades along: you 'll have fun!" Jolly idea; weather fine, and road good, with no fences to bar the way over the fields. So behold, on a bright October morning, trotting gaily along the Millwood pike leading from Winchester to the southeast, three riders on a lark, namely, the highly responsible executive officer of the Sheridan Field-Hospital, who in the ripe maturity of his twenty-six years ought to know better, his assistant in office, and the fiend-possessed ward surgeon, aforesaid—three riders in the uniform of officers of the Army of the United States, and equipped for war, one with a little pop-gun of a pistol, one with a pocket-case of surgical instruments, and one with his mother-wit. When a few miles out, following the lead of the fiend-possessed one, the riders turn off from the road to the left among the fields for about a quarter of a mile, and then, turning to the left again, facing homewards now parallel to the road, saunter their horses slowly through the scene of the scrap, looking for relics. Soon they come to

the crest of a slight rise in the land, before which, at a short distance away, a belt of woods appears, running at right angles to their course. And what manner of folk are those squatting among the trees? As sure as the frolickers are fools, those are figures in gray, that, on the instant, spring to their feet, seize rifles, and stand in attitude of menace!

Trapped! To the left the friendly turnpike, but a full quarter of a mile away, while now directly in front, blocking the course, and within easy gunshot, a band of hostile guerillas! Trapped, and with the shade of a recently-murdered medical officer to remind one that these Loudoun County poachers are in no wise particular as to what manner of game they bag! Trapped, and what to do? Of Horatius and his two comrades at the bridge Macaulay sings:

The three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes—

Well, even so these doughty doctors; with the instinctive accord of great minds that think alike, the three sit calm and silent and look upon the foes—look coolly and critically, shading eyes with hands for the better view, then, turning their heads, nod significantly to the rear. For just so would look, and just so would nod in signal, three outriders of a cavalry troop coming up the slope from the hidden hollow behind—just so, just so! And now these same doctors three, have they been students of Offenbach as well as of Hippocrates? Have they perchance, at some time in their careers, themselves strutted behind footlights as supers in opera bouffe? For their suddenly assumed parts seem well played: the mind Mosbeian evidently is impressed; rifles are lowered, and figures that had started out into the open edge back to the cover of the trees. Keeping up the pantomime, the mock outriders turn their horses' heads to the left, in the direction of the distant turnpike, and with affectation of nonchalance amble slowly along, one eye to the right upon a veritable foe in the woods, and one to the left upon an imaginary supporting squadron in the hollow below.

Meanwhile the foe aforesaid, plainly puzzled but alert, keeps even pace alongside, skulking behind the trees on the border of the woods. Thus then on parallel lines slowly advance westward, ho, the opposing forces of the Southern Confederacy on the north and the Northern Army of Imagination on the south—advance till a point is reached where, for the Confederacy, shelter abruptly ceases by the woods coming to an end before an open field, while a little farther on, for the impostors three, cover offers in the shape of an ever deepening gully trending westward towards the turnpike.

At the limit of their cover the forces of the Confederacy hesitatingly halt, apparently fearful of exposing themselves in the open, while the three keep on with dignity undisturbed till they arrive at the head of the gully. Then, presto! On the instant the whole Army of Imagination shrinks to the figures of three harmless lunatics a-horse, that, with ducking heads and digging spurs, speed down the gully for all their several steeds are worth, in a sudden dash for liberty and life! In the race one mount falls behind; it is a quartermaster's draught-horse borrowed for the occasion—a huge raw-boned old mare, probably little used to the saddle or to any gait faster than the jog-trot of a supply-train. So with rebellious dignity this old dam resents each prick of the spur by an angry snort, a kick-up of heels, and a mad switch of tail, whereat her highly responsible rider, as he bends low, well-nigh rolls from out the saddle in inextinguishable mirth.

And bluff wins! No pings pursue! Perhaps now the range is too long; perhaps the sell is dumbfounderingly strong—who knows, and who cares?

So behold the riders three on the highway once more, homeward bound with whole skins; and, if not sadder, yet most assuredly wiser men they rise the morrow morn!

Let now the panorama close with the solemn picture of a certain:

(v)

LAST PROFESSIONAL SERVICE OF THE WAR.

It is the evening of Good Friday of the year 1865; Rich-

mond has fallen, with Jefferson Davis a fugitive; Lee has surrendered, and the end of the war is in sight. The former executive officer of the now defunct Sheridan Hospital is on duty in the incipient Army Medical Museum attached to the office of the surgeon-general at Washington. In the peace of a warm April night he starts for a stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue, when he is met by the paralyzing news of the shooting of the President. In the morning he hears of the dreaded ending, and soon receives instruction to report himself at the White House at eleven o'clock, to assist an associate in the making of an official post-mortem examination on behalf of the surgeon-general.

Eleven o'clock comes; the two designated pathologists report for service as directed, and are ushered into what was the bed-chamber of the deceased, a room furnished in simplest style. There sit in solemn silence some officers in uniform and some civilians, while the surgeon-general paces nervously to and fro beside another silent occupant of the chamber, a shrouded figure cold and motionless, lying outstretched upon two boards laid across trestles. While awaiting other arrivals, the surgeon-general whispers to his assistants the history of the case—a history of tenacious vitality battling for long hours, albeit in complete unconsciousness, against a hopelessly mortal stroke.

When the assemblage is complete, the examiners proceed to their office. The shroud is laid back, and see! A smooth clear skin fitting cleanly over well-rounded muscles, sinewy and strong—the physique of an athlete in training. Easily understood now that physical prowess of former years, when none might stand up in a wrestling bout before the rail-splitter of Illinois, and in later days the untiring endurance, physical and mental both, that bore without a breakdown the awful strain of four years of presidency over a distracted country. Next see at the back of the head, low down and a little to the left, a small round blackened wound, such as is made by a pistol-shot at close range. There is no counter-opening, so the missile has lodged and must now be found. Accordingly an examination is instituted and

there is laid bare what but a few short hours since was the fountainhead of a wit and a wisdom that could save a nation. The part is lifted from its seat, when suddenly, from out a cruel rent that traverses it from end to end, through these very fingers there slips a something hard—slips and falls with a metal's mocking clatter into a basin set beneath. The search is satisfied; a little pellet of lead!

“A leaden pellet; and a busy brain,
Eager with kindly thoughts, is stilled for aye.
Unwitting while the solemn stars go by
Lingers the stricken life; then, with the sun,
From night’s deep gloom outrising, passes free
The spirit, while the mortal clay abides,
In death’s cold hush to speak its secret dread.
And shudders a world, when bells from shore to shore
Toll ‘Murder, murder: Lincoln is no more!’”

AN INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE ALABAMA CLAIMS ARBITRATION.

READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY, DECEMBER 2, 1908, BY
COMPANION COLONEL RALPH E. PRIME, D.C.L., LL.D.

[There are some matters in the paper which do not strictly belong to the incident, but the writer believes that they are necessary, to many who do not recall the details of the story of the Alabama, for a full understanding of the incident.]

OUR part in the Civil War was so large and conspicuous, that we old soldiers are apt to forget that in it, and in its sequences, there were some who modestly and without trumpets and banners wrought a part which was honorable and patriotic and most potent with results. Of the service of one such, in one of the sequences of the war, I want to speak to you to-night.

Benjamin Franklin Stevens, for thirty-eight years American Despatch Agent at London, was a rare man. No one who knew him but valued that acquaintance. In spite of his long residence in England, and notwithstanding his relation to that country through his English wife, he was to the end of his days an enthusiastic American and an intense lover of his country.

He was born in Vermont in 1833, and after a short experience at Montpelier in his native State, then for a short time at Albany, N. Y., and at Washington, D. C., he was persuaded to join his brother, who had preceded him to London, England, and embark with him in a business venture.

But during the Civil War, and thence onward, he had become so useful to Americans and to our Government, that in 1866 he was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy as Despatch Agent for the United States Navy, resident in London. Very shortly after, his usefulness won for him a joint appointment by the Secretary of State with the Secretary of the Navy, and he continued his services to his country as such as long as he lived. Many of the older officers of our Navy have great cause to remember his relation to the Navy during that long term of years. His services extended over so many years of our national history, in most stirring times, that he could not but have stored in memory many intensely interesting incidents, and all unknown to written history. Mr. Stevens died in 1904.

It was my privilege to form his acquaintance many years ago on one of my visits to England, and ever afterwards on my visits to that land, I enjoyed his fellowship, and I looked forward to it as one of the pleasures of my vacation.

On one of those occasions I was nearly a week with Mr. Stevens in the George Hotel at Winchester. Sometimes in the daytime we were off together visiting things that interested both of us, and then again we would be off separately, each visiting something of interest to himself, and in the evenings we sat together in the enclosed and covered garden and talked until late, while he entertained me with incidents which had happened during his residence in London. During that week he told me many such events, which were of absorbing interest to me and are utterly unknown to the mass of Americans, have never been written, and are probably even now unknown to any one connected with any recent administration of the National Government.

I have been asked to write, as nearly as I can recall, what Mr. Stevens told me of one of those incidents, and which, so far as memory serves me, I have never spoken of on more than four occasions, until I wrote the story.

To be appreciated by many it will be necessary briefly to recall other things connected with the history of the Civil

War, for with the flight of time and the fulness of these later years, those events are at least very dim to recollection, and we shall be excused if we recall some details which perhaps many never knew.

The heresy of the right of a State to secede from the American Union probably had its birth in Massachusetts as early as the differences of 1808. Encouraged by the disloyal acts thus early of New England men, John C. Calhoun, a Southern man, a citizen of South Carolina, and then Vice-President of the United States, in 1830 set forth his form of the heresy under the name of Nullification. Andrew Jackson, another Southern man, a native of the Carolinas, but a citizen of Tennessee, was then President of the United States, and to him the nation owes a like debt as to Abraham Lincoln, for Andrew Jackson, with the ardor and violence of his Southern nature, stamped out that crime with a remarkable proclamation, and by his even more remarkable threat that for the first overt act he would place even John C. Calhoun, the great Nullifier, and Vice-President of the United States, behind bars. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States; and from that time, if not before, commenced preparation for secession of the Southern States from the Union, the greatest crime against our country which history records, and which then ripened and in April, 1861, culminated in the first acts of overt resistance to law and authority in our great Civil War.

The war was on. The Southern coast was effectually blockaded against the entry of ships into Southern ports and the issue of ships from them, and the blockade was officially proclaimed to the world.

For a long time before those events the subject of the abolition of privateering and the treatment of vessels of war having letters of marque, as pirates, had occupied the attention of Great Britain, France, and the United States and other nations. Negotiations toward an agreement to that end had extended over several years, but down to 1861 had not resulted in the adoption of that international rule. At that

time, the powers were all of one mind, yet Great Britain refused to enter into agreement with the United States unless it was also agreed that it should not apply to the two belligerents in the American War then on. Thus, inferentially, but later in clearer language, all in harmony with the desire of the shipbuilders of England, was there a recognition of the belligerency of the Southern States and a distinct position taken of unfriendliness to this country. These matters were publicly exploited in speeches delivered in the two houses of Parliament, and by the Ministers of the Queen in public addresses all over the Kingdom, and the position of the Government on the question no doubt encouraged in their acts such of the English people who were of that mind, and also naturally resulted in supineness and carelessness of public officials in the performance of the duties they owed to our country, then in fact a friendly power. This was so much so that Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama*, and a member of Parliament, in a speech in the House of Commons, found it easy to avow and defend his acts. Happily in the change of English sentiments toward us and ours toward them, such conditions have forever ceased and the results can never occur again.

As early as October, 1861, agents of the rebel States contracted with the Laird Company for the building of a ship of war, called the *290* and later named the *Alabama*. Another English firm contracted also to build another ship of war for the rebel States, called the *Florida*. The *Alabama* was the larger vessel, and her building progressed more slowly. The *Alabama* was launched May 15, 1862, and made her trial trip June 12th, and June 23d, our Minister, Mr. Adams, called the attention of Lord Russell, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to the character of the vessel, and an examination was made, and the commissioners reported to the British Secretary that she was evidently a war-vessel, and that the information given by Mr. Adams was correct. An order was given for the detention of the vessel, but was so intentionally obstructed in transmission that she was allowed to escape and she was actually manned

off the Island of Anglesea on the Welsh coast with the full knowledge of the British officers at Liverpool.

Practically the same is the story of two other vessels, the *Florida* and the *Sumter*.

The funds for building these vessels and for their armament and supplies, and for the money chests on board, as also for their subsequent supplies, were furnished mostly at Liverpool, of all of which our Minister apprised the British Secretary, who refused to interfere, alleging want of proof, and took no steps to ascertain the facts for himself. He had been as early as March, 1862, apprised by Mr. Adams of what was going on, and that had called out from Lord Russell a letter, in which he stated clearly enough the duty of the British Government in the premises.

Our own Navy was busy enough in its blockade of our Southern coast, and the *Alabama* and the other rebel craft had almost free course in all other waters, and preyed upon our merchant ships on all the seas, and also on the vessels of the Treasury, unarmed or only slightly armed, and pursuing their business of supplying the lighthouses and other peaceful duties. But the end of the depredations of these vessels was gradually accomplished. The end of the *Alabama* was a great event of the Civil War. You must pardon my recalling to you at this time some of the details of it.

The *Alabama* came into the port of Cherbourg for supplies and repairs in June, 1864. Our sloop of war, the *Kearsarge*, in command of Captain Winslow, was in those waters, and lay at Flushing, in the Netherlands, and the commander, advised of the arrival of the *Alabama* at Cherbourg, immediately proceeded there, and, sending a boat ashore, steamed out of the harbor and took station outside and maintained a close watch on the port. Semmes, the commander of the *Alabama*, had long warred against defenceless merchant ships, and could not afford to refuse battle now, for the first time forced upon him by a foe of nearly his own strength. For four days he remained in the port preparing for battle. On the 8th of June, a Sunday,

the *Alabama* came out of the harbor escorted by a French man-of-war and by a British yacht, the *Deerhound*. The high French shores were covered with spectators to see the fight. The *Kearsarge*, which had lain off the eastern entrance of the harbor, steamed far outside the three-mile limit and to a point full seven miles offshore, to prevent Semmes running away if the battle should be against him, and then turned and steamed for the enemy. The *Kearsarge* was the faster boat. She had a few more men and a few heavier guns, but in point of the number of guns, the *Alabama* had one more than the *Kearsarge*, and in the battle actually fired twice as many shots as did the *Kearsarge*. But the real advantage of the *Kearsarge*, was that she was manned by Americans and patriots, while the crew of her adversary were largely foreigners and hirelings. The *Alabama* opened the battle and the *Kearsarge* received a full broadside, and a second, and part of a third. It was before the era of ironclad ships, and Captain Winslow had hung the sides of his vessel with chain cables. This device proved, however, to be of no material value, for only two of the shots from the *Alabama* struck those cables, and in places, too, where, if the cables had not been there, they could have done no serious injury. The vessels sailed in a circle, firing upon each other. They made seven complete circuits of the circle. The battle continued for more than an hour, when the *Alabama* headed for shore to escape, and then it was that she exposed a vulnerable spot, which the guns of the *Kearsarge* blew out, and she began sinking and was rapidly filled, and being headed off by the *Kearsarge*, Semmes struck his flag, but soon the vessel sank forever below the waters of the English Channel. The *Deerhound* came up and assisted in saving the ship's company and sailed off to Southampton with those it rescued. It was an unpardonable act. The crew, helpless in the water, were part of the fruits of the victory, and belonged to the *Kearsarge*, and should have been surrendered to the victorious commander, whose officers, seeing the contemptible act, implored him to turn his guns on that vessel.

Such was the end of the *Alabama*. And after this long introduction, now for the story I am to relate.

The Treaty of Washington was negotiated for the settlement of controversies between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Great Britain. It was negotiated in March, April, and May, 1871. The high commissioners comprised on the part of the United States of America, five well-known Americans, namely, Hamilton Fish, then our Secretary of State; Gen. Robert G. Schenck, then our Minister to the Court of St. James; Hon. Samuel Nelson, then one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator George Henry Williams, of Oregon; and on the part of Great Britain, five of the best-known subjects of the Queen, namely, the Earl of Grey and Ripon, etc., a Peer of the United Kingdom, and at the time Lord President of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council; the Right Honorable Sir Stratford Henry Northcote, Baronet, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council; Sir Edward Thornton, Baronet, then the Minister of Great Britain to America; Sir John A. McDonald, the Canadian statesman, and Mr. Montague Bernard, of Oxford University. After thirty-six conferences of these high commissioners, the convention or treaty was concluded at Washington in May, 1871, and is known as the Treaty of Washington, and the ratifications were exchanged June 17, 1871. The Treaty provided for the settlement of differences between the two governments, and principally the settlement of the claims generally known as the "Alabama" claims.

In its first article it provided for the formation of a tribunal of arbitration, composed of five arbitrators. The second article provided for the meeting of the tribunal at Geneva, in Switzerland. The third article provided for the delivery in duplicate of a written or printed case of each of the two parties to the agent of the other party, "as soon as may be after the organization of the tribunal, but within a period not exceeding six months from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this Treaty." The fourth article

provided that within four months after the delivery of such case either party might in like manner deliver in duplicate to the agent of the other party a counter-case, and the second paragraph of that article provided that the arbitrators might extend the time for the delivery of such counter-case when in their judgment it became necessary in consequence of the distance of the place from which evidence to be presented were to be procured.

The day of the week on which the ratifications were exchanged was Saturday, and, as stated, the seventeenth day of June, 1871. The six months mentioned in Article III would have expired with the eighteenth day of December, 1871, which was Monday.

While sitting together one of those evenings in Winchester, with Mr. Stevens, something suggested the Treaty of Washington and the Alabama claims arbitration, and Mr. Stevens related to me the incident I am about to relate, and which I will attempt to recall as nearly as I can—as Mr. Stevens told it—although, after this lapse of time, I cannot pretend to give his exact words, and hence they must be mine, but as nearly as I can repeating Mr. Stevens's story as he told it to me.

He had received, as the agent for the American Government, a copy of the case of that government, and being the agent of the government for all such purposes, he was looking out for the arrival of the duplicate copies to be delivered to the British Government, and that was the reason why his attention was upon it. The last steamer which could have brought those copies for the British Government had arrived, and sufficient time had elapsed for bringing the package to him from Liverpool, but no package had come. His interest in the matter, and his general interest for all that belonged to his people and his country, led him on Saturday, December 16, 1871, to take a hansom cab and drive to the office of General Schenck, the American Minister. He entered the office and soon saw the General and asked him if he had received the American case, to which General Schenck replied, "Oh, yes; there it lies upon my table," pointing to it.

"But," said Mr. Stevens, "have you received the duplicate copies to be delivered to the British Government?" General Schenck replied that he had not. "Well," said Mr. Stevens, "I think I will drive to the British Foreign Office and see if they have been sent there direct." Whereupon he left the American Embassy, called another cab, and drove to Downing Street, and to the office of the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and soon had an audience with him, of whom he inquired had he received the copies of the American case pursuant to the Treaty of Washington. He was told that they had not been received. "Well," said Mr. Stevens, "I suppose that you will extend the time in case they do not come?" "Oh, no," said the British Minister, "there is no provision in the Treaty for the extending of the time for the service by either party of their case, but there is a provision in the Treaty for extending the time for service of the counter-case, and I am bound to suppose that the learned and distinguished representatives of both countries in drafting that convention or treaty had the best of reasons for making a difference of provision in the one case from the other, and for using different language as to one act to be done, than as to the other act to be done, and that by saying that the time might be extended for the delivery of the counter-case they meant it, and by not saying so as to the time within which the case itself was to be delivered, they consequently meant that there should not be any extension of time." Mr. Stevens asked: "What will be the result if you do not receive the case within the limited time?" The British Secretary replied: "There is but one result that can follow, and that is that the failure to deliver the case within the stipulated time is an abandonment of the provisions of the Treaty by the Government that fails of compliance with that provision of the Treaty." After the exchange of proper courtesies Mr. Stevens left him, and, calling a cab again, drove hurriedly back to the American Embassy, and was again in the presence of General Schenck, to whom he related what had transpired between himself and the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs. "Well," said General Schenck,

"it is none of your business and none of mine; neither you nor I have failed in any duty; the responsibility must rest where it belongs—upon those who have failed in the performance of their duty." "But," said Mr. Stevens, "will you do nothing?" To which General Schenck replied, "Nothing." Mr. Stevens then said to General Schenck, "Will you lend me your copy of the case?" "No," said General Schenck, "you have your copy, and this copy belongs in the archives of the Embassy." "Well," said Mr. Stevens, "General Schenck, suppose it is missing, what then?" "Oh," said General Schenck, "I do not think it will matter much; I do not think I will take any notice of it if it is missing." Whereupon Mr. Stevens quietly backed to the table upon which the document lay, and passed his hands behind him, took the thin book (less than one inch in thickness), and slipped it into the skirt pocket of his coat, and quietly bade General Schenck "Good morning" and again took a street cab. Said he to me: "I knew that my printer had a new font of type, which, as nearly as I could judge, was such a counterpart of the type from which the American case had been printed, a copy of which I had, that no one but an expert printer would be able to distinguish between the two fonts. It was Saturday, and it was nearly noon, and the beginning of the customary Saturday half-holiday approached. Arriving at the printer's office I saw the typesetters all coming down-stairs, and I accosted them, asking where they were going, to which I received a reply that it was the Saturday half-holiday and the 12 o'clock hour was striking; and I shouted to the line, 'A shilling a day extra to each one of you who will return to his case.'" The line turned back. Mr. Stevens entered the foreman's room and produced General Schenck's copy of the case and also his own copy, and he said to the foreman: "You have a new font of type, I know, from which you can reproduce this book, and I want to have it reproduced by Monday morning early. It must be done, although to-morrow is Sunday, for great issues hang upon it." "But," said the foreman, "it cannot be done; this afternoon is Saturday half-holiday, and

all of the typesetters are gone by this time." "Oh, no," said Mr. Stevens; "I have met them on the stairs and promised them a shilling a day extra apiece for every man who would return to his case, and they have all gone back." "Well," said the foreman, "if that is so, it can be done." And the foreman and Mr. Stevens took the two copies of the case and tore them to pieces and they were distributed to the compositors, and Mr. Stevens left the printer's office with the assurance that the job would be done and one hundred copies of it printed in sheets by Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Leaving, he took with him the single lithograph print contained in the book (it was a rough map of our Southern Coast, the Gulf of Mexico and the islands—the Antilles and the Bahamas), and drove at once to a lithographer's and made the same arrangement with him to have one hundred copies of the lithograph map ready at the same time on Monday morning. He then drove to a case-maker and binder and made the same arrangement to have one hundred cases ready in which to insert the book on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and then he went home assured that he controlled the situation. On that Monday morning, at the hour appointed, he appeared at the printer's office and took into his hands the sheets of the one hundred copies printed complete (even to the typographical errors in the original copies), and drove to the lithographer's where he secured the one hundred copies of the lithograph print, and with the whole drove to the case-maker's where he deposited his load. Four copies of the work were assembled, and, as well as time permitted, stitched and put into four cases, and Mr. Stevens with them entered a cab and drove to Downing Street and to the office of the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and delivered, before 12 o'clock of that day, the last day pursuant to the Treaty, two copies of the American case to Lord Tenterden, the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who had been named as the British Agent. Mr. Stevens then drove to General Schenck's office and returned to him one of the other copies reproduced in the place of the one which he had taken on the previous Saturday,

and told General Schenck the story of what he had done.

"Well," said I, "Mr. Stevens, that is a most interesting and wonderful story. Of course it has been told and gone well into history." "No," said he, "never, save to a few persons, and you are one of that few, and it must never go into print as long as I live." "And," said I, "of course the United States Government repaid you the expense of what you had done?" To which he replied: "Never a cent of it." I said: "Why, what do you mean?" Said he: "I never presented any bill or claim for it. The fact is that before Parliament assembled that evening the news of the service of the American case on the British Government was well known to many, and the next day I was called upon by many, to obtain copies of it, and I sold to members of Parliament for a pound apiece every copy that I had to spare, and I realized more than enough to cover the expenditure." "Well," said I, "how do you account for the failure of the Washington authorities to comply with the terms of the Treaty?" "Oh," said Mr. Stevens, "when the next steamer arrived the bundle came. Instead of committing so important a matter to the hands of a special messenger to bring it across the Atlantic, or sending the number of necessary copies at the time that a single copy was sent to General Schenck and a single copy was sent to me, the bundle was entrusted to the custody of an express company, as it was thought in time for the last steamer, but the express messenger, knowing nothing of the importance of the package, treated it like any other, and it reached New York after the steamer had sailed."

We must not forget or overlook that, in all this drama, Mr. Stevens was an unauthorized volunteer. Had the British Secretary known that fact, he had the undoubted right to return the papers to Mr. Stevens, or to disregard the service of them upon him. When the Tribunal of Arbitration met, had the incident even then become known, it would have been too late, for the intermediate proceedings were a complete waiver of lack of authority to Mr. Stevens

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to do as he had done on behalf of his Government. His resourcefulness was magnificent.

To understand the importance of the act performed by Mr. Stevens, we must remember that it saved the arbitration at Geneva to us, and that the award of that tribunal to America for the depredations of the *Alabama* and the *Sumter* and the rebel vessels was a round sum of \$15,500,000.

And mirror'd turrets on the river's breast
Tell in advance the coming of a storm.—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

6

ADDRESSES AT LINCOLN CENTENARY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES, AT THE REGULAR MEETING HELD FEBRUARY 3, 1909, AT DELMONICO'S, IN OBSERVANCE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

General Anson G. McCook, Senior Vice-Commander, commanding, presided, and spoke as follows:

SINCE the organization of this Commandery two Commanders have died in office, Ulysses S. Grant, in July, 1885, and Joseph B. Coghlan, in December, 1908. The sudden death of Admiral Coghlan was not only a shock to all of us, but thereby another distinguished name has been placed on the roll of our honored dead. His life was an active and useful one. He served the country with gallantry and distinction in war and in peace for over forty years. He was devoted to the interests of this Commandery and to the charitable and patriotic purposes for which the Loyal Legion was established. He was a loyal friend and as manly and lovable a gentleman as I have ever known.

A delegation from this Commandery accompanied his body to Washington and he is buried in historic Arlington, by the side of thousands of his comrades who died for the Union, and not far from another well-beloved member of this Commandery, General Martin T. McMahon.

He was buried with the honors due his rank and station. The guns of Fort Meyer fired an artillery salute, a company of marines fired three volleys over his grave, and when

taps were sounded there were few dry eyes among those who were there to do honor to their Commander and friend.

Immediately after the return of the delegation the Board of Officers convened and a committee was appointed consisting of General Hubbard, Captain James Parker, and Paymaster Barton to prepare resolutions in regard to our former Commander.

General Hubbard is here and I ask him to read the resolutions to the Commandery.

General Hubbard read the following report:

The New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion has dedicated this evening to the commemoration of the birth and life of Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that it should at the same time record its affectionate remembrances of that other Union-loving native of Kentucky and citizen of the United States, its late Commander, Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. Navy, who died since its last meeting and who like his great predecessors, Farragut and Grant, held at the time of his death the highest office of the Commandery.

Joseph B. Coghlan was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, December 19, 1844, and on September 27, 1860, when less than sixteen years of age, was appointed Midshipman from the Eighth District of Illinois, and sent to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. On May 28, 1863, his class was ordered to sea, a year in advance of the usual time, and he was commissioned Ensign. On July 20th he was ordered to duty on the *Sacramento* and served on her until August 17, 1865. During this last interval that vessel was actively engaged in pursuit of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* and arrived off Cherbourg only a few days after the *Kearsarge* had destroyed that famous vessel. September 19, 1865, he was assigned to duty on the old steam sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*; March 8, 1866, was commissioned Master; November 10, 1866, promoted Lieutenant; March 12, 1868, promoted Lieutenant-Commander. From this time until February, 1882, his duties were those of naval officers of his rank in time of peace. He served on the U. S. S. *Portsmouth*

in 1868; on the *Richmond* from 1869 to 1871; in command of the *Saugus* in 1875 and 1876; as Executive of the *Dictator* in 1876; on the *Colorado* in 1877; as Executive of the *Monongahela* in 1878 and 1879; as Executive of the *Independence*, 1879 to 1882. In intervals between his service on these vessels he was assigned to various shore duties at League Island, at the Hydrographic office, and elsewhere.

While Lieutenant-Commander he wrote a savage letter to an old clerk in the Navy Department, for which he was tried by court-martial, and punished by suspension, April 22, 1876, for one year and to retain his then number on the list of Lieutenant-Commanders. The offence was a mere outbreak of high temper and involved nothing dishonorable; and on April 14, 1902, the President granted a pardon which restored him, then Rear-Admiral, to the position on the Navy list that he had lost by sentence of the court-martial. This restoration met with the unanimous approval of the gallant officer's friends and brother officers.

On the 4th of February, 1882, he was promoted Commander; on August 4, 1883, he was ordered to command U. S. S. *Adams* and served on her until September 8, 1884. On the 23d of August, 1888, he was ordered to command the *Mohican*, on which vessel he served until January 23, 1890. November 18, 1896, he was promoted Captain.

On March 25, 1897, he was ordered to command the *Raleigh*. Under his command that vessel took part in the battle of Manila Bay, as one of Commodore George Dewey's squadron, on May 1, 1898.

On June 10, 1898, Captain Coghlan was "advanced six numbers in grade for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle on May 1, 1898, while in command of the U. S. S. *Raleigh*, during the battle of Manila Bay."

From this time his health was impaired, but he so recovered that, on April 11, 1902, he was promoted Rear-Admiral. In May, 1902, he was ordered as second in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, on board the *Brooklyn* as his flag-ship. On September 17, 1902, he shifted his flag to Dewey's old flag-ship, the *Olympia*, and served

on her until March 21, 1904. On September 23, 1904, he became the Commander of the New York Navy Yard, where he remained until his retirement for age, and, after a few months' further service, left active duties as an officer of the Navy forever.

Rear-Admiral Coghlan was elected Commander of the Commandery of the State of New York, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, at the May meeting, 1907; and re-elected at the May meeting of 1908.

He died at his home in New Rochelle, New York, on December 5, 1908, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

His conspicuous and efficient service, merely suggested in this brief recital, deserved and won the approving recognition of his brother officers and of his country.

In the genial popular characteristics of life he was pre-eminent. He was a distinguished example of the Scriptural statement that, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." No one could be brought into relations with him, without becoming at once attracted to him personally.

As a speaker on social occasions, he was inimitable. His recital of the "*Hoch der Kaiser*" lifted that bit of wit into a worldwide prominence, though it had been recited quite a long time before at a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Milwaukee, October, 1897. In all his addresses on such occasions he proved himself to be well described in Shakespeare's words: "He was a fellow of infinite jest; and of a most excellent fancy."

He will be greatly missed, not only by his comrades of this Commandery, and his naval friends, but by a multitude of others who have been charmed by his wit and pleasing thoughts most fitly uttered.

As illustrative of the estimation in which he was held by those over whom he was set, the following is copied from a resolution adopted by the Master Workmen of the New York Navy Yard:

"During his career as an officer, the men always found him a most fair-minded, courteous, and just Commander, and we felt

as if he was our personal friend, and his memory has been made dear to us by his sterling qualities, and we believe and feel that we have been benefited by having come in contact with such a noble life, and that our country has lost a most gallant and courageous commanding officer."

We cannot better close our report than by quotation of the following lines:

The barge is at the gangway,
An officer mans each oar,
For the voyage of life is ended,
The Admiral goes ashore.

Ashore to the rest of the warrior,
Ashore from life's stormy sea,
Where the Captain of All the Navies,
Will welcome him on the quay.

And we who knew him and loved him,
Will miss the firm clasp of his hand,
The happy, friendly greeting,
The ringing tone of command.

Man the side in silence,
While the parting cannon roar,
A gallant gentleman leaves us,
The Admiral goes ashore.

Resolved, That this minute be entered on the records of the Commandery and that a copy be transmitted to the widow and son of our late Commander.

The report was adopted by a rising vote.

GENERAL McCOOK: As all of you know, the 12th of this month will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. By the action of Congress, of many State Legislatures and municipal authorities and by general consent of the people, the event will be celebrated throughout the country in a way worthy of the nation he did so much to save.

While it was deemed impracticable to postpone our regular meeting until the 12th, it is especially fitting that this Commandery, made up largely of veterans of the war, should take part in the celebration by making to-night a distinctively Lincoln night.

There are many good reasons for this action. Mr. Lincoln died on the 15th of April, 1865, and on that same day the initial steps were taken in Philadelphia to organize the Loyal Legion of which we are a part. Within the next few days thousands of persons will listen to eloquent orations in regard to the life and services of the great President, but none of them can have the same deep personal interest in the man and his career, as the gray-haired men who, nearly half a century ago, served in the Army and the Navy of the Union in the war for its maintenance.

To us Mr. Lincoln is much more than a great historic figure. It was his voice that called us into the service; and although our Commander-in-Chief he was our sympathetic friend and comrade through the dangers and privations of the long and trying struggle. Some of us heard him address the people from the platform. Some of us saw him and heard him on the 4th of March, 1861, when, from the east front of the Capitol, he took the oath as President to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Some of us have had the honor of shaking him by the hand, and looking into his deep eyes and his kind and thoughtful face; many of us have seen him in camp and field when he inspected or reviewed the commands to which we were attached, while all of us can recall the pride and satisfaction with which we read his inspired appeals to the conscience, the courage and the patriotism of the people.

You have before you to-night as a souvenir of this meeting one of these appeals made on a great battlefield of the war. In the opinion of competent judges, in depth of feeling and beauty of expression it ranks with the best specimens of eloquence in either ancient or modern times, and nothing, perhaps, can ever take the place of the Gettysburg address in the hearts and minds of the American people. In the

light, however, of modern attempts to place the responsibility for actual hostilities upon the Government of which Mr. Lincoln was the head, it may not be inopportune to refer, very briefly, to another and earlier address, in which he made an impressive appeal to the men of the South for peace and for the Union.

Seven States had already formally seceded from the Union and organized a provisional Confederate Government at Montgomery, Alabama. Forts, arsenals, dock-yards, custom-houses, and post-offices, all the property of the United States, had been seized and their contents either destroyed or confiscated; while armies were being raised or tendered to maintain the rebellion by force. The country was waiting with an anxiety which you well recall, to hear what response was to be made to these acts and threats, by the untried man about to be clothed with the responsibilities of the Presidential office. There was no precedent to guide him, and many believed that longer delay to use all the powers of the Government to maintain its authority meant the destruction of our institutions. Not so, however, thought the patient and peace-loving Abraham Lincoln to whom the preservation of the Union was paramount to all other considerations, for in words that will live as long as our language endures he concluded his first inaugural by saying:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

You know how this appeal was disregarded, and what followed when on April 12, 1861, the first rebel shell exploded over Fort Sumter and aroused the country from its dream of peace.

From that date and until the end of the war we were part of the force called into existence to aid in the work to which Mr. Lincoln's life was devoted. Very properly, therefore, we meet to-night to do honor to his memory; for it is no exaggeration, I think, to say, that under God he was largely instrumental in saving the Republic. Inestimable as were his services to liberty and to the Union, we cannot think of him without also recalling our own connection with the mighty struggle in which he was the principal figure; for even to-night the "mystic chords of memory" carry us back to the battlefields of the war, to the "patriot graves" of our gallant dead and to the days long past, when, young and strong and full of life and hope, we stood by the side of Abraham Lincoln in defence of the Union of these States.

And now I feel almost like apologizing for having detained you as long as I have from hearing the gentlemen who have been especially invited to address you. There are four of them, all well known to you and to the Commandery at large, and I am sure that all of you will be repaid if you will remain until the last man speaks.

It is hardly necessary for me to introduce to you the first speaker. Most of you know him, perhaps all of you know him personally. For many years he was our Commander. He has a reputation as a writer and speaker, not only national, but international, and I therefore take great pleasure not in formally introducing General Porter, but suggesting that he is here to talk to us for a while in regard to Mr. Lincoln.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

Mr. Commander and Companions:

At the breaking out of the Civil War there was a man with Southern sympathies who said he would not hang out a Union flag, that he was opposed to the war. A large body of patriotic people surrounded his house, and this demonstration induced him to change his mind very rapidly. He then put his head out of the window and cried, "Gen-

tlemen, I am convinced, and I now want to pledge you my word that I am in favor of this war and the next."

Now when your committee came to me they convinced me that I should come here and speak to you to-night, and I said, "Yes, and I will pledge you my word to come to this centennial and the next."

The life of Abraham Lincoln has always seemed to me to read more like romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the story of a plain American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive features of a picture, so the singular contrast, the strange vicissitudes in the life of this man surround him with an interest that attaches to but few characters in history. At one time we hear of him sitting in the log cabin in which he was born, struggling by the light of a pine knot torch to read the English grammar and the two or three other books that he had been able to obtain. At another time delivering addresses which have been pronounced throughout the world masterpieces of human eloquence. At one time we see him on his jaded horse jogging along through the mud and rain, from one court-house to another, trying insignificant cases before county judges. At another time guiding the helm of state of the greatest of nations and giving new interpretations to the most intricate questions of international law. These are some of the features of his remarkable career that appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate all who read the story of his life.

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He sprung from that class that he constantly referred to as the "plain people." He always possessed their affection; and always had an abiding faith in them. Even when he wore the robes of a master he forgot not that he was still the servant of the people. He believed that governments were made for the people and not the people for governments. Throughout his career he simply did his duty and trusted to history for his meed of praise. The more history discusses him the more brilliant becomes the lustre of his name. His record is like a torch—the more it is shaken the brighter it burns.

If at the height of his power he had been jeered at on account of his humble origin, he might well have replied in the words of the French marshal, who had risen from a private in the ranks to a dukedom, when the haughty nobles of Vienna refused to associate with him: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

Abraham Lincoln possessed in a remarkable degree that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. With him there was no posing for effect no attitudinizing in public, no mawkish sentimentality, no indulgence in mock heroics. There was none of that puppyism so often bred by power, and none of that dogmatism that Dr. Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity.

He did not want to ride in a gilded chariot of power, the dust from whose wheels would dazzle and blind his followers. He preferred to trudge along on foot so that all the people could march abreast with him. While his mind was one great storehouse of useful information, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He seemed to feel with Addison that pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it.

He had great tact in holding his friends, in convincing those who did not agree with him, and often in winning over political opponents, but he wasted no time on the absolutely recalcitrant. He had no part nor lot with those men of mental malformation who are educated beyond their intellect.

He never wasted any time in trying to massage the back of a political porcupine. To use his own words, it was as discouraging as trying to shovel fleas across a barnyard.

I have been thinking to-night how few there are left who knew Abraham Lincoln personally and who had converse with him. Why, his contemporaries have fallen like autumnal leaves.

I shall never forget—it is indelibly engraved upon my memory—the first time I had the privilege of looking upon the features and hearing the voice of that remarkable man. It was an historic occasion. It was upon the occasion of his

first meeting with General Grant. Before this they had corresponded; their letters, at first official, afterwards became more intimate and familiar until they had learned to have that respect for each other which is based upon perfect confidence. On the 8th of March, 1864, General Grant arrived in Washington in the evening with his staff, coming from the West, having been summoned by the Government to receive his commission of Lieutenant-General, a rank which had been created for him, and take command of all the armies. Going to Willard's Hotel, with his accustomed modesty he simply wrote his name on the register "U. S. Grant, Illinois." He heard that there was a reception at the White House given by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and he thought it was his duty to go immediately to see them and pay his respects. Mr. Lincoln was receiving in the Blue Room as usual, with some of his Cabinet officers standing near him, shaking hands cordially with the vast crowds that passed. About half-past nine o'clock there was a commotion at the entrance door. It attracted Mr. Lincoln's attention. He saw a man walking slowly towards him, and recognizing him at once by the photographs he had seen of him, reached out his long arm, seized General Grant by the hand, drew him up close to him and cried out to Mrs. Lincoln, "What a surprise, what a delight, why, here is General Grant!" They formed a remarkable contrast. Mr. Lincoln's hair was unkempt, he wore a turned-down collar two sizes too large, the motion of his long arms and legs was awkward, but there was nothing that bordered on the grotesque. He always had a certain amount of dignity in his bearing. Lincoln was six feet four inches in height, Grant five feet eight inches; Lincoln was fifty-five years of age, Grant forty-two; both in full possession of all their mental and physical faculties. It was an inspiring sight to watch this first meeting of the illustrious Chief Magistrate of the nation and the victorious general. It was a fortunate thing for the Republic at that time that these two representatives of the Cabinet and the camp, into whose hands under Providence the destiny of the land had been placed, had no ambitions but their country's

welfare, and who, throughout that death struggle of the nation stood shoulder to shoulder like the men in the Greek phalanx of old, linking their shields together against a common foe, and teaching the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk it abreast. They soon formed a close attachment for each other and three times Mr. Lincoln came down to the front to visit General Grant in his headquarters at City Point, in front of Petersburg and Richmond, and there they continued this friendship. At night Mr. Lincoln would sit around the camp-fire with General Grant and his staff officers. He sat in a camp-chair—it was rather low and brought his knees up high—he crossed his legs, or rather he had a way of winding one leg around the other, and as the smoke of the fire would blow in his face he would brush it away with his large hand, and as we sat there and listened to the words of wit, wisdom, and eloquence that fell from his lips, why those evenings became as enjoyable as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

Upon his first visit he said on arriving that he had come down principally to get away from the office-seekers; he had n't enough offices to give them; there were not enough holes for all the pegs, as he expressed it. "The other day," he remarked, "I had a little fever and a rash on the skin and I sent for the doctor. He said 'I think this is a case of the measles,' and I cried, 'Good; at last I have got something I can give to people.'"

His stories were not simply anecdotes; they were more to point a moral than to adorn a tale; they were illustrations of his meaning; and they were always apt. What could have been more applicable than the very amusing story he told us in connection with the Trent affair? You know the Confederate emissaries, Mason and Slidell, were taken off the British passenger ship *Trent* by one of our war vessels. He remarked:

"The English did n't give us time to turn around. We began to receive offensive and arbitrary dispatches at once. We

hardly were given time to search for precedents in international law. It was very humiliating, but we had one big war on hand and we did n't want two at the same time. I said, 'Well, this will only react upon that government. She in the end will be the only one hurt.' He continued: It reminds me of the time in Sangamon County, Illinois, when a man came along and knocked at the door of a barber shop. It was locked. He knocked at the door of the house. The barber put his head out of the window and said, 'What 's up?' The man answered, 'I am going to take my best girl to a ball to-night and I have a four days' growth of beard on my face, and I want you to come down and take it off.' 'I won't do it, the shop 's closed,' cried the barber. Said the man, 'I have a six-shooter here that will put daylight through you if you don't come down quick.' The barber came down, seated the man in the chair, lathered his face, including the eyes, nose, and mouth, and then bore down on him and cut a swath across the left cheek, taking off a pimple, two warts, and a mole. Said the man in the chair, 'Stranger, you must have been working in a stubble field—you appear to make everything level as you go.' The barber remarked, 'If this handle don't break I think I 'll get away with what is there.' But the man had such hollow cheeks that the barber could n't work the razor down into the valleys, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to put his finger in the man's mouth and press the cheek out. But the razor slipped, went through the cheek, and cut the barber's finger. He drew it out, snapped off the blood, and cried, 'There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you have made me cut my finger.' Now, said Mr. Lincoln, England has tried to lacerate us somewhat, but in the end she will find she has only cut her own finger."

There was one thing that impressed me deeply on several occasions, the fact that Mr. Lincoln had the tenderest of all hearts and his sympathy went out to animals as well as to human beings. In his last visit to our camp, just before we marched out on the Appomattox campaign, I was sitting in the Adjutant's tent when Mr. Lincoln came to see if some expected dispatches from Washington had arrived. He looked down on the floor and saw crawling around there three little kittens. Their mother had died three days before

and they were mewing piteously. He forgot all about the dispatches, sat down on a camp-stool, and tenderly picked up those little waifs, laid them in his lap, drew the skirts of his coat around them to keep them warm, wiped their eyes with his handkerchief, and smoothed down their fur as they purred their gratitude. He said to the Adjutant-General: "I hope you will take care of these poor little motherless waifs." Colonel Bowers replied: "I shall see that they are taken good care of, Mr. President, and well fed." "And be sure," said Mr. Lincoln, "that they have some milk three times a day." When we were all thinking about the movements of great armies and studying the science of destruction, it was a touching sight to see those three stray kittens fondled by the hand that with a single stroke of the pen had struck the shackles from the limbs of four millions of bondsmen, and had signed the commissions of the illustrious heroes of a great war. It was a trifling incident, but it spoke more loudly than many an important act, of the tenderness of the great man's heart.

He came down to camp just after he had been elected the second time. We were talking about the methods of election and about the electoral college, when he said, "Well, the electoral college is the only college where they choose their own masters."

In speaking to General Butler about General Grant's movements and the fact that he had never yielded up a foot of territory he had captured, Mr. Lincoln said, "Yes; when General Grant gets hold of a place he hangs on to it just as though he had inherited it."

I came in one evening—after a rain—to the campfire, wiping off my sword blade to keep it from rusting. Mr. Lincoln stepped out of his tent and remarked:

"That is a very formidable looking weapon, but it is not as formidable as one I had occasion to see at one time in my life. I was coming home from a conference of lawyers in Louisville, after midnight, a bright moonlight night, when suddenly a fellow jumped out of a dark alley and pulled out a bowie knife.

It looked to me to be three times as long as that sword. I don't really suppose it was. He flourished it in the moonlight and for about five minutes seemed to be trying to see how near he could come to cutting off my nose without quite doing it, and finally he cried, 'Stranger, can you lend me five dollars on that?' Well, I never got money out of my pocket as fast in my life. I handed him a bill and said, 'There is ten. Now, neighbor, put up your scythe.'"

Then he came down just after the successful assault on Fort Gilman where the negro troops had distinguished themselves and attracted some attention. He said to General Grant, "I like the way the black boys have behaved and I think I ought to ride out to their camp to see them." So the General mounted with his staff to accompany him out to the camp of the colored troops. When he reached there the troops passed the word around and they rushed out in great numbers, crying, "Dar's ole Massah Linkum! God bless him! Old Fader Abraham's a-comin', Hallalu!" And they laughed and cheered, and got down on their knees and prayed. Some fondled his horse and others ran to hunt up their comrades and tell them they had kissed the hem of his garment. Mr. Lincoln sat on his horse, his head uncovered, the tears running down his cheeks. It was a pathetic sight to see the homage paid by the liberated to the great liberator.

In riding home he said:

"When we started to raise the first colored regiments you know there was a great deal of adverse criticism, but I said to our people: 'As long as we are trying to get every able-bodied man down to the front to save the life of this nation, I guess we had better be a little color-blind.' He continued: I think I can express my appreciation of what the black boys have done here something after the fashion of an old-time Abolitionist in Chicago. Friends brought him in from the country and took him to see Forrest playing *Othello*. He did n't know it was a white man blacked up, and when they got out he said, 'Well, all sectional prejudice aside, and making due allowance for my partiality for

the race, durn me, if I don't think the nigger held his own with any of 'em.'"

Now I must recount only one more of his illustrations—not anecdotes—because it amused us greatly one night. I happened to have a grain of the new powder for the big guns in my hands as he walked by. He looked at it and asked, "What is that?" "A grain of powder," I replied. It was about as big as a walnut. He took it in his hand, looked at it, and said:

"That is a good deal bigger than the grains of powder we used to have out in Sangamon County, when I was a boy. Before the newspapers were published and before there was much advertising in print the little merchants used to do a little free advertising before the preacher arrived at the cross-roads church. One night a man got up, he was a powder merchant, and said, 'Brethren, before the arrival of the preacher, I would just like to say that I have received a new invoice of sportin' powder, and the grains are so small you can scarcely see 'em with the naked eye and so polished you can stand in front of 'em and part your hair just like you was before a looking glass.' There was a rival powder merchant there who rose up, boiling over with jealousy, and said, 'Brethren, I hope you won't believe a word Brother Smith says about that powder. I have been down to his store and seen it for myself, and every grain is as big as a lump of stove coal and I pledge you my word that any one here could put a barrel of that powder on his shoulder and march square through hell without any danger of an explosion.'"

There will be two names always inseparable in American history—Washington and Lincoln. And by the manner in which biographers dwell upon trifling matters you would be led to believe from their writing that one spent his whole life in cutting down trees and the other in splitting them up into rails.

The difference between them was that Washington never could tell a story and Lincoln always could. But his stories possessed the proper geometrical requisites of excellence—they were never too long and never too broad. I said

the stories were illustrations. His wit and humor were the safety valves which gave him relief when he was burdened with the great responsibilities of the nation. I think it had a tendency to prolong his life. He had the true idea of wit—talking in fun and thinking in earnest. Why, he could cut the sting from the keenest criticism with a pleasantry, and gild disappointment with a joke. He knew that in speaking wit is to eloquence what in music melody is to harmony.

But his heart was not always attuned to mirth. Its chords were often set to strains of sadness. The appalling losses in the field, the enemies in the rear as well as in front, the coffers in the treasury well-nigh drained, the foreign complications threatened, were enough to overwhelm an ordinary man. People reviled and slandered him; they could not understand him. His wit was too subtle, his philosophy was too logical, his politics too advanced. It passed their understanding. He had to learn what most men in public life have had to learn, that all hours wound, the last one kills, and that success is like the sunshine, it brings forth the vipers. But even when the gloom was darkest he never faltered. Confident of the righteousness of his cause, he always had the courage of his conviction. He had that sublime faith that can leave the efforts to man, the results to God. It was a faith that could see in the storm cloud a bow of promise, a faith that could hear in the discords of the present the harmonies of the future, a faith that can be likened only to that of the Christian in his Saviour.

Marvellous man! He was a Hercules, not an Adonis. He was the great example set for those who were to follow him. Marvellous man! We fail to find another in all the annals of history whose nature was so gentle, whose life had been so peaceful, who was reared in the Cabinet and not the camp, and yet who was called upon to marshal the armed hosts of an aroused people and for four long years to direct a fierce, a relentless, a bloody fratricidal war.

It seldom falls to the lot of man to strike the shackles from a race of bondsmen, to die the death of a revered martyr

with his robes of office still about him, his heart at peace with his fellow man, his soul at peace with God, his country restored to peace within her borders and to peace with all the world.

We did not bury him in a Roman Pantheon, an Escorial, a Walhalla, a domed St. Paul's or a cloistered Westminster. We gave him nobler sepulture; we laid him to rest in the bosom of the soil his efforts had saved. Future ages will pause to read the inscription on his tomb, and the praises and the prayers of a redeemed and regenerated people will ascend from that consecrated spot as incense arises from holy places, pointing out even to the angels in heaven where rest the ashes of him who had filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness, and covered the earth with his renown.

For a time he seemed to be too close to us. He was not yet in the proper focus to be clearly seen. Now, with the lapse of time, he has receded to the proper distance at which we can view perfectly his great qualities, and see them in all their beauty and symmetry. A tree is best measured when it is down. He was taken away from us forty-four years ago. We were then called upon to bid farewell to a leader crowned with the sublimity of martyrdom, saviour of the Republic, liberator of a race, whose true sepulchre is the hearts of the American people.

GENERAL McCOOK: We have with us to-night a gentleman who knew Mr. Lincoln doubtless before any other man in this room, at all events knew him well and intimately before he became the great figure that he was two or three years afterwards.

The campaign in 1858 in Illinois was the campaign perhaps that developed Mr. Lincoln into a national figure and made him a possible candidate for President. He had a local reputation, of course. He had been a member of the Legislature of Illinois, a member of the House of Representatives in Congress for one term, and a defeated candidate

for Senator, but until his contest with Stephen A. Douglas, familiarly called the "Little Giant," Mr. Lincoln was not generally known throughout the United States.

The debate was watched by the whole country with very great interest, for Mr. Douglas was an adroit and clever speaker and a man thoroughly familiar with public affairs. He won the election to the Senatorship, but with the end of the campaign Mr. Lincoln's position in his own party was so well established, that two years afterwards his nomination for the Presidency followed.

During this campaign Mr. Lincoln had with him a young reporter, Mr. Horace White, who is with us to-night. Long and intimately identified with the literary interests of the country and perfectly familiar with Mr. Lincoln's whole career, what he has to say will be of unusual interest. I take great pleasure in introducing him to you.

REMARKS OF HORACE WHITE.

What happened to this country because Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860 has been told many times by many men, and will be told through many generations to come. What would have happened if he had not been elected is largely a matter of conjecture, yet it is not devoid of interest. It is the theme to which I shall invite your attention briefly. I am moved to do so by reading in the *Century Magazine* for the present month a few letters, hitherto unpublished, written by Lincoln to Senator Trumbull between the time of his election and that of his inauguration. This period of four months was the critical period in his life and in our nation's history.

When the ballot boxes were closed and the votes counted on the 6th of November, 1860, the question whether slavery should be allowed to enter the new territories west of the Missouri River (which was the very thing supposed to have been decided by the election), started up afresh, and assumed new and overwhelming importance when it was flanked by the threat of secession. Mr. Lincoln was the steadyng

influence and chief barrier against any surrender of the principles on which he had been elected. If he had failed no other barrier would have been of any avail whatever.

To anybody looking back at the Republican National Convention of 1860, it must be plain that there were only two men who had any chance of being nominated for President.

These were Lincoln and Seward. I was present at the Convention as a spectator and I knew this fact at the time, but it seemed to me at the beginning that Seward's chances were the best. One-third of the delegates of Illinois preferred him and expected to vote for him after a few complimentary ballots for Lincoln. If there had been no Lincoln in the field Seward would certainly have been nominated and then the course of history would have been very different from what it was, for if Seward had been nominated and elected there would have been no forcible opposition to the withdrawal of such States as then desired to secede. And as a consequence the Republican party would have been rent in twain and disabled from making effectual resistance to other demands of the South.

It was Seward's conviction that the policy of non-coercion would have quieted the secession movement in the Border States and that the Gulf States would, after a while, have returned to the Union like repentant prodigal sons. His proposal to Lincoln to seek a quarrel with four European nations, who had done us no harm, in order to arouse a feeling of Americanism in the Confederate States, was an outgrowth of this conviction. It was an indefensible proposition, akin to that which prompted Bismarck to make use of France as an anvil on which to hammer and weld Germany together, but it was not an unpatriotic one, since it was bottomed on a desire to preserve the Union without civil war.

Traces of this idea can be found in the speeches of Jefferson Davis in the Senate before his State seceded. Davis was not an original secessionist. He would have preferred that the secession movement should not extend beyond

South Carolina and to that end he used all his influence against the coercion of that State, because coercion of one would inflame the others. It is not impossible that Seward derived his idea from Davis, or more probably was confirmed by him in an idea to which he was previously inclined.

As early as December 11th, Lincoln wrote a letter to Congressman Wm. Kellogg, of Illinois, who had shown some signs of an intention to support the Crittenden Compromise. In this letter Lincoln said: "Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again; all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over."

Four days afterwards he wrote to John A. Gilmer, an eminent statesman of North Carolina, in reply to a letter received from him:

"Is it desired that I shall shift the ground on which I have been elected? I cannot do it. On the territorial question I am inflexible, as you see my position in the book. On that there is a difference between you and us, and it is the only substantial difference. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other."

Two days later (December 17th) he wrote to Thurlow Weed, who was advocating the Crittenden Compromise in his newspaper, that that Compromise "would lose us everything that we gain by the election; that filibustering for all South of us and making slave States of it would follow, in spite of us, in either case."

The *Century Magazine* for February contains the following letter:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 24, 1860.

"Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

MY DEAR SIR: Dispatches have come here two days in succession that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by order, or consent, at least, of the President. I can scarcely believe this, but if it is true, I will, if our friends in Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken

after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparations will proceed somewhat on this side as well as on the other. Yours as ever,

"A. LINCOLN."

I have myself discovered a still later saying of Lincoln during this momentous interval. A letter from Dr. William Jayne to Trumbull, dated Springfield, January 28, 1861, says that Governor Yates had received telegraph dispatches from the Governors of Ohio and Indiana asking whether Illinois would appoint peace commissioners in response to a call sent out by the Governor of Virginia to meet at Washington on the 4th of February. "Lincoln," he continued, "advised Yates not to take any action at present. He said he would rather be hanged by the neck till he was dead on the steps of the Capitol than buy or beg a peaceful inauguration."

The pages of the *Congressional Globe* of 1860-61 make the two most intensely interesting political volumes in our country's history. They embrace the last words that the North and South had to say to each other before the doors of the temple of Janus were thrown open to the Civil War. As the moment of parting approached the language became plainer, and its most marked characteristic was not anger, not hatred between the disputants, but failure to understand each other. It was as though the men on either side were looking at an object through glasses of different color, or speaking different languages, or worshipping different gods.

Forty-four years have passed away since the Civil War came to an end and we are now able to take a dispassionate view of the question in dispute. The people of the South are now generally agreed that the institution of slavery was a direful curse to both races. We of the North must confess that there was considerable foundation for the asserted right of States to secede. Although the Constitution did in distinct terms make the Federal Government supreme, it was not so understood by the people either North or South at first. Particularism prevailed everywhere at the beginning. Nationalism was an after-growth and a slow growth, proceeding mainly from the habit into which people fell of

finding their common centre of gravity at Washington City and of viewing it as the place where the American name and fame were blazoned to the world. During the first half century of the Republic the North and South were changing coats, from time to time, on the subject of State Rights and the right to secede, but meanwhile the Constitution itself was working silently in the North to undermine the particularism of Jefferson and to strengthen the nationalism of Hamilton. It had accomplished its work in the early thirties, when it found its perfect expression in Webster's reply to Hayne. But the Southern people were just as firmly convinced that Hayne was the victor in that contest as the Northern people were that Webster was. The vast material interests bottomed on slavery offset and neutralized the unifying process in the South, while it continued its wholesome work in the North, and thus the clashing of ideas paved the way for the clash of arms. That the behavior of the slaveholders resulted from the circumstances in which they were placed and not from any innate deviltry is a fact now conceded by all impartial men. It was conceded by Lincoln both before the war and during the war, and this fact accounts for the affection bestowed upon him by Southern hearts to-day.

The question has been much discussed whether Crittenden's proposed amendment to the Constitution ought to have been adopted or not. The only plausible argument for adopting it would have been to prevent secession and civil war; and here lies a wide field for difference of opinion as to whether it would have prevented them or not. The chances are ten to one that it would not have been acceptable to the cotton-growing States. But if we admit that the compromise would have prevented secession for the time being, slavery would have still remained a festering sore and direful curse. All the elements of discord that had been seething and bubbling like lava fires for forty years would have remained in full blast, except the single one of the territorial question, and that one would have continued to burn in the North. Abolition societies would have multiplied. The under-

ground railroad would have done more business than ever. Other John Browns might have arisen. All these things would have operated upon the active fears and hot temper of the South just as before. Both sides would have used the interval of mock peace to prepare for war, and the irrepressible conflict would have come later. So the election of Lincoln decided that a war which was unavoidable should take place in 1861 instead of later, and that it should be fought by a united North instead of a divided one.

GENERAL McCOOK: It is impossible on this occasion not to recall the fact that, between the spring of 1865 and the autumn of 1901, three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated. These cowardly and brutal crimes shocked the world, but the fact remains that in this free country of ours, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley have been murdered within thirty-five years.

The first to fall was Mr. Lincoln, and we have here tonight an old member of the Commandery who was with him in a professional capacity during his dying hours. Everything connected with the life and death of Mr. Lincoln, is, of course, of great interest to us and to the country, and I take pleasure in introducing Dr. Leale, who will speak of his experience on that occasion.

LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS.¹

Commander and Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States:

At the historic pageant in Washington, when the remains of President Lincoln were being taken from the White House to the Capitol, a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque was assigned to me. Outside were the crowds, the martial music, but inside the carriage I was plunged in deep self-communion, until aroused by a gen-

¹ By Charles A. Leale, M.D. Copyright, 1909, by Charles A. Leale, M.D.

tle tap at the window of my carriage door. An officer of high rank put his head inside and exclaimed: "Dr. Leale, I would rather have done what you did to prolong the life of the President than to have accomplished my duties during the entire war." I shrank back at what he said, and for the first time realized the importance of it all. As soon as I returned to my private office in the hospital, I drew down the window-shade, locked the door, threw myself prostrate on the bare wood floor, and asked for advice. The answer came, as distinctly as if spoken by a human being present: "Forget it all." I visited our Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, and asked his advice; he also said: "Cast it from your memory."

On April 17, 1865, a New York newspaper reporter called at my army tent. I invited him in, and expressed my desire to forget all the recent sad events, and to occupy my mind with the exacting present and plans for the future.

Recently, several of our Companions expressed the conviction, that history now demands, and that it is my duty to give, the detailed facts of President Lincoln's death as I know them, and in compliance with their request, I this evening for the first time will read a paper on the subject.

One of the most cruel wars in the history of the world had nearly closed.

The people of the United States were rejoicing at the prospect of peace and returning happiness. President Lincoln, after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, visited Richmond, Virginia, exposing himself to great danger, and on his return delivered an address from the balcony of the White House.

I was then a Commissioned Officer in the Medical Department of the United States Army, having been appointed from my native State, New York, and was on duty as surgeon in charge of the Wounded Commissioned Officers' Ward at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, District of Columbia, where my professional duties were of the greatest importance and required constant and arduous attention. For a brief relief and a

few moments in the fresh air I started one evening for a short walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were crowds walking toward the President's residence. These I followed and arrived just at the commencement of President Lincoln's last public address to his people. From where I stood I could distinctly hear every word he uttered and I was profoundly impressed with his divine appearance as he stood in the rays of light, which penetrated the windows of the White House.

The influence thus produced gave me an intense desire again to behold his face and study the characteristics of the "Savior of his Country." Therefore on the evening of April 14, 1865, after the completion of my daily hospital duties I told my Ward Master that I would be absent for a short time. As a very large number from the Army stationed near Washington frequently visited the city, a general order was in force that none should be there without a special pass, and all wearing uniform and out at night were subject to frequent challenge. To avoid this inconvenience officers stationed in Washington generally removed all signs of their calling when off duty. I changed to civilian's dress, and hurried to Ford's Theatre, where I had been told President Lincoln, General Grant, and members of the Cabinet were to be present to see the play, *Our American Cousin*. I arrived late at the theatre, 8.15 P.M., and requested a seat in the orchestra, whence I could view the occupants of the President's box, which, on looking into the theatre, I saw had been beautifully decorated with American flags in honor of the occasion. As the building was crowded, the last place vacant was in the dress circle. I was greatly disappointed, but accepted this seat, which was near the front on the same side and about forty feet from the President's box, and soon became interested in the pleasing play.

Suddenly there was a cheering welcome, the acting ceased temporarily out of respect to the entering Presidential party. Many in the audience rose to their feet in enthusiasm and vociferously cheered while looking around. Turning, I saw in the aisle a few feet behind me, President

Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln smiled very happily in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting, gracefully curtsied several times and seemed to be overflowing with good cheer and thankfulness. I had the best opportunity to distinctly see the full face of the President, as the light shone directly upon him. After he had walked a few feet he stopped for a moment, looked upon the people he loved, and acknowledged their salutations with a solemn bow. His face was perfectly stoical, his deep set eyes gave him a pathetically sad appearance. The audience seemed to be enthusiastically cheerful, but he alone looked peculiarly sorrowful, as he slowly walked with bowed head and drooping shoulders toward the box. I was looking at him as he took his last walk. The memory of that scene has never been effaced. The party was preceded by a special usher, who opened the door of the box, stood to one side, and after all had entered closed the door and took a seat outside, where he could guard the entrance to the box. The play was resumed and my attention was concentrated on the stage until I heard a disturbance at the door of the President's box. With many others I looked in that direction, and saw a man endeavoring to persuade the reluctant usher to admit him. At last he succeeded in gaining an entrance, after which the door was closed and the usher resumed his place.

For a few moments all was quiet, and the play again held my attention until, suddenly, the report of a pistol was heard, and a short time after I saw a man in mid-air leaping from the President's box to the stage, brandishing in his hand a drawn dagger. His spur caught in the American flag festooned in front of the box, causing him to stumble when he struck the stage, and he fell on his hands and knees. He quickly regained the erect posture and hopped across the stage, flourishing his dagger, clearing the stage before him and dragging the foot of the leg which was subsequently found to be broken, he disappeared behind the scene on the opposite side of the stage. Then followed cries that the President had been murdered, interspersed with

cries of "Kill the murderer!" "Shoot him!" etc., from different parts of the building. The lights had been turned down, a general gloom was over all, and the panic-stricken audience were rushing toward the doors for exit and safety.

I instantly arose and in response to cries for help and for a surgeon, I crossed the aisle and vaulted over the seats in a direct line to the President's box, forcing my way through the excited crowd. The door of the box had been securely fastened on the inside to prevent any one following the assassin before he had accomplished his cruel object and made his escape. The obstruction was with difficulty removed and I was the first to be admitted to the box.

The usher, having been told that I was an army surgeon, had lifted up his arm and had permitted me alone to enter.

I passed in, not in the slightest degree knowing what I had to encounter. At this moment, while in self-communion, the military command "Halt!" came to me, and in obedience to it I stood still in the box, having a full view of the four other occupants. Then came the advice: "Be calm!" and with the calmest deliberation and force of will I brought all my senses to their greatest activity and walked forward to my duty.

Major Rathbone, had bravely fought the assassin; his arm had been severely wounded and was bleeding. He came to me holding his wounded arm in the hand of the other, beseeching me to attend to his wound. I placed my hand under his chin; looking into his eyes an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed arm-chair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States army surgeon. I grasped Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand in mine, while she cried piteously to me, "Oh, Doctor! Is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband!" etc. I soothingly answered that we would do all that possibly could be done. While approaching the President, I asked a gentleman, who

was at the door of the box, to procure some brandy and another to get some water.

As I looked at the President, he appeared to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. He was being held upright in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who was weeping bitterly. From his crouched-down sitting posture it was evident that Mrs. Lincoln had instantly sprung to his aid after he had been wounded and had kept him from tumbling to the floor. By Mrs. Lincoln's courage, strength, and energy the President was maintained in this upright position during all the time that elapsed while Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin and removed the obstruction from the door of the box.

I placed my finger on the President's right radial pulse but could perceive no movement of the artery. For the purpose of reviving him, if possible, we removed him from his chair to a recumbent position on the floor of the box, and as I held his head and shoulders while doing this, my hand came in contact with a clot of blood near his left shoulder. Remembering the flashing dagger in the hand of the assassin, and the severely bleeding wound of Major Rathbone, I supposed the President had been stabbed, and while kneeling on the floor over his head, with my eyes continuously watching the President's face, I asked a gentleman to cut the coat and shirt open from the neck to the elbow to enable me, if possible, to check the hemorrhage that I thought might take place from the subclavian artery or some other blood-vessel. This was done with a dirk knife, but no wound was found there. I lifted his eyelids and saw evidence of a brain injury. I quickly passed the separated fingers of both hands through his blood-matted hair to examine his head, and I discovered his mortal wound. The President had been shot in the back part of the head, behind the left ear. I easily removed the obstructing clot of blood from the wound and this relieved the pressure on the brain.

The assassin of President Lincoln had evidently carefully planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he

made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection when instant death is desired. A Derringer pistol had been used, which had sent a large round ball on its awful mission through one of the thickest, hardest parts of the skull and into the brain. The history of surgery fails to record a recovery from such a fearful wound and I have never seen or heard of any other person with such a wound, and injury to the sinus of the brain and to the brain itself, who lived even for an hour.

As the President did not then revive, I thought of the other mode of death, apnoea, and assumed my preferred position to revive by artificial respiration. I knelt on the floor over the President, with a knee on each side of his pelvis and facing him. I leaned forward, opened his mouth, and introduced two extended fingers of my right hand as far back as possible, and by pressing the base of his paralyzed tongue downward and outward, opened his larynx and made a free passage for air to enter the lungs. I placed an assistant at each of his arms to manipulate them in order to expand his thorax, then slowly to press the arms down by the side of the body, while I pressed the diaphragm upward: methods which caused air to be drawn in and forced out of his lungs.

During the intermissions I also, with the strong thumb and fingers of my right hand, by intermittent sliding pressure under and beneath the ribs, stimulated the apex of the heart, and resorted to several other physiological methods. We repeated these motions a number of times before signs of recovery from the profound shock were attained; then a feeble action of the heart and irregular breathing followed.

The effects of the shock were still manifest by such great prostration, that I was fearful of any extra agitation of the President's body, and became convinced that something more must be done to retain life. I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a

moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time, and saw that the President could continue independent breathing and that instant death would not occur.

I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover." This message was telegraphed all over the country.

When the brandy and water arrived, I very slowly poured a small quantity into the President's mouth; this was swallowed and retained.

Many looked on during these earnest efforts to revive the President, but not once did any one suggest a word or in any way interfere with my actions. Mrs. Lincoln had thrown the burden on me and sat nearby looking on.

In the dimly lighted box of the theatre, so beautifully decorated with American flags, a scene of historic importance was being enacted. On the carpeted floor lay prostrate the President of the United States. His long, outstretched, athletic body of six feet four inches appeared unusually heroic. His bleeding head rested on my white linen hand-kerchief. His clothing was arranged as nicely as possible. He was irregularly breathing, his heart was feebly beating, his face was pale and in solemn repose, his eyelids were closed, his countenance made him appear to be in prayerful communion with the Universal God he always loved. I looked down upon him and waited for the next inspiration, which soon came: "Remove to safety." From the time Mrs. Lincoln had placed the President in my charge, I had not permitted my attention to be diverted. Again I was asked the nature of his wound and replied in these exact words: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover."

While I was kneeling over the President on the floor Dr. Charles S. Taft and Dr. Albert F. A. King had come and offered to render any assistance. I expressed the desire to have the President taken, as soon as he had gained sufficient strength, to the nearest house on the opposite side of the

street. I was asked by several if he could not be taken to the White House, but I responded that if that were attempted the President would die long before we reached there. While we were waiting for Mr. Lincoln to gain strength Laura Keene, who had been taking part in the play, appealed to me to allow her to hold the President's head. I granted this request and she sat on the floor of the box and held his head on her lap.

We decided that the President could now be moved from the possibility of danger in the theatre to a house where we might place him on a bed in safety. To assist in this duty I assigned Doctor Taft to carry his right shoulder, Doctor King to carry his left shoulder and detailed a sufficient number of others, whose names I have never discovered, to assist in carrying the body, while I carried his head, going first. We reached the door of the box and saw the long passage leading to the exit crowded with people. I called out twice: "Guards, clear the passage! Guards, clear the passage!" A free space was quickly cleared by an officer and protected by a line of soldiers in the position of present arms, with swords, pistols, and bayonets. When we reached the stairs, I turned so that those holding the President's feet would descend first. At the door of the theatre, I was again asked if the President could be taken to the White House. I answered: "No, the President would die on the way."

The crowd in the street completely obstructed the doorway and a captain, whose services proved invaluable all through the night, came to me saying: "Surgeon, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." I asked him to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. He had on side arms and drew his sword. With the sword and word of command he cleared the way. We slowly crossed the street. It was necessary to stop several times to give me the opportunity to remove the clot of blood from the opening to the wound. A barrier of men had been formed to keep back the crowds on each side of an open space leading to the house. Those who went ahead reported that the

house directly opposite the theatre was closed. I saw a man standing at the door of Mr. Petersen's house, diagonally opposite, holding a lighted candle in his hand and beckoning us to enter. This we did, not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throngs in the street, but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house.

The great difficulty of retaining life during this brief time occupied in moving the President from the theatre to Mr. Petersen's house, conclusively proved that the President would have died in the street if I had granted the request to take him such a long distance as to the White House. I asked for the best room and we soon had the President placed in bed. He was lifted to the longitudinal centre of the bed and placed on his back. While holding his face upward and keeping his head from rolling to either side, I looked at his elevated knees caused by his great height. This uncomfortable position grieved me and I ordered the foot of the bed to be removed. Dr. Taft and Dr. King reported that it was a fixture. Then I requested that it be broken off; as I found this could not satisfactorily be done, I had the President placed diagonally on the bed and called for extra pillows, and with them formed a gentle inclined plane on which to rest his head and shoulders. His position was then one of repose.

The room soon filled with anxious people. I called the officer and asked him to open a window and order all except the medical gentlemen and friends to leave the room. After we had given the President a short rest I decided to make a thorough physical examination, as I wished to see if he had been wounded in any other part of the body. I requested all except the surgeons to leave the room. The Captain reported that my order had been carried out with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, to whom he said he did not like to speak. I addressed Mrs. Lincoln, explaining my desire, and she immediately left the room. I examined the President's entire body from his head to his feet and found no other injury. His lower extremities were very cold, and I sent the Hospital Steward, who had been of great assistance to us in

removing the President from the theatre, to procure bottles of hot water and hot blankets, which were applied. I also sent for a large sinapism and in a short time one very nicely made was brought. This I applied over the solar-plexus and to the anterior surface of his body. We arranged the bed-clothes nicely and I assigned Dr. Taft and Dr. King to keep his head upon the pillows in the most comfortable position, relieving each other in this duty, after which I sent an officer to notify Mrs. Lincoln that she might return to her husband; she came in and sat on a chair placed for her at the head of the bed.

As the symptoms indicated renewed brain compression, I again cleared the opening of clotted blood and pushed forward the button of bone, which acted as a valve, permitted an oozing of blood, and relieved pressure on the brain. I again saw good results from this action.

After doing all that was professionally necessary, I stood aside for a general view and to think what to do next. While thus watching, several army officers anxiously asked if they could in any way assist. I told them my greatest desire then was to send messengers to the White House for the President's son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln, also for the Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, Surgeon D. Willard Bliss, in charge of Armory Square General Hospital, the President's family physician, Dr. Robert K. Stone, and to each member of the President's Cabinet. All these desires of mine were fulfilled.

Having been taught in early youth to pay great respect to all religious denominations in regard to their rules concerning the sick or dying, it became my duty as surgeon in charge of the dying President to summon a clergyman to his bedside. Therefore after inquiring and being informed that the Rev. Dr. Gurley was Mrs. Lincoln's pastor, I immediately sent for him.

Then I sent the Hospital Steward for a Nelaton probe. No drug or medicine in any form was administered to the President, but the artificial heat and mustard plaster that I had applied warmed his cold body and stimulated his nerves.

Only a few were at any time admitted to the room by the officer, whom I had stationed at the door, and at all times I had maintained perfect discipline and order.

While we were watching and letting Nature do her part, Dr. Taft came to me with brandy and water and asked permission to give some to the President. I objected, stating as my reason that it would produce strangulation. Dr. Taft left the room, and again came to me stating that it was the opinion of others also that it might do good. I replied: "I will grant the request, if you will please at first try by pouring only a very small quantity into the President's mouth." This Dr. Taft very carefully did, the liquid ran into the President's larynx producing laryngeal obstruction and unpleasant symptoms, which took me about half a minute to overcome, but no lasting harm was done. My physiological and practical experiences had led to correct conclusions.

On the arrival of Dr. Robert K. Stone, who had been the President's family physician during his residence in Washington, I was presented to him as the one who had been in charge since the President was shot. I described the wound and told him all that had been done. He said he approved of my treatment.

Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes's long delay in arriving was due to his going first to the White House, where he expected to find the assassinated President, then to the residence of Secretary Seward and his son, both of whom he found requiring immediate attention as they had been severely wounded by the attempts of another assassin to kill them.

On the arrival of the Surgeon-General and Assistant Surgeon-General, Charles H. Crane, I reported what we had done and officially detailed to the Surgeon-General my diagnosis, stating that whenever the clot was allowed to form over the opening to the wound the President's breathing became greatly embarrassed. The Surgeon-General approved the treatment and my original plan of treatment was continued in every respect until the President's death.

The Hospital Steward arrived with the Nelaton probe and an examination was made by the Surgeon-General and myself, who introduced the probe to a distance of about two and a half inches, where it came in contact with a foreign substance, which lay across the track of the ball; this was easily passed and the probe was introduced several inches farther, where it again touched a hard substance at first supposed to be the ball, but as the white porcelain bulb of the probe on its withdrawal did not indicate the mark of lead, it was generally thought to be another piece of loose bone. The probe was introduced the second time and the ball was supposed to be distinctly felt. After this second exploration nothing further was done with the wound except to keep the opening free from coagula, which, if allowed to form and remain for a short time, produced signs of increased compression, the breathing becoming profoundly stertorous and intermittent, the pulse more feeble and irregular. After I had resigned my charge, all that was professionally done for the President was to repeat occasionally my original expedient of relieving the brain pressure by freeing the opening to the wound and to count the pulse and respirations. The President's position on the bed remained exactly as I had first placed him with the assistance of Dr. Taft and Dr. King.

Captain Robert T. Lincoln came and remained with his father and mother, bravely sustaining himself during the course of the night.

On that awful, memorable night, the great War Secretary, the Honorable Edwin M. Stanton, one of the most imposing figures of the nineteenth century, promptly arrived and recognized at that critical period of our country's history the necessity of a head to our Government, and, as the President was passing away, established a branch of his War Department in an adjoining room. There he sat, surrounded by his counsellors and messengers, pen in hand, writing to General Dix and others. He was soon in communication with many in authority and with the government and army officials. By Secretary Stanton's wonderful ability and

power in action, he undoubtedly controlled millions of excited people. He was then the Master, and in reality Acting President of the United States.

During the night Mrs. Lincoln came frequently from the adjoining room accompanied by a lady friend. At one time Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, sobbing bitterly: "Oh! that my little Taddy might see his father before he died!" This was decided not advisable. As Mrs. Lincoln sat on a chair by the side of the bed with her face to her husband's, his breathing became very stertorous, and the loud, unnatural noise frightened her in her exhausted, agonized condition. She sprang up suddenly with a piercing cry and fell fainting to the floor. Secretary Stanton hearing her cry came in from the adjoining room and with raised arms called out loudly: "Take that woman out and do not let her in again." Mrs. Lincoln was helped up kindly and assisted in a fainting condition from the room. Secretary Stanton's order was obeyed and Mrs. Lincoln did not see her husband again before he died.

As Captain Lincoln was consoling his mother in another room, and as I had promised Mrs. Lincoln to do all I possibly could for her husband, I took the place of kindred and continuously held the President's right hand firmly, with one exception of less than a minute, when my sympathies compelled me to seek the disconsolate wife. I found her reclining in a nearby room, being comforted by her son. Without stopping in my walk, I passed the room where Secretary Stanton sat at his official table and returning took the hand of the dying President in mine—the hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation liberating 4,000,000 slaves.

As morning dawned it became quite evident that the President was sinking, and at several times his pulse could not be counted. Two or three feeble pulsations being noticed, followed by an intermission when not the slightest movements of the artery could be felt. The inspirations became very prolonged and labored, accompanied by a guttural sound. The respirations ceased for some time and

several anxiously looked at their watches until the profound silence was disturbed by a prolonged inspiration, which was followed by a sonorous expiration.

During these moments the Surgeon-General occupied a chair by the head of the President's bed and occasionally held his finger over the carotid artery to note its pulsations. Dr. Stone sat on the edge of the foot of the bed, and I stood holding the President's right hand with my extended forefinger on his pulse, being the only one between the bed and the wall, the bed having been drawn out diagonally for that purpose. While we were anxiously watching in profound solemn silence, the Rev. Dr. Gurley said: "Let us pray," and offered a most impressive prayer. After which we witnessed the last struggle between life and death.

At this time my knowledge of physiology, pathology, and psychology told me that the President was totally blind, as a result of blood pressure on the brain, as indicated by the paralysis, dilated pupils, protruding and bloodshot eyes, but all the time I acted on the belief that if his sense of hearing or feeling remained, he could possibly hear me when I sent for his son, the voice of his wife when she spoke to him, and that the last sound he heard may have been his pastor's prayer, as he finally committed his soul to God.

Knowledge that frequently just before departure recognition and reason return to those who have been unconscious caused me for several hours to hold his right hand firmly within my grasp to let him in his blindness know, if possible, that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend.

The protracted struggle ceased at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, and I announced that the President was dead.

Immediately after death the few remaining in the room knelt around the bed while the Rev. Dr. Gurley delivered one of the most impressive prayers ever uttered, that our Heavenly Father look down in pity upon the bereaved family and preserve our afflicted and sorrow-stricken country.

Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them

over his eyelids, and drew a white sheet over the martyr's face. I had been the means, in God's hand, of prolonging the life of President Abraham Lincoln for nine hours.

Every necessary act of love, devotion, skill, and loyalty had been rendered during his helpless hours to the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to the beloved of millions of people throughout the world.

Many reported, anxious in any way to be of service. I accepted their offers to the extent of abundantly filling every want. Of all the people I have met in different parts of the world, I have found that as a class, good Americans are not to be excelled, when occasions demand, in strength, endurance, calmness, good judgment, ardent loyal devotion, and self-sacrificing love.

By prolonging the life of President Lincoln, his son Robert, whom I sent for, was enabled to see his father alive. Physicians and surgeons, lawyer and clergyman, whom I sent for, visited the President and were given time to deliberate. Members of the Cabinet, whom I sent for with soldiers and sailors and friends, had the opportunity to surround him. Millions of dangerous, excited, and disappointed people were morally dissuaded from acts of discord. The nation was held in suppressed, sympathetic suspense and control, when the people heard that the President was living, though severely wounded and dying.

Before the people had time to realize the situation there was another President of the United States and the grandeur of the continuity of the Republic was confirmed.

After all was over, and as I stood by the side of the covered mortal remains I thought: "You have fulfilled your promise to the wife, your duty now is to the many living, suffering, wounded officers committed to your care in your ward at Armory Square General Hospital," and I left the house in deep meditation. In my lonely walk I was aroused from my reveries by the cold drizzling rain dropping on my bare head; my hat I had left in my seat at the theatre. My clothing was stained with blood; I had not once been seated

since I first sprang to the President's aid; I was cold, weary, and sad. The dawn of peace was again clouded, the most cruel war in history had not completely ended. Our long sorrowing country vividly came before me as I thought how essential it was to have an organization composed of returning soldiers to guard and protect the officers of state and uphold the Constitution. This great need was simultaneously recognized by others, for on that day, April 15, 1865, there assembled at Philadelphia a few army officers for that purpose and originated the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Among the archives of our organization, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, we have recorded:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

President of the United States, March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865.

Born February 12, 1809, Hardin (La Rue County), Kentucky. Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution, to date from April 15, 1865.

I herewith give in the order in which they arrived, the names of the physicians and surgeons and the clergyman whom I recognized as taking a professional part in the physical, mental, or spiritual welfare of the President from the time he was shot until his death. The first person to enter the box after the President was shot, and who took charge of him at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, was myself, Charles A. Leale, M.D., Assistant Surgeon, United States Volunteers, and the surgeon in charge of the ward containing the wounded commissioned officers at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C. The next who reported and simultaneously offered their services to me, which were accepted, were Charles S. Taft, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, and Albert F. A. King, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States

Army. Then apparently a very long time after we had cared for the President in Mr. Petersen's house, and in response to the numerous messengers whom I had sent, there arrived Robert K. Stone, M.D., Mrs. Lincoln's family physician; Joseph K. Barnes, M.D., Surgeon-General, United States Army; Charles H. Crane, M.D., Assistant Surgeon-General, United States Army, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor. During the night several other physicians unknown to me called, and through courtesy I permitted some of them to feel the President's pulse, but none of them touched the wound.

Later in the forenoon as I was in the midst of important surgical duties at our hospital, I was notified by my lady nurse that a messenger had called inviting me to be present at the necropsy. Later a doctor called for the same purpose. I respectfully asked to be excused, as I did not dare to leave the large number of severely wounded expecting my usual personal care. I was fearful that the shock of hearing of the sudden death of the President might cause trouble in their depressed painful conditions.

One of my patients was profoundly depressed. He said to me: "Doctor, all we have fought for is gone. Our country is destroyed, and I want to die." This officer the day before was safely recovering from an amputation. I called my lady nurse. "Please watch closely Lieutenant ——; cheer him as much as possible, and give him two ounces of wine every two hours," etc. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skillful care, but he would not rally from the shock and died in a short time.

Among my relics I have a photograph taken a few days later in full staff uniform, as I appeared at the obsequies. The crape has never been removed from my sword. I have my cuffs stained with the martyr's blood, also my card of invitation to the funeral services, held on Wednesday, April 19th, which I attended, having been assigned a place at the head of the coffin at the White House, and a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque in the grand funeral procession from the White House to the Capitol; where during

the public ceremonies I was assigned to a place at the head of the casket as it rested beneath the rotunda.

One of the most devoted of those who remained in the room with the dying President was Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. He visited me subsequently and said: "Dr. Leale, do you remember that I remained all the time until President Lincoln died?" Senator Sumner was profoundly affected by this great calamity to both North and South.

On my visit to Secretary Seward some time after the President's death, he was still suffering from his fracture and from the brutal attacks of the assassin, who made such a desperate attempt to kill him on that fatal night.

When I again met Secretary Stanton we sat alone in his private office. He was doing his utmost to continue what he deemed best for our country. The long continued strain and great burden had left their deep impress upon him. At the close of my call we shook hands fraternally.

After the war had closed Governor Fenton, of New York State, one of the "War Governors," came to me and said: "Dr. Leale, I will give you anything possible within my power." I responded: "I sincerely thank you, Governor, but I desire nothing, as I wish to follow my mission in life."

The city of Washington was wrapped in a mantle of gloom. The President had known his people and had a heart full of love for his soldiers and sailors. With "malice toward none" he alone seemed to have the power to restore fraternal love. He alone appeared able to quickly heal his country's wound.

In May there occurred in Washington one of the most pathetic and historic events, the return of the Northern Army for the final review of more than 70,000 veterans. A grand stand had been erected in front of the White House for the new President, his Cabinet, Officers of State, Foreign Ministers, and others. I had a seat on this grand stand, from which on May 24th we watched one of the most imposing parades recorded in history. Among the many heroes, I recall the passing of stately General William Tecumseh

Sherman on his majestic horse, which had been garlanded with roses. After we had been sitting there for several hours, a foreign official tapped me on the shoulder and said: "What will become of these thousands of soldiers after their discharge?" I answered: "They will return to their homes all over the country and soon be at work doing their utmost to pay off the national debt." He replied: "Is it possible! No other country could expect such a result."

All had lost comrades, many were to return to desolate and broken homes. Amidst all the grandeur of victory there was profound sorrow. Among the thousands of passing veterans, there were many who looked for their former Commander-in-Chief, but their "Father Abraham" had answered to his last bugle call and with more than 300,000 comrades had been mustered out.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE ANNUAL CHURCH
SERVICE, ON SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1908

AT THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK, BY
COMPANION REV. GEORGE F. NELSON, D.D.,
ARCHDEACON OF NEW YORK.

Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon.—NEHEMIAH iv., 17.

IT has been said that “all the great and ennobling virtues of humanity cluster round the sword.” This does not mean that the sword is the symbol of progress, or that Machiavelli is right in saying that “war ought to be the only study of a prince,” and “peace only a breathing-time for military plans.” But it means that battles have a place on some of the brightest pages of history. There is a time for war and a time for peace. Peace may be compared to a stream that comes with a benediction from the hills. It turns the wheels of productive power. It gives a garden’s bloom to the desert. It floats the hope of the world. But its free course sometimes finds itself beset by obstructions which yield only to such force as giant powder gives when it flames for its task. In great epochs of humanity’s forward movement we do not always find Peace like a shepherd of old time in company with his lute on some grassy knoll by still waters, but we often find “grim-visaged war” with unsheathed sword meeting a worse-visaged invader or home tyrant, and opening the way to a higher level. Here and there some turning point in the life of a nation has been kindled into a baptism of fire that manhood has made a baptism of blessing for the people. The centuries near and far are full of reminders of what human progress owes to men who have

endured hardness as good soldiers in a good cause. Who can read of Leonidas and Horatius of the brave days of old without a quickened sense of the homage due to such martial servants of the state? Who can fail to see that the victories of Drake and Wellington, Washington and Grant, and of the militant hosts under them, were the victories of the right that makes might? Marathon and Metaurus, Tours and Saratoga, Waterloo and Appomattox, what are they if not reminders of the standard that rides in the whirlwind of battle that it may lead to a peace that is fit for free men? When we say there is a time for war, we mean war that is waged in the interests of righteousness, as it is written, "In righteousness He doth judge and make war."

What this kind of war means is strikingly indicated by the narrative which Nehemiah gives us. The walls of Jerusalem had been broken down and its gates burned with fire. A remnant of the people, some of them having escaped from captivity, returned to the ruined city grieving over its fallen greatness. Nehemiah, captive cup-bearer of the King at Shushan, also returned, with the royal permission, to lead his countrymen in timely service to the land of their love. They soon found on their hands something that looked like war, although their enemies, the Arabians and others, who conspired together to fight against Jerusalem, seem to have done more boasting than fighting. However, the meaning of the warlike attitude of Nehemiah and his friends would not have been any plainer if they had had a battle every day. And that meaning is this: every one held a weapon on the city's rising wall, but he was armed simply in order that he might be able with the other hand, in spite of fierce opposition, to go on with the work of construction that was to shelter and promote the welfare of his people. His was no war of conquest or of hate. It was faith building its shrine; love guarding its home; hope uplifting the hopes of its race.

And that was the meaning of the revolutionary struggle that marked the beginning of our national life. It was also the meaning of the greater struggle which from Sumter to

Appomattox enrolled more than 2,600,000 men to fight for the Union. These men, like Nehemiah's patriots, were not merely brave fighters but wise builders. They builded more wisely than they knew. They wrought for the welfare of the South as well as for that of the North. They wrought for every separate State as well as for the United States. They made the whole land more secure for the progress of a population that has already increased nearly threefold since the war ended. They set a bulwark of loyalty, widening its sweep southward over smoking battlefields until at last it rimmed the whole Union for its high place and its sure place among the nations of the earth. They had no hate for the misguided men of the South whom they met in hundreds of clashes of arms that proved that the soldiers in gray were brethren in heroism as well as in heritage with the soldiers in blue. They deplored war as all true men deplore it. Their hearts were set on peace as the hearts of all true men are set on it. But they were too loyal to real peace to shrink from the blast of war for the sake of any base imitation of peace. They welcomed the storm of shot and shell above ground rather than the smouldering volcano under it. They welcomed wounds and death rather than suffer the Republic to be smitten with worse wounds and a worse death. And so they set up their standard, the starry symbol of heaven's guidance, and went forth with it to bear the brunt of the shock that shook the nation without shaking their faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles which deserved to hold the States together. They went forth from quiet homes to the firing line that flamed for four years with heroic self-sacrifice, and we have seen for over forty years since that great offering of patriotism that the closing scene at Appomattox was the opening of an era of peace worthy of its price.

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof," exclaims the loyal Psalmist. Such a voice seems to speak to us to-day of the national greatness which four years of war made possible on our American soil. When our thoughts circle our land they recognize something

of the grandeur that roofs the nation's home; they catch something of the spell of peace which breathes in crowded streets and mountain hamlets and hidden vales and out on the prairies that are framed, like the sea, in the blue of the sky. Such a thoughtful survey is a happy interpreter of the meaning of Appomattox and of the four years that preceded the day that made it famous in history. Ours is no longer a nation that boasts of liberty while millions of its people are slaves. It is no longer a group of states ready to fall away from each other at any time to live alone in tottering weakness. It is no longer a nation saying "peace, peace" when there is no peace but inter-state discord. It is to-day freer, stronger, and more united than it has ever been since the camp-fires of the Revolution lit its shores.

How often we see truth crushed to earth and do not see truth rise again! How often we see the best love overwhelmed like seed lost in broken ground, and do not see its rising life reach the upper air and wave fruit-bearing branches of victory. How often love waits and bleeds, and closes its eyes for its last sleep, with the unhappy thought that all its longing and suffering have been in vain. But the patriot love which is in our thoughts to-day was crowned not alone by the consciousness of its truth and righteousness. Ours at least has been the privilege of seeing the outward victory which fulfilled love's hope, and fixed its banner more firmly than ever in its rightful place. If it were a triumph like so many triumphs in other lands of which we read, where the flag that meant power for the victor meant oppression for the vanquished, we might well wish to say but little of its glory. But the triumph which focused its splendors at Appomattox was a triumph for the whole nation and for people of other nations. The light of liberty which it blazons wears the richer glow which tribulation's tempest gave it; and its bright flood is so strong and wide that it overflows our borders and ripples and sparkles with promise in multitudes of groping and chafing hearts beyond the sea. And it was not the Army of the East nor the Army of the West that wrought this wonder of service for humanity.

It was not the great generals nor the great admirals. It was the common soldier and sailor as well as the gifted leader. It was the nameless hero no less than the one whose name is cut in stone and sung in song. Honor to all the dead and to all the living who have joined hearts and hands in the great work! Honor to the men called to command or to obey; in the saddle or on foot; sentinel or nurse; leader of the fiery charge, or cook of the camp mess; sighting thunderous guns or languishing in prison; treading the bridge of a battleship or feeding its furnace fires!

So much, men and brethren, by way of remembrance. And we can neither wake such remembrances too often nor cherish them too well. If they are fitting for this anniversary, they are fitting for every day of the year. The past comes not again but its lessons are always with us. Well may we say:

“Love works in silence, hiding all the traces
 Of bitter conflicts on the trampled sod,
And time shall show thee all life’s battle places
 Veiled by the hand of God,”

but woe to the nation that forgets the battle places that have bridged it over the gulf of ruin and set its heart beating with the fulness of a larger life!

We rear monuments to our heroes; we rehearse the story of tented fields; we curtain the sunken couches of our sleeping comrades with fragrant offerings that exhale their riches in dying just as the still hearts underneath the sod have done. And we do all this not because war was sweet but because gratitude to the warriors who won our peace is sweet. Our dead brethren of the old Army and Navy who are waiting for the roll-call which shall fill up all broken ranks need none of our praise; their crown is won. Our living companions in arms find their joy in the harvest of plenteousness which the nation has so long been reaping out of the toilsome furrows which their feet have trod. But every citizen needs the inspiration that comes from the historic ground where love

of country glorified God in the fires. The whole nation needs it. It needs the lesson of every battle-scarred flag, of every granite shaft it has chiselled in honor of its soldiers and seamen; of every loyal song that rings with the trumpet's call. It needs every brotherhood that groups around the national emblem with the old love that kindled in its gleam when rude hands were raised to strike it down.

I congratulate the Loyal Legion on the merited distinction which has belonged to it for so many years. It represents the old Army and Navy whose glory it was not simply that every officer and soldier and seaman shared in the defence of his country in the greatest crisis of its history, but that every one of them, from the highest to the lowest rank, had some active part in building his country's greatness on firmer foundations than those which preceded the crisis.

I congratulate the Loyal Legion on its name. It is a name worthy of the noble traditions of the Order. Alas, that more and more veterans are missed from its fellowship, for death rides with peace as well as with war. But it is always and everywhere the same Loyal Legion whose name is a household word, dear to the heart of the Republic.

And it is a type of the loyal legion of citizenship that the nation needs here and everywhere within its borders for the fulfilment of its high destiny. We are often reminded that

“Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war,”

but even Peace meets “stern alarums” and counter currents, and it never has and never can have anything fit to be called a victory without the loyalty that is true to a true ideal as the needle to its star. And that is the soldier and sailor loyalty which we commemorate to-day. Of the million men who were on the rolls when the war ended forty-three years ago, it may be said that they carried with them back to their homes the same loyalty that was theirs when they wore their country's uniform. They had given proof not merely of courage but of the kind of courage which ennobles citizenship as well as military service.

And that thought is with us to-day as one of the most striking lessons of the war. Physical courage is common; it is common among savages as well as among civilized men. But loyal courage is not common, and it is found only among men who have high standards of honor, of manhood, of service. It is the glow that gives the world the hero, the patriot, the saint, the martyr. It has a leading part to play on the sunny stage of peace, as well as on the lurid stage of war. Without loyal courage no man can keep his manhood. Without it no man can have clean hands in public or in private life. Without it success is failure in disguise. If a man has chariot wheels for his spirit's triumphal procession his own will must be the motive power within them. The world does not come out to help him; it comes out to hinder him. He has a world of hindrances in his own nature, for his worst enemies are those of the household of his own heart. Just as soon as he finds himself engaged in character building he finds a spiritual warfare on his hands. Forces without and forces within him are at work to divert him from his purpose, to chill his ardor, to blur and blight his plans. Now it is something that looks like a lion in the way, and now it is a laughing siren seeking to charm his strength into weakness and to draw him through sweet waters to a grave on hidden reefs. For his moral fight mere physical courage is nothing to him as it was nothing to strong Samson or knighted Lancelot in temptation's hour. He presses toward the mark of no high calling unless loyal courage leads him as it leads the soldier and holds his heart on its way, whether that way points to a restful camp or to a shower of bullets. In the last analysis it is all simply a question of love. As courage means heart, so loyal courage means the loyal heart. Even common love is a wonder worker. It warms even the sluggish nature. It concentrates a man's energies in eager and persistent effort. It laughs at hardships and makes a crust a feast. But only when love is rooted and grounded in the loyalty that fixes it where it belongs can it bear the fruitage of the heart's best life.

Some days ago I stood in a cemetery before a monu-

ment which bears this inscription: *Patria carior quam vita.* These words make any such monument a shining lesson of the war which cost our people so many brave sons. When it can be said of any man that his country is dearer to him than his life, it means that he has the loyal love that makes the true soldier and the true citizen. And such a love is a type of all love that lives not for itself but for others. Like the fire in Horeb's bush it consecrates its dwelling place. In time of war it won victories in forced marches and wet trenches and charging columns, and it has daily victories to win under our peaceful skies for all classes and conditions of men, but most of all for the home, and for the nation that is made up of homes. Great fortunes and great displays of luxury and great leaps in our census make the Old World stare at us, but we are wise enough to know as well as the Old World knows that neither the splendor of prosperity nor mere bigness is proof of greatness. We know that out of the heart are the issues of life, and that in spite of the scourge of divorce, in spite of greed and graft, in spite of problems surging upon us with the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues, the nation is great because most of the homes from which its life current flows are homes where love is a pure spring. But the nation waits for the blessing of a still larger outpouring of the spirit of such love to "knit together in constant affection those who, in holy wedlock, have been made one flesh; turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers," and so to teach all men everywhere the loyalty of affection which has so fine an example in the steadfastness of the soldier who warms to his colors and cleaves to them, because they are his and he is theirs.

Another lesson of which the war reminds us is the value of loyal leadership. Whatever else may be said of leadership in war or in peace it means example made more conspicuous by its pedestal. The factor of personality in military service mounts to big proportions when it relates to the man in command, whether the force under him be large or small. With most men the mind is slow in the processes of its rea-

soning; with all men the heart is quick to catch fire in critical moments. A leader's brave example is the best spark for the hearts around him. Nor is it only in the stress of battle that such power thrills from heart to heart and runs like fire through dry fagots. Every brave example, wherever it shines, flashes a meaning into some doubting soul that wakes it to warmer and manlier life. Humanity is bound together more closely than we sometimes think. None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Invisible wires of the spirit link us each to each, not only friend to friend, but stranger to stranger. And along these wires electric currents of good or evil speed into us and out from us. No one can tell what far-reaching consequences may flow from seemingly slight actions. Every man leaves an impress of some kind on the right hand and on the left whether he knows it or not, and so he is in some degree a leader. Something that he said or did yesterday may now be faded out of his own mind, but none the less it may be working a spell of power in the mind of some one else. Some cringing look or speech of his may have seemed to him only a trifle—only a compromise to avoid somebody's sneer—only a temporizing to keep somebody's false friendship—but that yielding spirit may have shown itself long enough to strike like a contagion into some bystander's breast and turn the scale that trembled in the balance between wrong impulse and good resolve. A gleam of goodness lights some man's face—a righteous "No!" comes from his lips to disarm temptation, and he goes home unconscious that he has done anything more than keep his own feet out of a pit; but mayhap a less ready courage has watched him and felt its pulse quicken; mayhap another soul closer to the brink of hell has felt the attracting power of that fair example and followed it.

I have read of a king whose army while crossing a desert suffered from thirst. One day some passing pilgrims hearing that the royal leader, like his soldiers, was thus tormented poured water out of their bottles into a helmet and begged him to accept it. He took the helmet in his hands and was

raising it to his lips, when his eyes encountered the eyes of one of his guards aflame with famine's longing. It was enough. The king returned the helmet to the pilgrims without touching a drop of its precious contents. "If I alone drink," said he, "these good men will be dispirited." Yes, they certainly would have been dispirited if he alone had quenched his thirst. If that water had touched his lips, it would have parched their throats more than the desert had parched them. But his thoughtful self-denial came to the rescue. It gave them new life by giving them a new draught of the spirit. And the incident has its counterpart in many ways in these later days. The world at best is a desert. All life is a moving caravan. We call our camps homes, but they are camps. And on our forced march hungry eyes from day to day are wide open to the curse or the blessing that falls from human example. Men tormented with some thirst for pleasure, some appetite of the flesh, some strong leaning toward lawless indulgence, are yielding because they see others yield, or they are conquering with the fresh force of aspiring endeavor because they see others keeping their bodies under and their manhood on its throne. No man is fit to live in any community of men unless he has a sense of responsibility to his environment. "Am I my brother's keeper?" asks the guilty Cain. Yes, he was his brother's keeper, and he betrayed his trust. And any citizen whose bad example helps to kill the manhood of any of the least of his fellow-citizens betrays the country whose spirit is the spirit of its people.

When the ruler of Sparta was asked why Sparta had no walls, he pointed to the citizens in arms, and said, "These are the walls of Sparta." So it is with us. So it was in war; so it is now in peace. In the struggle that culminated at Appomattox the nation's defenders were citizens in arms. In these days so long after that struggle, the nation's defenders are still its citizens, but they are armed, not with the old weapons but with the might of the same loyal courage and loyal love and loyal example of obedience to the laws which made the old weapons ring round the earth with cheer for

free states and for states struggling to be free. And this loyalty which gives the Loyal Legion its name is born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. It makes fast the bars of the nation's gates of security because it breathes with the Spirit of the Almighty who alone can set them up or break them down. It exalts the nation because it has the leverage of the righteousness which alone can exalt it or any human being in it.

And this standard of eternal right is your hope and mine, my brother, as it has been the hope of our fathers and brethren. It is as plain as a pillar of cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night. Ours be the wisdom to follow it and to help others to follow it! So, whether in public or in private life, in high places or in lowly ones, we shall go from strength to strength, and give our share of service and take our share of honor in helping on the nation's march of progress.

MEMORIES OF THE NINTH VERMONT AT THE TRAGEDY OF HARPER'S FERRY, SEPT. 15, 1862.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY, OCTOBER 6,
1909, BY COMPANION EDWARD H. RIPLEY, ONCE CAPT.
CO. B, 9TH VT. INF. VOL., COLONEL FROM MAY, 1863,
TO JUNE, 1865, AND BVT. BRIG.-GENERAL OF VOL.
AUGUST 1, 1864-

THIS paper is another of the "Memories" of the Civil War, written many years ago, while the events were yet fresh in my mind, to fill out the gaps in my war letters. I have called it the tragedy enacted at Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862.

It is not too exaggerated a term to use where 12,000 brave and patriotic Americans, only too willing to serve their country, were bound hand and foot by an incompetent commander and, in spite of indignant protest, handed over to the enemy.

It was a cruel tragedy to the Ninth Vermont, a new regiment which, in its ardor to answer the call of Mr. Lincoln for help in May, 1862, had swept down from the Green Mountain valleys, the first of all the regiments under that call to reach the front, one thousand eager, ardent young mountaineers fired with a lofty ambition to rival the renown already won by the regiments of the Old Vermont Brigade.

George J. Stannard led us, later to become a major-general with two well-won stars and an enviable fame.

If I could have anticipated the honor of being invited to read two papers before this Commandery, I should naturally have changed the sequence and read the story of our day of defeat and humiliation first, and that of our

exaltation last when we entered the Confederate capital in triumph April 3, 1865, a truly realistic *Per Aspera ad Astra* of war service.

The third of April, 1865, was a glorious compensation for the bitterness of the fifteenth day of September, 1862.

It is impossible within the limits of time usually allowed to a paper before this Commandery to adequately describe this disaster, because of its important bearing upon the whole Antietam campaign. Lee's action in scattering his army over a wide extent, in calm disdain of McClellan's alleged pursuit, his reconcentration behind the Antietam, the great results which might have been, are all essential parts of this story and need to be fully woven into it.

The man who stood unfortunately as a pivot around which both armies manoeuvred, and, with what should have been great good luck for him, held their fate in his hands; the man who might have become one of the great heroes of the war, by a dogged defence of Harper's Ferry from Maryland Heights, and compassed Lee's destruction and perhaps ended the war, was the imbecile Col. D. H. Miles, a veteran of forty years' service in the United States Army, once found guilty, by a court-martial of officers of the Regular Army, of drunkenness in command of a brigade at the first Bull Run.

The second figure was the ever-doubting, ever-dilatory, ever-timid, McClellan, who with the famous lost order No. 191 of Lee in his pocket, giving in detail Lee's plan for the dispersal of his army in McClellan's immediate front, broke his promise to relieve us on the 14th, although knowing our ammunition would be exhausted and our rations gone by the 15th, and on the Antietam sat with murderous courtesy through the 16th, before Lee with only part of Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's troops well whipped already at South Mountain, allowing Lee to reconcentrate for the bloody grapple of the 17th, and on the 18th allowed the Army of Northern Virginia, stunned and exhausted with loss of blood, to stagger out of the arena and escape.

On the 16th, Lee was as surely the easy game of

McClellan as we had been on the 15th of Jackson, and quite as surely again within McClellan's grasp on the 18th.

We had spent the summer like a gang of Italian laborers, digging with tender and unaccustomed hands the baked red Virginia clay, throwing up the fortifications on the hills about Winchester. They had just been completed and dedicated with fiery speeches from several political colonels, joyfully laying themselves down on the altar of sacrifice for their beloved country, when the ill-timed apparition of Stonewall Jackson, looming up portentously from the direction of Williamsport, led them to defer the proposed shedding of their heart's blood in the defence of those particular works and shed it in Harper's Ferry, which was said to be an impregnable natural fortress.

That night, the 3d of September, orders came to prepare for flight—tents to be left standing, lights burning, all baggage and stores not transportable to be piled for destruction, and our summer's hard work to be blown up.

At nine o'clock we fell in and pushed for Harper's Ferry, marching all night and until four o'clock the next afternoon, when we found ourselves within those sheltering mountain walls.

After being hysterically moved about for several days, we were put into camp behind and supporting Rigby's battery at the point where the Charlestown Pike crosses Bolivar Heights, this being the only important crossing of the heights from the north and west. Here we stayed until the final catastrophe. Now was the time when we would have been glad to dig and slash, day and night; but in spite of all the pressure put upon him by the officers of higher rank, Colonel Miles would not allow it, ridiculing the anxieties of the garrison. Colonel George J. Stannard seized the opportunity to seriously begin our military education, and we worked hard at drilling. But we were very uneasy. Inexperienced as we with few exceptions were, it was plain that extraordinary measures should be quickly taken to seize and hold the bold heights which frowned above us. We were at the bottom of a bowl; one portion of the rim was

held by an inadequate force with trifling defences on Maryland Heights, and the rest of the rim open to the occupation of the enemy. So anxious was Colonel Stannard about Loudon Heights that he made a personal reconnaissance of them, and went to Colonel Miles to urge the importance of seizing them, and begged to be allowed to take the Ninth Vermont and a battery to hold them, but his answer was that "it was impossible to get guns up there, and there was no danger. As to Maryland Heights, the enemy had always attacked from the valley by the west, and they would never attack from the east." To this Stannard replied, with characteristic vehemence, that without Loudon there was no hope for us except to cross the whole force to Maryland Heights instantly, and from there hold the pontoon and the town, if they were important to General McClellan's plans; that we should have the whole Rebel army to deal with, and concentration on that impregnable mountain, if quickly fortified, would alone enable us to carry out McClellan's wishes. This was the talk of every company mess of the Ninth Vermont. The dullest soldier sitting there, and seeing the clouds of dust across the Potomac in Maryland, as Lee's Corps marched northward behind Maryland Heights, toward their fate at Antietam, between us and the Army of the Potomac, could foresee the inevitable result. Grumbling, bitter criticism of Miles, and growing distrust of his loyalty were to be heard on all sides. The morale of our regiment was good. It was conscious of a highly important duty to perform to its comrades of the Army of the Potomac pressing Lee to a decisive battle almost in our sight. We knew we were in the centre of the Rebel army, and in great danger, and that all the strategy of the campaign, Federal and Rebel, revolved upon us as a pivot. Every one rejoiced in our chance, at last, to do a brilliant thing for our country. Every one wished the utmost done to prepare for a successful endurance of the great ordeal of the slowly constricting siege. The fatuity of the man could not be explained except by challenging his loyalty. Every moment the enemy were crowding in on us. Far away through the gap, down the

river, day by day, we could see the long columns of dust of the hostile army moving between us and Washington, or turning westward could see the beleaguered camp-fires stretching in a semicircle from the Shenandoah to the Potomac. And still we sat with folded arms, as though paralyzed.

Without, all was aggressive, relentless war; within, all was idiotic lethargy.

From Martinsburg on Thursday, the 11th, General Julius White had come with a brigade of raw regiments carefully herded into the corral by Stonewall Jackson, who promptly put the bars up on the western side and put them in the keeping of A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Lawton. White's brigade went into bivouac on the plateau stretching from the Charlestown Pike down to the bluff which drops off to the Shenandoah. On this day the anxious suspense was at last broken by the opening guns of Anderson's and McLaws's divisions attacking Maryland Heights, shelling out a cavalry picket at Solomon's Gap five miles away on the extension of the Heights to the north. They had grossly violated Miles's confidence by attacking from a direction unauthorized by precedent. Again he was implored to throw everything across, but he only yielded so far as to reinforce with two raw regiments which had never heard a hostile shot, commanded by singularly inexperienced and incapable officers, the whole under the command of Tom Ford, Colonel of the 32d Ohio, in whom no one had confidence. Easily disposing of the cavalry picket, the enemy quickly appeared before the slight defences held by our infantry. As we lay down in the basin below, we watched the lines of thin, blue smoke rise out of the tree-tops from the Rebel line of battle, now advancing, now hesitating, and now advancing again along its steep and woody slope. Those divisions were the first of the three attacking columns sent by Lee to surround us, that made its presence felt. On Thursday it was light skirmishing; but on Friday more serious effort. On Saturday forenoon Major Stowell of our regiment, a veteran and able officer, fresh from the old Vermont Brigade and "the

seven days' fight," and I lay on the grass on the slope of Bolivar Heights, one half of the regiment being in camp, off duty. With intense indignation and dread foreboding we saw our troops stampeding from the Heights, giving up the key to our position to the enemy after a most puerile resistance. Colonel Thomas Ford, of the 32d Ohio, was responsible for this disgraceful act, but claimed that he received orders from Colonel Miles to give it up, and throw his guns down the mountain. The evidence before the Court of Inquiry demanded by General White to determine his and the Brigade Commander's responsibility for the surrender of Harper's Ferry was confusing and contradictory. Miles's orders, by the evidence of many officers, were proved to be incoherent and inconsistent, frequently annulled verbally as soon as despatched. But Ford proved himself both stupidly ignorant of his duties and cowardly, and the court recommended his dismissal from the Army.

Ford's force had hardly crossed the pontoon bridge before D'Utassy, colonel of the 39th New York (the old Garibaldi Guards), from the right, and Stannard, colonel of the 9th Vermont, from the extreme left, hurried to Miles and begged permission to retake the Heights. Stannard's words were, in the presence of a group of officers: "Let me go and retake them, and I will guarantee to hold them; I do not ask you to send any other Regiment, though I should be glad to have some of these gentlemen go with me; only give me some guns, and we will answer to you for the Heights." But Miles stupidly insisted it was too late, and had at one time even ordered the destruction of the pontoon, which if done, would have been the only creditable thing done by him. Twenty-four hours after this the enemy had done so little to follow up their success, that D'Utassy sent Adjutant Chas. G. Bacon, of the 39th New York, with four companies to the mountain and brought off four guns, four caissons, one limber, and a large quantity of much needed powder which Ford in his haste did not wait to destroy. That night one hundred pairs of the drawers of the 115th New York were cut up and made into cartridge bags for this

powder. Even at that late hour D'Utassy was sure he could retake the Heights. All this time the roar of our batteries was incessant, but with a conspicuously ineffective fire and great waste of ammunition. Rigby in his evidence said that he arrived with six twenty-four pound howitzers with one hundred rounds to a gun, and at the moment of surrender he had but little canister left. Potts said he drew one thousand rounds and fired all but a few rounds of his canister.

On Saturday forenoon General Walker with his division appeared far above our heads on the crest of Loudon Heights. We tried to feel no apprehension from him, and to hope and believe he could get no guns there, but it was hard work to make light of it. Saturday afternoon A. P. Hill's division pressed us more closely on our left, and the 9th Vermont, with the 3d Maryland, was sent out to resist this advance. We held the line in the woods with some little fighting until about 9 o'clock in inky darkness. My Company B, on the extreme left flank, was deployed down the side of the bluff overhanging the river and railroad. As I was in a measure isolated in the darkness, the company connecting my right to the main line had orders to keep up a careful contact with me. After a while the firing seemed to drop back, as though our line had given way, and I heard great confusion. Creeping carefully up I found myself among the advancing rebels and our line gone. I slipped back, whispered to my men to slide silently down the slope. This was safely done, and we made our way back, by the river bank, to the new line after we were supposed to have been captured. Of this affair Jackson, in his report, says:

"The execution of the movement to gain the Union left and rear was entrusted to Pender's, Archer's, and Brockenborough's brigades. During Sunday night Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, Chief of Artillery, brought up the batteries of Pegram, McIntosh, Davidson, Broxton, and Crenshaw and established them in the position thus gained and daybreak found them in the rear of the enemy's line of defence. During the night also Colonel Crutchfield, my Chief of Artillery, crossed ten guns of Ewell's

division over the Shenandoah and placed them on the right bank so as to enfilade their lines. The other batteries of Ewell's division were placed on School House Hill."

These were the batteries used so effectively against Rigby and Potts on the morning of the 15th. We lay out all night in front of these three brigades, and at daylight were brought into camp. A little later the right wing under our Lieutenant-Colonel Andrus went to reinforce the picket, and Colonel Stannard became general field-officer of the day.

On Saturday evening, after Maryland Heights was abandoned, Colonel Miles sent for Captain Russell, 1st Maryland Cavalry, and asked him "if he were willing to try to pass the enemy's lines, and reach somebody that ever heard of the United States Army, or any general of the United States Army, or anybody that knew anything about the United States Army, or any telegraph station, and report the condition of Harper's Ferry." Taking nine picked men, he succeeded, after many adventures, in crossing the Potomac, near the mouth of Antietam Creek, and made his way to Frederick, where he found McClellan at breakfast at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. McClellan at once sent a courier to General Franklin, commanding the 6th Corps, then advancing on Crampton's Gap, urging haste, and asked Russell to go back to Colonel Miles, but as Russell would not take the risk he sent him to Franklin to lend him his knowledge of the country and hurry him on. At three P.M. he reached Franklin, fighting for Crampton's Gap to force an entrance into Pleasant Valley in McLaws's rear. The enemy was driven from the Gap after a three hours' fight, opening at noon, and Franklin, too easily satisfied with his easy success, rested, and let the enemy alone to make new combinations. Time was just what was wanted by them. Here is where we complain of Franklin as well as of McClellan. We think he should have hurried on, that evening. In his report McClellan says:

"On the 13th I ordered Franklin to march at daybreak of the

14th upon Crampton's Gap, and I closed by saying, 'I ask of you at this important moment all your intellect and the utmost activity that a general can exercise.'"

Crampton's Gap was twelve miles away. Why did he not start him that night? Franklin's men were fresh. He had assured Miles he would relieve him by the 14th, and yet he only started Franklin on the 14th, and he did not get to fighting until noon, and then in the midst of a successful fight after three hours with the enemy panic-stricken, he quit. If he had closed upon the Gap on receipt of the order, and attacked at daylight, he would not have found Cobb, Semmes, and Mahone's old brigade in his front. Cobb and Semmes in their report to Lee state that their Brigades were stampeded and could not be stopped, and they finally deployed two regiments of fresh troops and a battery a mile from the bottom of the gap in Pleasant Valley and on this new line rallied their own troops. Had Franklin gone on, he was only three and one-half miles from Anderson and McLawns, and by attacking them that evening he would have captured them and relieved us. It was not until the next morning that McLawns formed his line of battle across the valley below Crampton's and Solomon's Gaps, of which he reported:

"Our loss in brigades was very heavy, and the remnant collected to make front across the valley was very small. On the 16th the enemy did not advance nor offer any opposition."

This was the line Franklin and Smith looked down upon from Brownsville Gap and decided too formidable to attack with the whole of the 6th Corps and Couch's Division which had come up over night. Suppose Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan had fought their campaigns on this eight-hours-a-day principle, when would they have arrived at Appomattox? No sooner had dawn broken on Sunday morning than our last hope fled as we saw the rebels had, during the night, been working on Loudon Heights and were now plainly visible in

two places on the crest, from which it seemed almost possible to hurl hand grenades down upon us. Quickly our guns on Camp and Cemetery Hills opened an ineffectual fire on them, but they could not reach them, and the batteries seemed to hope to frighten the enemy off with a big noise. The wicked waste of ammunition went on for hours unchecked. Major Stowell and I lay and watched them with our glasses, uneasily, but could as yet detect no guns. Wearisomely our shells lifted themselves in their futile flight up the side of the mountain, seeming always to fall short and provoke no attention. At about one o'clock we were again watching the Rebel working parties, when suddenly we saw one, two, three, half a dozen puffs of smoke burst out in their centre. We jumped to our feet, and shouted, "Our guns have at last got the range and will drive them out."

As suddenly, in the centre of White's brigade, lying at our feet, there was a crash, then another, and another, and columns of dirt and smoke leaped up as though a dozen vigorous volcanoes had broken forth. Stowell caught the situation quicker than I, and exclaimed, "Good God! It's their guns!" In an instant the bivouac of White's brigade took on the appearance of an overturned beehive. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry were mixed in an absurd mêlée, at which one could not help laughing as the panic increased. We settled ourselves down again and watched. The Rebel batteries were forced into furious play, and as the fugitives came streaming toward us, the shells pursued them with fiendish accuracy. All at once one dropped in my company's street, which changed my point of view, and let all the humor out of it. It was time to be taking care of ourselves. In a cool and quiet way the companies fell in, and marched deliberately up over the crest of the hill and lay down, where the shells skipped over our heads into the valley beyond. Here we felt comfortable, but only for a moment, and for the last time in Harper's Ferry. We lay thus peering over at Loudon with occasional anxious scannings of the front at our left, where we could see the Rebel lines moving in and out of the fringe of wood and new batteries getting into position. To

our dismay straight behind us, we heard a new uproar. Across the valley, not eight hundred yards away, where the Shepherdstown Pike skirted the woods, was an appalling long bank of smoke. In an instant the air seemed alive with bursting shell. Our old Belgians were not good for such a range. We were between two fires where there was not shelter for a rabbit.

The Rebel general, Walker, in his account, says:

"About an hour after my batteries opened fire, those of A. P. Hill and Lawton followed suit, and near three o'clock those of McLaws. But the range from Maryland Heights being too great the fire of McLaws's guns was ineffective, the shells bursting in mid-air. From my position on Loudon my guns had a plunging fire on the Federal batteries a thousand feet below, and did great execution. By five o'clock our combined fire had silenced all the opposing batteries but one or two on the east end of Bolivar Heights, which kept up a plucky, but feeble, fire until night put an end to the unequal contest."

For a space of time that seemed interminable we did the best we could by moving over from one slope to another, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Whichever slope we were on, we wished it were the other one. Later in the afternoon we hailed with joy orders to do something; to move over to the left to help Colonel Downey of the 3d Maryland, who was being driven in by the steady advance of A. P. Hill. Of this movement Colonel Trimble of the 60th Ohio, commanding our brigade, in his evidence before whom the brigade commanders were tried, said:

"Downey needed help, and when I ordered Colonel —— of the —— Regiment, one of the new ones, to take it to the support of Downey, he said it was no use to march his regiment to meet the enemy; they were so panic-stricken he could not hold them together, and I could only send Colonel Stannard with four companies of the 9th Vermont; there were portions of other regiments which had already become panic-stricken and left the field."

This colonel was a gallant and able West Point officer who, after his exchange, led the same regiment, no longer raw, in the Army of the Potomac, and at its head, on the second day of Gettysburg, met a heroic death, and the regiment wiped out the stain of Harper's Ferry from its colors. I only mention this incident to illustrate the kind of raw troops on which the defence had mainly to depend.

It was the same on Maryland Heights. One of the witnesses before the commission testified:

"There were on Maryland Heights two of these raw regiments who would run if a gun went off by accident. They would run like wild asses, and were as impossible to catch and bring back."

These were so much the larger part of the force there that no line could be established and held by the minority of veteran troops mixed with them. I do not know that it was to our credit, perhaps, that the 9th Vermont did not run too; but I think the old 1st Division, 18th Army Corps men will understand me when I explain it by confessing that we were as afraid of Stannard, our Colonel, as of the enemy. It is true that twelve thousand men were sacrificed at Harper's Ferry, but only about five thousand of them were soldiers. General White in his testimony said:

"No one has as yet stated how a garrison of mostly raw recruits, under fire for the first time, could have successfully defended an area of three square miles, assailed from all sides by seasoned veterans three times their number posted with a powerful artillery commanding the whole field."

The Rebel force consisted of:

A. P. Hill on their right with his Light Division	6 Brig. of 27 Reg'ts
Lawton on their left had Ewell's old division	4 " " 23 "
Walker on Loudon Heights had McLaw's division on Maryland Heights and in Pleasant Valley had	2 " " 11 "
	4 " " 16 "

Anderson's division on Mary-	
land Heights and in Pleasant	6 Brig. of 26 Reg'ts
Valley had	
J. R. Jones of Jackson's corps	
had	4 " " 20 "
Making a total of	<hr/> 26 " " 123 "

while Lee had only sixteen brigades and seventy-six regiments at South Mountain and above, and was holding all of the Army of the Potomac but the 6th Corps, with great tenacity. To any critic of our failure to hold Harper's Ferry under these conditions I will retort by asking him to turn to McClellan's letter of the 20th September crying for reinforcements before pursuing Lee, in which he assures General Halleck as follows:

"General Sumner with his and Williams's Corps occupies Harper's Ferry and the surrounding heights. *I think he will be able to hold his position till reinforcements arrive.*"

Palfrey in his history of the Antietam campaign says:

"If there was any doubt about the 2d and 12th Corps holding Maryland Heights with the rest of the Army of the Potomac to back them it was then time to place McClellan permanently in a fortified camp."

This was after Lee withdrew from Antietam in a shattered condition and beyond the possibility of any material reinforcement.

We were withdrawn from Downey's line, during Sunday night, and lay in a young peach orchard underneath and not fifty yards from the muzzles of Rigby's guns, to support them from an attack along the Charlestown Pike. All night we could hear the voices of the Rebels getting batteries into place on the extension of our plateau across the Shenandoah to our left and rear. As far as the eye could reach, in the circle from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, was the lurid glare of Jackson's camp-fires close up around us. How

we welcomed the night that brought protection from that powerful artillery fire, and the cessation for the time of hostility; those blessed hours when the wicked cease from troubling you and, weary, you try to rest. Six months of Arctic night would have suited our needs just then, so terrible, so inevitable was the hopeless struggle to come with the dawn.

Under cover of this Sunday night the cavalry performed the only brilliant exploit of the siege. Under the lead of Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Davis, of the 8th New York Cavalry, they got out. As there was no chance to use them, and in case of surrender the horses would be invaluable to remount Stuart's men, Miles gave a tardy and reluctant consent. Fifteen hundred of them crossed the pontoon at nine o'clock without arousing the enemy, and made their way up the river under Maryland Heights, and by morning were in Lee's rear beyond Sharpsburg, having threaded their way between his divisions. They were lucky enough to fall in with and capture Longstreet's reserve ammunition train of sixty wagons and six hundred and seventy-five men, and turned up at Greencastle, Pennsylvania. The infantry clamored loudly for permission to go out also, now that the defence was so hopeless, but Miles replied:

"I am ordered by General Wool to hold this place, and God damn my soul to hell if I don't hold it against the enemy."

He repeatedly expressed the idea that his orders were to be construed literally; commanding the place from the Heights did not cover his orders; he was to hold the town itself and it was disobedience to leave. On the trial, however, General Halleck testified that he sent Colonel Miles the following order:

"September 12th. You will obey orders from General McClellan. You will endeavor to open communication with him, and unite your forces to his at the earliest practicable moment."

(I do not see how this was sent as we were then cut off.) On the other hand General McClellan says, in his report, he

advised General Halleck to order Miles to give it up, and join him, and General Halleck refused, saying it was too late, and Miles must stay and fight. Such is history. The bulk of the testimony was that the command could have escaped as well as the cavalry, though, of course, there would have been a great percentage of the sick and weak that would have been picked up by the enemy. I do not believe it could have followed the cavalry through Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's camps, as the cavalry moved all night on the trot. If at all possible it would have been by swinging the pontoon across the Shenandoah after the cavalry had gone and making a forced march down the west side of the Potomac, brushing aside the force stationed by Walker at the river end of Loudon Heights.

The Rebel General Walker said:

"I am of the opinion that it would have been possible and practicable for Colonel Miles to have escaped with the infantry during the night of the 14th and 15th as the cavalry did,"

but he does not say how.

At last morning broke. Heavy fogs filled the basin. But they quickly rose and stood along the mountain side, like huge drop curtains, ready to lift upon the tragedy to be enacted. They enveloped the crest of Maryland and Loudon, but brought into view the dreaded sight of the new batteries in the corn-field across the river in our rear. Quoting General Walker again, he says:

"During the night of the 14th, Major R. Lindsay Walker, Chief of Artillery to A. P. Hill's division, succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah with several batteries, and placing them in such a position on the slope of Loudon Mountain far below me as to command the rear of the enemy's line. McLaws got his batteries into position nearer the enemy, and at daybreak of the 15th the batteries of our five divisions were pouring their fire upon the doomed garrison. The Federal batteries promptly replied, and for more than an hour maintained a spirited fire, but after that it grew more and more feeble until, after eight o'clock, it ceased altogether, and the garrison surrendered."

We thought there was no regiment there tried as severely as the 9th Vermont. The hottest fire of the enemy was concentrated on Rigby and Potts; for their batteries were the ones that A. P. Hill's division had to face most directly in the assault. We were in a straight line between Rigby and the batteries across the Shenandoah, and in a straight line between Potts and those westward on either side of the Charlestown Pike, while the sabots of Rigby's guns under which we lay annoyed us not a little. We were in a freshly ploughed field of red earth on our bellies, a very conspicuous line of blue on red as seen from above, and there was no tree in the orchard over an inch in diameter, or with foliage enough for a screen. All we could do was to lie still and wait until they got a range upon us, and then Stannard would order us to jump up, double-quick as far to the front as possible, and drop flat, then back again under Rigby's guns. This was repeated several times with perfect steadiness. Rebel testimony since then confirms my memory of nine batteries playing down into that basin for two long hours with not less than fifty guns, to which we replied with as many, making one hundred guns crashing and reverberating against those encircling walls, and when the battle flags of A. P. Hill's long lines began to advance upon us, emerging from the woods for the assault, Colonel Miles's heart failed him for the men he had so badly handled, and he gave up the contest to spare the useless slaughter. Taking out his handkerchief and ordering his staff to do the same, he rode up to a prominent place on the east end of Bolivar Heights, nearly a mile away from us, and leaving their horses, walked along the crest toward the left. The basin was much shut in with fog and cannon smoke, and the Rebels recognized the white flag but slowly. One battery after another ceased firing as ours ceased. The last to quit was Rigby, who kept pounding away, and held his colors up long after word had reached him to haul them down. He was a rough old Indiana fighter, furious with rage, and swore that if the enemy wished his battery and colors, they would have to come and take them.

When the word reached us that the white flag had gone up, Stannard swore a bitter oath that he would not be sacrificed without one bold struggle for our honor and for our liberty. At his command we rushed by the left down a ravine to the bank of the Shenandoah, thence into town, making for the pontoon over into Maryland, with determination to risk the fire of the batteries on both heights, hoping that once across, a short struggle with what might be posted behind the Maryland Heights would bring us into McClellan's lines, then only a few miles away. Hill so rapidly advanced his line of battle, however, that they were in our camp before we were half way to the bridge, and being missed from the line, General White, who had assumed command after Miles was mortally wounded, sent one of his own and one of General Hill's aides to intercept us and bring us back. Taking the shorter route they caught us as we had breathlessly reached the pontoon. In five minutes what would have been left of us would have been in Maryland. At first Stannard refused to obey the orders to return, but upon being impressed with the penalties which would be inflicted upon the other troops by his attempt to violate the generous cartel already hastily arranged, he with anguish of heart yielded. Here was where George J. Stannard made the only military mistake of his service from lieutenant-colonel, in 1861, to major-general, in 1865. If he had not listened to the plea of sympathy for the rest of the command and had refused to surrender, crossed the pontoon, cut it adrift at both ends, and sent it down the Potomac as he intended; had had his fight around the Point of Rocks with whatever might be there, which proved to be Armistead's and Featherstone's brigades, Franklin from the spot on top of Brownsville Pass where he and General W. F. Smith at daylight had looked down on McLaws's thin line of battle and declined it, would have seen our fight, have had to attack not knowing but that it was the whole Harper's Ferry force attacking McLaws's flank; and catching McLaws and Anderson with only a part of their force on Maryland Heights, two brigades of Wright and Pryor on the height

over Weverton, and two brigades occupied with us, could easily have retorted on Stonewall Jackson for taking the Harper's Ferry force by bagging McLaws's and Anderson's divisions in a trap from which they had no escape. We would have been temporarily captured—but what would have been left of us recaptured?—and would have escaped the Harper's Ferry tragedy, although no doubt at heavy cost. Quoting General Walker again, he says:

"Owing to the fog I was ignorant of what had taken place, but surmising it, I ceased firing. The guns of Lawton, however, continued some minutes later. This happened unfortunately, as Colonel Miles, the federal commander, was at this time mortally wounded by a fragment of shell while waving a white flag in token of surrender. It was a pleasing sight to be perched on the top of the mountain and look down on more than twelve thousand boys in blue, stacking arms. Such a scene had its pathetic side, too, for after the first feeling of exultation is past, there comes one of sympathy for the humiliation of the brave men, who are no longer enemies, but unfortunate fellow-soldiers." [I hardly need explain that this is a post-bellum sentiment in the *Century Magazine*. I doubt if he was as sentimental as this at the time.] [He adds:] "No sooner had the surrender taken place than my division hurriedly took up its line of march to join Lee."

In the Rebel reports of Antietam it is stated that the batteries of Walker's division greatly needed long-range ammunition, but had none. They had used it all up on us. So we, at least, served this humble purpose in the hands of Providence for the Army of the Potomac. While the altercation was going on at the pontoon head, I well remember standing with a group of officers about our colors hurriedly debating what it was best to do with them. I remember taking them from the staves, the men crowding closely to screen what we were doing. We finally cut them up and divided them for souvenirs, to keep them from the enemy's hands, and here to-night I wear my strip of the colors of the 9th Vermont which I can truthfully and proudly say never graced a Rebel triumph in Richmond. I carried them on my person until the end of the war and treasure them yet unsullied by a

Rebel hand. I can look back through the long years, and see the picture still vivid before me: the quaint old street; the old mill; the pontoon, so near and yet so far; the willowy banked canal; the venerable sycamore trees; the hot, panting, eager regiment at the halt; the excited group about the colors; many men and officers secretly tossing their arms into the water; the mounted aides, blue and gray, leaning on their horses over the defiant Stannard and earnestly expostulating with him (I visited the spot last spring and found everything unchanged except the *dramatis personæ* of this historical scene). Marching back to our camp, we found the surrender all over. Long and melancholy rows of stacked arms were along the crest, and the troops dismissed to their camps. I take pleasure in quoting General Walker's post-bellum article again in connection with our actual experience with the tattered Confederates. He says:

"Some hours later I rode into Harper's Ferry with my staff and we were greatly interested in seeing our tattered Confederates fraternizing in the most cordial manner with their well-dressed prisoners."

Now this is the cordiality of their welcome and how we fraternized: After adding our clumsy old Belgian muskets to the others, glad that they were no better arms, and entering our camp we found it full of Rebs pillaging it freely, in spite of the terms of the surrender. A group of mounted Rebel officers sat on their horses on the pike in front of Company E's street. It began to be whispered about that the full sandy-bearded officer in dilapidated clothes and slouched hat was the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson. We stood in despair, watching him, and not daring to resent the intrusion of his men, although so lawlessly disregarding the cartel before his eyes. Suddenly I saw Lieutenant Quimby of Company E, a hot-headed, bold fellow, stride out of his company street, down to the side of Jackson's horse, and demand in insolent voice, "Are you Stonewall Jackson?" Jackson said, "Yes, Lieutenant, I am General Jackson." "Then," said Quimby, "did you not agree to protect

interesting
anecdote

us under the terms of the surrender?" "Yes," replied Jackson. "Then, by God, sir," said Quimby, "I want you to drive those damned lousy thieves of yours out of my camp, and stop them from robbing my men." We were terror-stricken at this audacity, and looked for a scene, but Jackson said quietly, "This is all wrong, Lieutenant, and I will see it stopped," and turning to one of his aides he sent him to order the men away, but not until much damage had been done. Jackson was willing we should be plundered to clothe his ragged soldiers if we were willing. My first lieutenant, Sam Kelley, was made to give up his sword to one of A. P. Hill's staff, in unblushing violation of the terms, and the officer strapped his own upon his saddle. My Company B boys, trailing him until he left his horse with his orderly, stole up behind and secured the Reb's sabre, which proved much the finer one. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrus, of our regiment, had a beautiful Morgan horse which the citizens of his town had presented to him. He was very proud of, and very tenderly attached to him. A rebel officer made him change horses. Andrus, a big-bearded and powerful man, sorrowfully bestrode the tottering old white crow-bait, and came back to the regiment viciously venting his outraged feelings on the wretched beast, spurring him and crying out, "Get along! Get along! you damned old Southern Confederacy." Jackson afterward restored his horse. A group of officers with dejected faces attracted the sympathy of a Rebel chaplain, who joined them, and tried to pour a little spiritual balm upon them by saying, "You must be reconciled; God's will must be done." "Yes, Parson," said Andrus, with prophetic intensity, "you'll find that God's will will be changed respecting you people within twenty-four hours." And the Rebel losses at Antietam proved him not a bad prophet. Lieutenant-Colonel George S. Batcheller, of the 115th New York, whose death we have so recently been called to mourn, also had a favorite horse mysteriously disappear and never got any news of it, until thirty years after, being then United States Minister to Portugal, at a banquet in Paris, his attention was

called to two guests recalling Civil War memories, when one of them boasted of a wonderful horse he captured at Harper's Ferry, rode through the war, and took home, exactly describing Batcheller's horse. Batcheller turned upon him sharply and said, "My friend, I have been looking for you for thirty years. That was my horse and you took him from my camp at—," naming the position on Bolivar Heights held by the 115th New York. It proved to have been the horse taken in violation of the cartel.

We had gathered up the usual number of darkey servants, but Virginia gentlemen stood in rows on either side of the pontoon, claiming and grabbing out every darkey when on the next day we marched into Maryland. They made one mistake by seizing a very dark complexioned, curly-haired French Canadian of my company, who was only too happy for an excuse for letting out his outraged feelings, drew back and knocked the Virginian over backward, stiff and cold. On the whole they treated us kindly, giving up to us all the rations in the commissariat, a very scant two days' supply, and allowed our adjutant, Stearns, to seduce them into lending him six four-horse teams with which to transport our private baggage to Annapolis. These teams were a great comfort to the sick, and were afterward sent back to the Rebs, I am sorry to confess not as we agreed, not until October 22d, after Lee had written several sharp letters to McClellan about it. It was a great deal for them to do, as at that time their batteries were in a wretched condition, according to the report of their chief of artillery.

The Rebels gave us an interesting and instructive object lesson in the way they could close up one job and rush without an instant's rest or loss of time, and hurl themselves into another. The lesson was one needed by the Northern armies at that period of the war. The Army of the Potomac had been transported to the battle-grounds in front of Washington from the Peninsula, while Lee's army had marched from Richmond and fought Pope back within the defences of Washington, then had hurried on into Maryland, Jackson making the great circuit around by Williamsport,

Martinsburg, and Harper's Ferry, with its siege, while McClellan, according to the evidence, had dragged on northward from Washington, at an average of six miles per day. Not a moment was given up by the enemy to the enjoyment of their triumph. Before the ink was dry on our official surrender all was intense activity. Walker abandoned his eyrie on Loudon; Anderson and McLaws swooped down like hawks from Maryland Heights, and started to rescue Lee from his perilous isolation behind South Mountain. Franklin, with the 6th Corps, was in the way of Anderson's and McLaws's direct route; so they had to go by the longer way of Harper's Ferry, Halltown, and Shepherdstown Ford. Now would have been the time to show how Miles's folly could have proved wisdom. If he had only destroyed the pontoons on Ford's retreat from Maryland Heights, or if before showing the white flag he had sent his engineers to cut them, Anderson and McLaws would have been isolated with Franklin's corps between them and Lee.

That night I lay beside the Charlestown Pike and watched until morning the grimy columns come pouring down from the pontoons. It was a weird, uncanny sight, and drove sleep from my eyes. It was something demon-like, a scene from an Inferno. They were silent as ghosts; ruthless and rushing in their speed; ragged, earth-colored, dishevelled, and devilish, as though they were keen on the scent of the hot blood, that was already steaming up from the opening struggle at Antietam, and thirsting for it; their sliding dog-trot was as though on snow-shoes. The shuffle of their badly shod feet on the hard surface of the Pike was so rapid as to be continuous like the hiss of a great serpent, broken only by the roar of the batteries, as they came rushing by on the trot, or the jingling of the sabres of the cavalry. The spectral, ghostly picture will never be effaced from my memory.

The next day we took up our unhappy march for Annapolis, our hearts comforted only by the thought that it was into our own lines, and not to Belle Island or Salisbury. We did not march five miles into Maryland before we fell in with the stragglers from Franklin's and other corps, showing

how near help was, and yet withheld long enough to precipitate the catastrophe. Soon our ears caught the sound of the struggle to the north of us, opening the fight at Antietam. But the sullen muttering of the guns low down on the horizon plunged us into deeper gloom, as disarmed and humiliated we marched to the rear.

No disaster of the war exceeds Harper's Ferry in the folly and incompetence which caused it. Miles was a man of indolent habits and loose principles, with a mind enervated by past and possibly continued self-indulgence. On this last the evidence was conflicting. His staff officers testified that they knew he had never taken a drop of drink since he was court-martialed for being drunk at the first Bull Run. On the other hand a captain of cavalry, who had been sent on a reconnaissance to Leesburg, swore he came back and reported having counted sixty regiments and batteries, Lee's advance passing Leesburg. Miles was in a stupor, and incoherent, and refused to listen to him. Again he went down, this time on the Maryland side, and watched the ford until he had estimated ten thousand had crossed. He hurried back to Miles to warn him; who again doggedly refused to listen to him, and acted as though he were obstinately drunk. Colonel D'Utassy, of the Garibaldi Guards, who had served in his brigade in the first Bull Run, and was now in his command again, and very friendly with him, commanding one of his brigades, testified that he was broken down from too sudden abstinence from excessive habits, and remonstrated with him, telling him he was ruining himself. To this Miles replied, "I have taken an oath never to drink again, and I have kept it."

As to his loyalty, there was a universal distrust among the junior officers and men, who judged both from what was done and left undone, by a commander in such an important crisis. As I have before stated, the dullest, rawest recruit could see the need of rifle-pits, of slashing the woods to give range to our artillery, and to obstruct the advance of an enemy, the dire need of controlling the Heights if we were to remain in the basin, and yet he, an old West Point

officer of forty years' experience, refused every entreaty and repelled all advice to do anything to strengthen the place. Naturally the men said it could be nothing but collusion with the enemy. On this point I will quote the testimony of General Wool, who placed and continued him in command, by transferring General Julius White, an excellent volunteer officer, to Martinsburg, after our retreat from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, in order that Colonel Miles might retain this important command:

"Early in August I ordered him to entrench Bolivar Heights—he did not do it. I ordered him to abbatis Camp Hill—he did not do it; to put a battery of six pieces in front of Harper's Ferry—he did not do that; to build a blockhouse on Maryland Heights—he declined to have the regiment whom I sent up do it, and," [General Wool added], "even after Major Rogers came down and informed me that Colonel Miles would not countenance it."

What a confession of idiocy for a major-general of the regular Army commanding a department! Colonel Powell, chief engineer, swore,

"that Miles would not let him slash in front of his batteries 'because it would expose what we were doing to the enemy.' When the enemy came they crowded nearly on top of us, by the help of these dense woods, before we could see them. Colonel Miles had eight months in which to slash the timber and fortify, and he did nothing."

In the face of his testimony, as given above, General Wool, under oath, assured the commission he was the best officer whom he had at his disposal, except General Morris, at Fort McHenry, whom he could not spare. He added, parenthetically, "I mean of the regular Army." When asked if he considered him a better officer than General White, he was base and cowardly enough to give an evasive answer. We who had served with Julius White knew him to be a brave, energetic, able officer, and resented this insinuation. If Miles had been killed by the first shell, instead of the

last one, General Julius White would have successfully defended Harper's Ferry, and if he in turn had been killed, George J. Stannard, of the 9th Vermont, or Colonel Willard of the 125th New York, would have been equally able successors.

Again his loyalty was doubted, and he was bitterly denounced by the men, because after we were surrounded and cut off, he sent sixteen paroled prisoners through the lines to the enemy, bearing this pass:

"Harper's Ferry, September 12th. The captain of the outer picket on the Shenandoah road will pass beyond the lines sixteen paroled Confederate prisoners who are required to keep the Charlestown Pike on to Winchester, where they will be enabled to join the Confederate Army."

Colonel Stannard, who was field-officer of the day, refused to let them pass out and sent them back, but they were returned and got out. This was the day after Jackson had driven White in from Martinsburg, and was already in sight, and Miles knew that they would step out of our lines into Jackson's with a perfect knowledge of everything Jackson should not know. The engagement on Maryland Heights had already begun.

Again a Rebel lieutenant of cavalry, named Rouse, of the 13th Virginia, had been captured a week before. He pretended to be sick, was paroled, and kindly sent to the hospital. He broke his parole, slipped the guard, mysteriously passed our lines, was re-captured a few days later, paroled again, and passed through the lines after having passed an hour closeted mysteriously with Miles. He came in with A. P. Hill's corps, armed and with his company, and when taunted with having broken his parole, he laughed exultingly at the idea. A. P. Hill himself declined to listen to General White's charges against him. But the incident which fully confirmed the 9th Vermont that we were betrayed was this: Two men of my company, whom I had known from boyhood, Joseph Graham and Daniel Sullivan, happened to be on duty near where Miles

was wounded, and helped carry him in a blanket to a spot near the Charlestown Pike, where an ambulance could reach him. They reported that as they bore him along toward Rigby's battery, which was still fighting, and saw Rigby's battery colors still flying, he exclaimed to his staff: "Why don't they haul down that God damned flag? It has been the death of me." The men gave it a treasonable construction, and I at the time thought so, but it may have been that in his death agony he meant that the failure to lower the flag drew the fire from which he received his death wound. On the other hand, an artillery captain, long at Harper's Ferry under him, testified that he saw him shortly before he died, and he said: "Captain, I have done my duty to my country, and I am ready to die. God bless you." One of his staff swore his dying words were: "It is a fit way for a soldier who has tried to serve his country to die, and I am content." God alone knows the truth of it, and will reward him for his patriotism, or punish him for his treason. The boys of the 9th Vermont may have been wrong, but in their sight the tragedy of Harper's Ferry was made complete by his death at the hands of an avenging God, from the last Rebel shell fired.

The commission felt the same uncertainty, reporting as follows:

"We approach the case of Colonel Miles with extreme reluctance. An officer who cannot appear before an earthly tribunal to answer or explain grave charges gravely affecting his character, who has met his death at the hands of the enemy, even upon the spot he so disgracefully surrendered, is entitled to the tenderest care. This the commission has awarded to Colonel Miles, and our opinion only repeats what runs through the nine hundred pages of written evidence strangely unanimous upon the fact that Colonel Miles's incapacity, amounting to almost imbecility, led to the disgraceful surrender of this important post. The officer who placed this incapable in command, Major-General Wool, is guilty to this extent of a grave disaster, and should be censured."

Again it says:

"The commission has freely remarked upon the conduct of Colonel Miles, an old officer, killed in one of the battles of our country, and it cannot, from any motive of delicacy, refrain from censuring those in high command when it thinks such censure deserved. The General-in-Chief has testified that General McClellan, after having received orders to repel the invaders from Maryland, marched only six miles per day, upon an average, pursuing the invading enemy. The General-in-Chief also testified that General McClellan could and should have relieved and protected Harper's Ferry, and in this opinion the commission fully concur. Had the Garrison been slower to surrender, or the Army of the Potomac swifter to march, the enemy would have been forced to raise the siege or been taken in detail with the Potomac dividing his forces."

We could not have gained any time, for Franklin that morning at daylight had looked down on McLaws's thin line across Pleasant Valley and with Smith decided not to attack. There was no use in waiting for Franklin who had twice refused to attack. In fifteen minutes more A. P. Hill's and Lawton's overpowering forces would have swept over us easily, we having no works to defend, and the result would have been virtually immediate. Pender says he was within one hundred and fifty yards when the white flag went up.

We always thought Franklin should have been added to this list for censure, for had he "joined the utmost activity of that grand old 6th Corps and Couch's division to all his own intellect," as he was ordered Saturday night by McClellan, we should have been shaking hands with the Army of the Potomac on Sunday night. General Julius White was most justly complimented by the commission for his self-sacrificing patriotism and ability shown through the siege and Colonel George J. Stannard was promoted to be a brigadier-general while yet a paroled prisoner.

Now, Mr. Commander, you will perceive in this paper a fuller reply to a question you asked me many years ago, "Why could you not have put up a pretty stiff fight with the Johnnies?" I replied then, "because we were not allowed." Twelve thousand good soldiers and true may

rage with the lust of battle and yet not put up any fight at all against the will of one man, their commander, though he may be cowardly, incompetent, or even suspected of treachery. On this point, being with our Companion Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge in Paris last winter, who is now so universally recognized as one of the greatest living military critics and historians, I asked him if he had known of a case in all the campaigns he had written about from Alexander to Napoleon, where a garrison, universally dissatisfied with the measures taken for its defence, or believing itself being betrayed, had deposed a commander and appointed a new one who had their confidence. He replied, "No, it would be mutiny and abhorrent to the spirit and intent of military discipline."

Stannard and the 9th Vermont were eager enough for a fight when they breathlessly reached the head of the pontoon and probably would have had their fill of it, but for the unfortunate decision to yield to the plea of sympathy for the rest of the command who had already surrendered, for Armistead's and Featherstone's brigades were lying in wait for us around the Point of Rocks.

Stannard's hard wrung decision to go back and surrender probably saved 12,000 men from the bitter fate of captivity in Rebel prisons and released to Lee for his urgent needs the men who would have guarded them.

On the other hand, had he refused to return, crossed the pontoons and cut them adrift, and opened a fight with Armistead and Featherstone and forced Franklin to come down from Crampton's Gap with the 6th Corps and Couch's division of the 4th Corps, McLaws and Anderson would have been trapped and the ghastly tale of the 12,500 Union dead and wounded on the bloody field of Antietam would probably never have been told. Seldom does a man hold the fate of so many men on his decision as hung on Stannard's.

And now, may I beg your indulgence to a pardonable pride, and salute my old regiment, as it passes in almost ghostly array with muffled, inaudible drums and spectral colors across the tragic stage, portrayed here to-night after nearly

half a century, by adding that though compliments were scarce throughout nearly 1000 pages of the official War Records given up to the surrender of Harper's Ferry, yet General Julius White reported, "Colonel Stannard and his officers as distinguished for gallantry and the regiment, although newly recruited, as having borne themselves with the steadiness of veterans."

No other regiment was mentioned out of all the twelve infantry regiments engaged.

ADDRESS ON ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY COMPANION PAYMASTER-GENERAL EDWIN STEWART,
U. S. N. (RETIRED), FEBRUARY 2, 1910.

SERVING on board the *Essex* in her famous cruise in the War of 1812, was a young midshipman, who may almost be said to have been cradled in the Navy, for he was appointed in it when he was nine years and five months old. So imbued was he with its spirit, so splendidly did he in later years promote its honor, and advance its glory, that his name is pre-eminently illustrious in the splendid list of its great commanders. The lad was David Glasgow Farragut. He was born in Tennessee in 1801. He was appointed a midshipman in the Navy, December 17, 1810.

When he joined the *Essex* he was ten years and one month old. When scarcely twelve years old, he was put in charge of a prize crew, and during a short voyage was in actual command of the captured ship *Barclay*. When he was a trifle less than thirteen years old he was a participant in the fierce battle between the *Essex* and the *Phœbe* in the harbor of Valparaiso, in which battle, the *Essex* suffered a greater loss in killed and wounded than any ship to which he was afterwards attached.

His education in those early years was carefully looked after by his guardian and commanding officer, Captain David Porter, who caused him to be taught on shipboard and whenever opportunity offered, sent him to school. A few years later, when Farragut was a lieutenant, he attended lectures at Yale College. Wherever he went, he never missed a chance for study and self-improvement, with the result, that he became in course of years, cultured in many

directions and proficient in a number of languages. In the temptations incident to his early sea life, his strong character proved a great safeguard, while his natural unaffected, life-long trust in God was in his earlier as in his later years, the sheet anchor of his heart. By birth, marriage, and residence up to the time of the Civil War, Farragut was a Southerner. "God forbid," he exclaimed, when war threatened, "that I should have to raise my hand against the South." He loved the South, but there was something he loved more and that was his country and the flag under which he had so long served. When urged by his Southern friends to cast in his lot with the Confederacy he is said to have settled the matter with this reply: "I would see you all damned before I would lift my hand against that flag." Certain it is, he left the South the moment he found that his loyalty to the flag rendered his presence there no longer welcome. Modest, sincere, fearless, and brave, he was also devout. If an expletive ever escaped him, it was in some righteous cause, and out of a true, guileless, and reverent heart. Such was the man who, in December, '61, was selected by the Government to re-establish its authority in the Gulf ports and on the lower Mississippi. The orders assigning him to the command of the West Gulf squadron and outlining the work expected of him, indicate the estimation in which his character and abilities were held. Especially so in view of the misgivings felt in some quarters because of his Southern birth.

The orders read in part, as follows:

"When the *Hartford* is in all respects ready for sea, you will proceed to the Gulf of Mexico with all practicable dispatch and communicate with Flag Officer W. W. McKean, who is directed by the enclosed dispatch to transfer to you the command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, composed at present of the following vessels. [Some thirty in number.] In addition there will be attached to your squadron a fleet of bomb vessels, and armed steamers enough to manage them, all under command of Commander D. D. Porter, who will be directed to report to you. When these formidable mortars arrive and you are completely ready, you will collect such vessels as can be

spared from the blockade and proceed up the Mississippi River, and reduce the defences which guard the approach to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron and hoist the American flag thereon, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. . . . You will also reduce the fortifications which defend Mobile Bay and turn them over to the army to hold. As you have expressed yourself satisfied with the force given to you . . . the Department and the country will require of you success . . . The Department relies upon your skill to give direction to the powerful force placed at your disposal and upon your personal character to infuse a hearty co-operation amongst your officers."

In these days of physical tests for officers of the Army and Navy, to establish their ability to perform their duties, and whose object seems to be to bring younger men to the front, it is interesting to recall that the officer to whom these orders were issued, and who, in the execution of them, achieved the most brilliant naval record of the Civil War, was at the time he received them in the sixty-first year of his age. How well many of us who are here to-night remember his face. There is Companion Parker, down there, who sailed with him away back in forty-nine, when Farragut commanded the *Saratoga* in the Mexican War. Many of the rest of us remember him well, his brisk walk, his energetic forceful manner. Remember too, how scrutinizing he was in all matters relating to the fleet. Promptness was one of his strong points. On the day after his arrival on the station at Ship Island, and as soon as he had taken over the command he started in with his operations against New Orleans, sending the *Brooklyn* to the head of the passes with instructions to Captain Craven to seize the telegraph operator and his apparatus, cut the wires, and effectually cut off the communication with New Orleans. Also to take all the pilots and send them to Ship Island. From then on his thoughts and energies were directed to getting his ships ready at the earliest possible moment to move against the forts, ships and obstruction booms that blocked the river and defended the approach to the city. Some of his ships drew too much

water to cross the bar; these he managed in some way to have dragged over. As a protection against the enemy's shots, sheet cables were stopped up and down the sides of the vessels in the direction of the engines. A device which, Farragut says, in his report, was suggested by the Chief Engineer of the *Richmond*, Companion John W. Moore, who sits here at my side to-night. On the afternoon preceding the battle, Farragut went the rounds of the fleet, visiting each ship to make sure that his orders were clearly understood. Then, a breach having been effected in the obstruction boom, sufficiently wide to enable the ships to pass, all was ready. I see before me now, Companions who remember well the morning of April 24, '62, when, in the darkness of two o'clock two red lights were run up on the *Hartford*, signal for the ships to get underway; and the fleet in three divisions, moved up to the attack, the gunboat *Cayuga* in the lead. Just as she cleared the obstruction boom she was sighted, and the forts opened on her a terrific fire. The larger ships, as they came up, opened with their bow guns, and, as they got higher, with broadsides, the mortar schooners, the while, filling the air with their shrieking meteor-like shells. As the firing became general the smoke became dense, so that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. So dense that, says Farragut, "we had nothing to aim at but the flash of their guns."

It was a battle in which each ship had a fight of its own with forts, ships, rams, and fire rafts. One of these latter was pushed down on the *Hartford*, setting her on fire. As the men fell back from the flames, Farragut called out, "Don't flinch from that fire, boys, there's a hotter fire for men who don't do their duty."

Through that pandemonium of reverberating thunder, shrieking shells, solid shot, ramming and sinking of ships, and glare of fire rafts, Farragut forced his way, emerging at daylight above the forts with the loss only of a single ship the *Varuna*. The result of the battle being the complete destruction of all the enemy's ships, rams, ironclads, fire-rafts, and obstruction booms, and the subsequent surrender

of the forts. Fighting his way up the river, Farragut was the next day off New Orleans with his ships, demanding the surrender of the city and ordering the flag of the Union to be hoisted above it. As directed by his orders, he took possession of the city under the guns of his squadron, and kept possession of it until the arrival of the troops on May 1st, when he turned it over to General Butler. His own idea was to proceed then, at once, to Mobile Bay and attack the forts there, but in compliance with the views of the department, though against his own judgment, he proceeded up the river, clearing it for the time of all obstructions as far as Vicksburg, ran the batteries at that place and formed a junction with the squadron of the Upper Mississippi under Flag-officer Davis, expecting to co-operate with the army in an attack on Vicksburg, the capture of which could probably have been effected at less cost than it was a year later. On July 14th, the Secretary of War wired General Halleck as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, July 14, 1862.

"The Secretary of the Navy desires to know whether you have, or intend to have, any land force to co-operate in the operations at Vicksburg. Please inform me immediately inasmuch as orders he intends to give will depend on your answer.

"EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War."

To which this reply was made:

CORINTH, Miss., July, 15, 1862. 10.40 A.M.

"I cannot at present give Commodore Farragut any aid against Vicksburg. I am sending re-inforcements to General Curtis in Arkansas and to General Buell in Tennessee and Kentucky.

"H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General."

Accordingly Farragut, under instructions from the department, after running the batteries back and forth two or three times, dropped down the river with his ships and resumed duties in the Gulf.

In March, '63, the Confederates having again blocked the lower Mississippi by the erection of strong batteries at Port Hudson, some few miles above Baton Rouge, Farragut again ascended the river with his ships for the purpose of co-operating with the expedition under General Banks for the reduction of Port Hudson.

His plan was to run his ships past the batteries, cut off river communication, between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, assist in the reduction of both places and by a patrol of the river, close a principal channel through which supplies were being furnished for the Confederate armies. Owing to the swiftness of the current and the strength and position of batteries completely commanding the river, particularly in the sharp bend it makes at that point, the undertaking was felt to be extremely hazardous, but justifiable on military grounds by reason of the advantage that would result from its successful accomplishment. On the afternoon of March 14th, the ships moved up to within seven miles of Port Hudson. There they were lashed two and two. The *Hartford* and *Albatross*, *Richmond* and *Genesee*, *Monongahela* and *Kineo*, and bringing up the rear, without a consort, the side-wheel steamer *Mississippi*. About ten o'clock that night a red light was displayed over the stern of the *Hartford*, signal to get underway. Slowly, and for a time quietly, the ships moved up the river, but as they came into the bright light of fires blazing on the banks signal rockets were sent up, the forts opened, and the firing from the ships began. The channel runs close to the east bank of the river along which the batteries extended. As the ships advanced slowly, feeling their way in the smoke which had now become dense, they were exposed to a close, terrific fire. For two hours they were under it, delivering broadside after broadside as they passed slowly along. Shots struck, shells burst, timbers crashed. Many were killed and more wounded. It was nearly one o'clock when the *Hartford* reached the bend in the river, grounded there for a moment, got off with the help of the *Albatross*, and a short time later was out of range above the batteries. The *Richmond*, following close behind, was just turning the

bend when a six-inch solid shot came crashing into the engine room, upsetting both safety valves, and disabling the engines. The *Genesee*, not being powerful enough to tow us against the current, turned us about and both ships passed a second time through that terrible fire. The *Mississippi*, hard and fast aground under the enemy's guns was abandoned and set fire to. The other ships, disabled all of them, dropped out of the action.

Shortly after we had come to anchor below the batteries, the *Mississippi*, all ablaze, flames leaping in awful grandeur to her cross-trees, came drifting down upon us, firing as she came, her last salute as gun after gun in her port battery went off under the action of the heat. We slipped our cable to get out of her way. She drifted by, and a short time later by the explosion of her magazine was blown to atoms in the river whose name she bore. Some of her people had sought refuge on our deck. Concerning one of them, her executive officer, the world has heard something since. It was George Dewey. Notwithstanding the disasters to the ships the object of the undertaking was practically accomplished, for Farragut, with the *Hartford* and *Albatross*, had passed above the batteries. Port Hudson cut off from all supplies and closely invested was soon obliged to surrender, when the Mississippi River was once again, and for all time since, open to the sea.

Of all that Farragut was directed by his orders to accomplish there now remained only this, "You will also reduce the fortifications which defend Mobile Bay." Owing to circumstances which Farragut could not control that work had to be delayed until August 5, '64.

Standing that morning on the deck of the *Richmond* I looked on that grand scene with which the name and fame of Farragut are so closely connected. It was not yet daylight, stars were still shining when all through a fleet of eighteen vessels men were stirring. On every deck they were busy. Ships were being lashed together, boats lowered out of the way, decks sanded and cleared for action. As dawn advanced a signal was run up on the *Hartford*. The moment it was read there sounded out through the

fleet the call of the boatswains, "all hands up anchor." With a cheer men sprang to the capstans, the bars were manned with a will, and on every deck was heard the quick rhythmic tread of feet as the capstan bars swung round, and the great chains came rattling in. One bell, and the ships, lashed two and two, moved slowly to their places in the line of battle, the *Brooklyn* in the lead, the *Tecumseh* and other monitors off to the right. Four bells, and at quickened speed the fleet moved grandly on. As yet, not a flag was to be seen, save the blue pennant of the admiral as it flew from the mizzen of the *Hartford*. Over on the shore Confederate flags were flying over the forts, but there was no sign, no sound, to mark the coming conflict. Steadily, quietly, the fleet moved on drawing in nearer and nearer to the forts. And now a glorious sight was seen. Just as the sun lifted itself into view on the horizon, stops were broken, and from every flagstaff and masthead in all the fleet the Stars and Stripes rolled gayly out. So, covered with flags, so bedecked with bunting, the fleet steamed within range, and yet there was silence, and men stood breathless as they looked. Suddenly from the bow of the *Tecumseh* there was a flash, and then the long shriek of a rifle shot. Later on the forts had opened their batteries, ships were pouring in their broadsides, dense smoke wrapped us in its folds, and the battle of Mobile Bay had commenced. In the midst of lurid flashes and bursting shells there soon loomed up a dark object, 'twas the Confederate ram *Tennessee* crashing in among the ships. The *Tecumseh* darted forward to engage her—a torpedo exploded, the bow of the *Tecumseh* was lifted, then she careened, and then went down like a shot, carrying with her a crew of more than a hundred men.

As the dark waters closed over her, the *Brooklyn* in the lead, stopped and commenced to back, threatening confusion to the whole line. Farragut from his position in the rigging of the *Hartford* hailed the deck with, "What's the matter with the *Brooklyn*, why does she back?" The answer came back, "She reports torpedoes ahead, sir." "Damn the torpedoes, ring four bells and go ahead of her." The *Hartford* shot to the front, through a channel strewn with torpedoes, and

the line of battle was saved. From out the darkness of that smoke, from out the perils of that battle, we passed at length with flying colors, beyond the forts into the sunshine and the quiet of Mobile Bay. A quiet soon disturbed, for scarcely had we come to anchor and the crews been piped to breakfast, when the ram *Tennessee* came steaming towards us in the evident expectation of sinking the whole fleet. Speedily the ships got underway, slipping their cables. The *Monongahela* was the first to engage her. Under a full head of steam she struck her amidships. From both ships guns flashed and shots flew, as they came together. As they separated it was evident the ram was unhurt. The *Lackawanna* next rammed her. Again guns flashed, and shots flew, and again the *Tennessee* was unharmed. The *Hartford* rammed her next. As she backed off, the smokestack of the *Tennessee* was seen to topple. The *Chickasaw* getting astern of her now put in a succession of eleven-inch solid shot until her rudder chain jammed, her plates started, and Admiral Buchanan wounded, the *Tennessee* no longer able to fire a gun ran up a white flag and surrendered. So ended the battle of Mobile Bay, the result of which was the speedy surrender of the forts, the capture of most of the enemy's ships, the close of the port to blockade-runners, and the practical capture of the city itself, though some time elapsed before it was occupied by our troops. With the battle of Mobile Bay Farragut's active participation in the war practically ended. So important to the Union cause was the work he accomplished, so great the skill displayed and the success achieved that he has ever since been everywhere recognized as one of the world's greatest naval commanders. We do well to honor his memory, since it is to him, as well as to Grant and Sherman and all who stood with them on land and sea in that great conflict, that this country is so largely indebted for the glory that covers its flag to-day and for the respect in which it is held by every nation on the globe.

SERMON

BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF
THE UNITED STATES, AT THEIR ANNUAL CHURCH
SERVICE, APRIL 10, 1910, IN THE CHURCH OF THE
INCARNATION, NEW YORK, BY COMPANION JOHN J.
McCOOK, D.D., LL.D.

WAR—THE SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY REGARDING IT.

"And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—
2 TIMOTHY ii, 2.

IN Church or State, war or peace, it is the same,—what we have come to know it is our duty to transmit. Unlike the beast's, man's wisdom is cumulative. Whoever, therefore, fails to hand on his own store, however acquired, robs the entire race for all time to come.

An organization like this, companions of the Loyal Legion, is a mechanism for transmission, and this annual service is its public monument. It commemorates a great military success in which you took personal part, and yet, as I interpret your invitation to the speaker of the day, nothing of exultation, of mere compliment or of flattery is desired in the record which is to go upon the stone to-day, but only plain words respecting War and its evils, Peace and its responsibilities, Union and its advantages.

In like spirit the two great captains, forty-five years ago, in the only Hall of Fame they require, met, discoursed simply of the business in hand, then parted;—the one¹ to live in

¹ R. E. Lee.

deliberate self-effacement and to be buried at his own express wish without eulogy;—the other¹ to foster generosity toward the vanquished, to promote political peace, finally to draw together North and South in common grief around his bedside and his coffin.

First, then, let us record for the generations to come our personal testimony respecting the Evils of War.

When David, the King, chose for his people pestilence rather than the sword² he did what any other soldier of many campaigns might have done—Napoleon, Von Moltke, Grant, Lee, yourselves. War must be seen to be known. No gift of imagination, no literary skill, can take the place of actual experience. Its sights, its sounds, its sufferings, its losses, its penalties are unique and indescribable. The illusions concerning it are many, chiefly to its advantage. Of pomp and glitter, its imagined accessories, it has now but little.

On the other hand, what seems its chief horror to the uninitiated, the chance of violent death, appears to me by no means its worst feature. It is, indeed, grievous that death, which comes so surely if one only wait, should be courted, and that so many human beings should be cut down in their prime—hastening to meet it. But a quick death, even a violent one, is not the worst that can happen to him who is born to die. Furthermore, the proportion of those who die in battle is small, whether compared with the total enlisted, or the total engaged, or the total who die of disease.³

Nor does the loss of time, while serving with the colors during peace, seem to me among the first of War's evils. The figures are indeed formidable,—all but four millions of the healthiest and best men of Europe, spending two whole years of their manhood in learning a thing which most of them happily are to have no opportunity to practise; keeping up their learning for five years more, through considerable annual periods of return to the colors; even then not free, but labelled and tagged for eighteen additional

¹ U. S. Grant.

² 1 Chronicles xxi., 10-14.

³ On the national side, Civil War: Killed in action 67,058; died of wounds 43,012; died of disease 224,586; all other causes 24,872; total 359,528.—Furnished by the adjutant-general, October 13, 1911.

years as exigency men,—an aggregate host of twenty million men. But this is not all loss, either to them, or to the community since the service is also a school of letters and language; of mind and muscle and health; of organized discipline; of tangible, embodied patriotism.

Nor is the prodigious cost the very worst.¹ A folly this truly is, if preventable, and a source of economic and political complications it may become. But rich countries indulge in extravagances of many kinds and contrive to live through them.

To me the impressive evils of war are chiefly two: First its addition to the already sufficiently great sum of human sorrow. This is felt in dissimilar, but perhaps not unequal, measure by the one who departs for war and by those whom he leaves behind.

¹ Before the Division of Economics and History of the Berne Peace Conference, August 14, 1911, Baron Sakatani, Japanese ex-Minister of Finance, gave the cost of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-5 as \$118,900,000 and of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 as \$931,000,000; adding that: "During these wars the general activity of commerce and industry was never impaired, and yet the burden of taxation became heavier through them and the prices of commodities have risen to a marked degree." "Expenditures for armament in time of peace in Japan during the last forty-four years," according to him, "are \$1,187,000,000; while the total of all expenditures for the same period is \$3,958,000,000."—*Oriental Review*, Sept. 9, 1911: "The Price of Military Glory."

Respecting the cost of our Civil War the following is sent me by the U. S. Treasury Department under date of Sept. 20, 1911:

"No compilation has ever been made showing the total cost of the Civil War. In the year 1880 it was estimated, and so reported to Congress, that the expenditures on account of the war then amounted approximately to \$6,190,-000,000. This sum has been increased since that date by payments for pensions, interest on the debt, and for miscellaneous charges and claims growing out of the war, to upwards of \$10,000,000,000."

According to the *New York World*, the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations two years ago Mr. Tawney, estimated that seventy-one per cent. of the national expenditures, outside the postal service, was chargeable to the account of war, past or prospective. And these charges are growing rapidly. Our naval establishment during the five years of peace, 1906-1910, seems to have cost \$573,022,000, while the five strenuous years of the Civil War were covered by a naval expenditure of \$326,850,000, or not much more than one-half. A similar rate of growth, according to Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the English Exchequer, holds for all Europe, where the war-cost, of a year ago, \$2,250,000,000, was found to be double that of twenty years before, with every prospect of its being doubled again within ten years.

We all, when we left for the front, felt the wrench of parting, without being aware—for such is youth—of the meaning of that look of speechless yearning that we saw upon the face of our parents as we turned away.

Some of us have lived to say good-bye to our own children leaving for a later war. And we have had the full measure of grief in picturing, as our parents happily could not, what was in store for those cherished beings—by day and by night, on guard, on the march, during hours that should seem endless;—through loneliness and homesickness; through cold, heat, wet, dust, rain, snow, weariness, drowsiness; through the deadly dulness and vacuity of camp life; through torturing wounds; through the despair of abandonment on stricken fields. And which of us can forget the sleepless nights haunted by such imaginings—or the quiet sobbing at our side meant only for the ear of God! Our lips were dumb, but our heart cried out: Is it for such uses that I gave being to that dear form, and reared it and expended the treasures of my love upon it—to have it snatched away from me and treated so? Was there not grief enough in the world for me and for it without that?

Beside this the most formidable thing in war seems to me to be its moral dangers, suggested by one of the primitive meanings of the word itself,—confusion, unsettlement.¹

And unsettlement it is, of our fundamental notions in almost everything. The man should cleave to his wife—he leaves her. The son should support his parents—he abandons them. My first duty to my neighbor is to safeguard his life—I slay him. I may not even covet his house—I burn it down; his goods—I appropriate them; I should be true—I may be false; I should respect confidence—I may betray it. All this if only war demands it—War, which initiates me into its mysteries by requiring the entire surrender of my personal will, so that implicit obedience is henceforth the first of my obligations, when God gave me, as the crown of my endowments, liberty of the will. How serious one single case of such confusion in moral standards

¹ *Werra*, related to the modern German, *Wirre*.

is thought to be, in civil life! Think then what it must become when multiplied by the great figures which represent a modern army. Probably three million eight hundred thousand youths¹ in our Civil War, both armies included, were exposed to these moral dangers. The number of those who died physically we can approximately estimate, and it is formidable enough. But who shall say how many may have succumbed to the moral dangers!

And, considering the pressure from the physical side, and the weakening from the moral, is it surprising that from the two armies there should have been a total of three hundred thousand desertions?²

I know, indeed, the other side and we must not allow it

¹ In the national army 2,778,304 enlistments, representing, according to the War Department's estimate (May 15, 1905), 2,213,365 individuals.

Respecting the Confederate forces, which have been put at figures ranging from 600,000 to 1,500,000 (Livermore's *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War*), I am told by the Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army, under date of Sept. 19, 1911, that: "No compilation has ever been made by the War Department from which even an approximately accurate statement can be made . . . because of the incompleteness of the Confederate records in the possession of the Department."

² The figures of desertions currently accepted are:

National army 199,105 = 7.2 per cent.

Confederate army 104,428 = 14 per cent.

The latter percentage assumes a total of 745,914 enlistments in the Confederate army. If the smaller of the two totals above given (Note 1) be assumed, the percentage goes up to 17.4; if the greater, it falls to 6.96 per cent. But: "The actual number of desertions is unknown, even in the case of the United States Army," the War Department informs me. And, "making due allowance for those incorrectly reported as deserters, the number of actual deserters at large at the close of the war was 117,247." This would reduce the percentage in the National army to 4.22; and, assuming a similar correction applicable in the Confederate army, would reduce the percentage there to 8.25, 10.25, or 4.1 per cent., according to the assumed total of enlistments. The total of desertions, too, would be correspondingly reduced.

A civil war offers special facilities for desertion, likely to be more influential with those who, like the Confederates, were fighting nearest home—though this may have been offset to some degree by the high bounties offered on the national side and the consequent development there of systematic desertion and re-enlistment—"bounty-jumping."

A recent study of the medical statistics of the war seems to show a steady and rapid increase in hospital population, from the first to the last year, not explicable, the investigator thinks, on physical grounds, and suggesting progressive demoralization.

to be forgotten. I know the value of obedience and system and drill and of habitual compulsion to humble duty, and the wonders they wrought in many natures. I know what love of country was revealed through the war,—and often created, so that death in her service was constantly met with fortitude, often with rapture. I know how exemplary the life of many was in the field, and of most on their return home; and can only praise God for the restraining influences of family and religion and early association. But war is still war, and of all scourges the most dreadful! Let that be our first message to those who are to come after!

What further lesson of our experience is to be handed on to our successors? That war, being so horrible, must be, for the most part, discreditable. Which may not at all involve personal discredit to the individual soldier for his part therein, since one may bear oneself honorably and creditably even in a discreditable quarrel.

Our tendency as a nation is to vanity and self-adulation. And I often think the people of both sections are in serious danger of overlooking the plain facts of the case, in the not unnatural tendency to honor those military qualities which on both sides the war evoked.

Now what brought the war to pass? Were I to say the emancipation question I might be confronted with formal refutation from the lips of leaders on both sides. But at least this cannot be denied, that if there had been no question of slavery to settle there would have been no war. But why is it, my countrymen, that England could rid herself of slavery, and France, and Spain, and, nearer at home and in more recent times, Brazil, without civil commotion and without bloodshed? Progressive emancipation with fair compensation to owners, the obvious method, could it then be so easily applied in a South American monarchy¹ and yet

¹ Brazil completed her scheme of emancipation considerably in advance of the date originally fixed. There was much debate and, at the last, impatient action which marred the otherwise ideally just course of events; but there was no bloodshed. For purposes of comparison the chief incidents are given:

Legislation: (1) November 6, 1866, all state-slaves enlisting in the army freed, together with their families. (2) September 28, 1871, all state-slaves

be so far beyond us, the enlightened, the peaceable republic of the North?

As I think of this, it sometimes seems to me our historians on both sides, instead of digging among the graves of the past in search of material for self-justification and mutual recrimination, might better emulate the example of the more filial of Noah's sons,¹ who approached their father's shame with averted faces, covering it with a veil from public view! As I think of this I wonder whether we may not some time, both North and South, meet on the anniversary of the opening of the war with bowed heads and mutual cries of: Peccavi! Peccavi!—I have sinned! I have sinned!

What further lesson is to be committed to our successors for transmission?

The hazard involved in letting serious questions drift. And here I must again speak of slavery. We are wont to assume that this was no real question except in a small part of the North—a great error. I have it from one, a kinsman,² who graduated from a Southern college not long

and all children thereafter born of slave mothers to be freed, but minors to remain with their masters for education and preparation for free life until twenty-one; all slaves to have the right to own property and to buy their own liberty; a state fund created to aid in such purchase. (3) September 28, 1885, slaves sixty years old and over freed, the rest classified for liberation on a sliding scale of compensation according to age; five per cent. on all revenue except from exports appropriated for the compensation of owners; slaves to stay three years with their masters after liberation for education and training—emancipation to be completed by 1902. (4) May 13, 1888, total abolition of slavery without further compensation or condition.

Results:

In 1856 slave population 2,500,000 = 4% of population

In 1873 slave population 1,574,000 = 16% of population

In 1888 slave population 743,000 = 4.95% of population

At the rate of reduction maintained from 1873 to 1888 the vanishing point would have come in an orderly and equitable manner in thirteen and one-fourth years, that is one year in advance of the date first specified.—*Dawson*: “South American Republics,” pp. 480 et seq.; “L’empire du Brésil à l’exposition universelle de Vienne,” pp. 63-4; *Brockhaus*; *Meyer*: “Konversations-Lexicon,” Bresilien (Geschichte); “The United States of Brazil,” Government Press, Washington, 1901.

¹ Genesis ix, 23.

² General Daniel McCook, mortally wounded in the assault upon the redoubt at Kenesaw Mountain.

before the war, of which he was himself to be a victim, that the valedictorian of his class, apostrophizing the national flag, closed with the impassioned cry: "The only blot upon the fair folds of that banner is the stain of African slavery," and that the sentiment was wildly applauded by an audience made up wholly of Southerners, chiefly slave holders.

No, it was a question which interested everybody and threw its shadow over every heart. There was dim foreboding in respect to it. What the great seer¹ of the period later expressed was darkly felt by multitudes: "This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." And yet the question was neglected by the calm and serious-minded and allowed to drift, until it became the property of a handful of the most intense and passionate—and often least judicious—on both sides. And these developed their respective theses with portentous swiftness, until the practical remedy of peaceable emancipation, before alluded to was simply ignored, and war was upon us before we knew it.

Let us tell our successors of this. Let us beseech them to face troublesome questions and insist upon a solution before they have reached the acute stage. Particularly questions which involve fundamental notions of law or right, or of national tradition.

But surely there are no such questions left! Ah, if that were only true! Friends from the South, have you no risings

¹ The words occur in Mr. Lincoln's Address before the Illinois State Senatorial Convention at Springfield, June 16, 1858. They are worth putting down here with the immediate context:

"We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy the agitation has not only not ceased but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."—*Abraham Lincoln*, NICOLAY and HAY, II, pp. 136-7.

of fear, no sense of impending evil, as you read certain solemn words from the fundamental law of this land, the land of all of us, respecting discrimination on account of race or color? To limit suffrage by law, uniformly and without discrimination, to the educated and responsible, is legitimate and even commendable. Can you declare, as honorable men, that this is what you sought, is what has been done in some States, what is now proposed in others? The national legislature, it is true, has been silent and the national courts as well, and the North is quiescent and seemingly indifferent, and so the predictions of the antagonists of these measures in your own midst, and they were many and of high repute, have been unfulfilled. But, oh, remember! It is the warning entreaty of a friend.

There is one more question from which I apprehend great evil to this country. The Union which to-day we celebrate brought men together for the benefit of all. The "union" which I have in mind, and of which we now hear most, benefits the few to the great damage of the many. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others,"¹ is no less the dictate of sound politics than of religion. But to this union the primary and the final concern seems to be only self.

I fear it first of all because its fundamental motive is selfishness; and that is the negation of all society.

I fear it because it is the foe of personal liberty, first in its own membership, then in the community at large.

I fear it because it gives powers to its leaders which are denied even to military commanders, save in war.

I fear it because it has been tried in the past in the person of the Mediæval Guild, some of whose best regulations, however, it has discarded, and has been found lacking.

I fear it because, if not restrained, it will, in my judgment, make of our happy America a second India, the most depressing country I have ever visited. There, too, the walls of caste follow the lines of avocation, resulting in restricted activity and limited horizon, in loss of initiative, of ambition,

¹ Letter of St. Paul to the Philippians, ii., 4.

of will-power, of manhood; resulting in mutual suspicion and hatred, in incessant and petty strife;—gloom over everything, universal poverty.

I fear it because in the accomplishment of its ends, it arrests the quiet ways of orderly life and resorts not infrequently to violence, assault, arson, and murder, or condones them.

I fear it because in so many ways it is war, war of the worst kind, civil war, and civil war of a subtle and especially dangerous type.¹

The right to organize, the benefit of proper organization is not questioned—but the right to coerce, to dominate by threat or force, can never be conceded in a modern state without eventual disaster; and the attempt to exercise such right should be sternly repressed, without one more moment of delay. The question has already drifted too far. Companions of the Loyal Legion, let us contribute our influence towards its speedy and effectual solution! Let us leave to our children no such evil inheritance as it seems likely to prove!

But I have spoken long enough—perhaps too boldly, in the presence of so many who are my superiors in rank and length of service, and my seniors in age—and must hasten to a close.

¹ Twenty months after these words were written two citizens of the United States had pleaded guilty to the charge of destroying by dynamite a building in Los Angeles, California, in which a score of their fellow citizens, peaceably working at their lawful calling, perished miserably; and a third to complicity in a crime similar in nature though unattended by loss of life. All three had been acting in promotion of the supposed interests of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, which is one of the 115 affiliated national and international unions composing the American Federation of Labor, and of which one of them was general secretary (*World Almanac* for 1912, p. 119, where the name of J. J. McNamara may still be found in the list of secretaries). So extensive seem to have been the ramifications of this Peace-in-War campaign, and so systematic and so patiently executed its plans, that true bills have since been returned by a grand jury against more than thirty other persons; and sixty-six, or more, cases of explosion, scattered over the land from ocean to ocean, are thought to be traceable to the one central bureau. The passions of our Civil War evolved, so far as I remember, no such measures for inspiring terror; and I am aware of no law or custom of public warfare which would tolerate such, or accept in atonement anything short of the supreme penalty.

Let it not be imagined, Companions, that I take a gloomy view of America's past, or of her future, because I have talked plainly of shortcomings in the one and of dangers in the other. I entertain in fact the brightest hopes for our future because of our past. Whatever our shortcomings we are a people compounded of idealism and common sense, and these qualities, with Religion as a solvent, will carry us through. Let the notion once be firmly grasped that War, in its discredit and its horrors, is the private brawl multiplied indefinitely, and the remedy will surely come. I expect it in no Utopia, in no land of dreams and visions. I expect it in the realm of common sense and common decency—in the near future, in our modern society. I expect it through the alliance of two forces already tested in every state and neighborhood in the first stages of their growth out of chaos, tested along our border, here, under the actual observation of many of us—Law stated plainly by a court, Law upheld energetically through the exhibition of adequate physical force.

Such a world-court will be established, I thoroughly believe, and in the not remote future. The way has been paved for it by Americans; and a home has been built for it by an American¹ whose ancestry and whose achievements are a guarantee that he is no mere follower of iridescent dreams, who knows war, having taken an honorable part in our own civil strife, and who has put into his peaceful enterprise the three great modern forces, brains, heart, and capital. By how little the enterprise failed a short time ago could be told, were they free to speak, by the members of our eminent American delegation to The Hague Congress; could be told, if she cared to speak, by the great power² which lent herself to the unworthy rôle of marplot there.

But could the decrees of such a court be enforced upon the recalcitrant? Most certainly; and in the manner in which all court decrees are enforced, by the exhibition of adequate physical force; in this case by an international police made up of details from all the armies and navies of

¹ Andrew Carnegie, LL.D.

² Germany.

the world. In principle this has been done once, before the war, when the coasts of Africa were policed, to suppress the slave trade, by ships from various fleets, our own included; and again in 1900 when six nations combined to restore international comity in China. The adequacy of the device, if once adopted by the consent of a strong majority of the powers, cannot be questioned. For, what could any one power accomplish against the world? On land, what headway could the greatest army, that of Germany, even on its theoretical maximum war footing of say four millions, make against the fourteen millions that could be summoned to suppress it? Or, if on sea, what could the strongest navy, that of England, to suppose the least probable case, with its possible fleet of five or six hundred ships and their hundred and fifty thousand crew, accomplish against the two thousand ships and the three hundred thousand sailors of the rest of the world?

But there would never be occasion for the exhibition of any such force, or, if ever, but once—and then the lesson would have been learned for all time! A fraction not exceeding one-third, contributed by the armies and navies on their present peace footing, would make the decrees of any such court obeyed as promptly and as quietly as, in our own broad country, with its insignificant standing army, are those of our own Supreme Court. This would indeed not be disarmament, which is hardly likely to come to pass until sin is banished from the world, but it would be an economy of two-thirds in the current cost of all kinds of warlike preparation, and even that important fraction of saving would inevitably tend to increase as the world became more and more habituated to the new process for settling its strifes. And it would be the end of war.

Is this too much to expect? Why then should War alone be thought beyond remedy, when the companion scourges of King David's time, Pestilence and Famine, have yielded—the one wholly, the other in great part, to man's science and man's will?

Companions, not in vain will we have seen and suffered

what war brings, if we can commit to faithful men, capable of teaching others, these warnings, these hopes, born of our experiences.

To "faithful men"—can they be found; can they be counted upon? Assuredly. From the East and the West; from the North and from the South; from the islands of the sea, they will rise up, in countless multitudes, commemorating your virtues, recounting your sacrifices and your services, repeating your wisdom, laying their gifts, their tears, their lives, if need be, upon the altar of the common country, in the maintenance of the old notions of virtue and home, of family, piety, and liberty; in the maintenance of peace and union, indissoluble, perpetual, beneath the flag which we followed in our youth, which we love in our old age, which shall, one day, please God, stand watch above our graves.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN MINNESOTA IN 1862.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY BY COMPANION BREVET-MAJOR, WILLIAM F. MORSE,
MAY 4, 1910.

WHEN in July, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 men, and in August followed this with another call for 300,000 more, the loyal people of the North were for the first time able to realize the magnitude of the struggle in which this country was engaged.

The unsuccessful advance of the Army upon Richmond, followed by Lee's invasion of Maryland, and the indecisive battles in Kentucky and Tennessee, forced the conviction that there was a long and desperate struggle before the nation. The attention of the whole North was centred upon the scene of action and the movements of the great armies. The news of an Indian outbreak on the frontier attracted but little attention, overshadowed as it was by reports of battles on the banks of the Potomac, Cumberland, and Mississippi rivers.

Minnesota had become a sovereign state in 1857; the population in the census of 1860 was one hundred and seventy-two thousand people. Responding to the first call of troops made in 1861, the State had furnished four regiments of infantry, a battalion of sharpshooters, and a battery of artillery, as its quota of troops. In the summer of 1862, recruiting was actively going on, throughout the State, the men reporting at Fort Snelling for enlistment, and being furloughed that they might harvest the grain crops then standing in the fields.

Geographically, Minnesota is the highest plateau of

land of any of the Northern or Western States. It is divided longitudinally by the Mississippi River, whose headwaters rise in the northern part of the State. It is again divided, from the west to the southeast, by the Minnesota River. The General Government maintained an army post at Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the two rivers; with another post, Fort Ripley, on the upper Mississippi 130 miles north of Saint Paul, another, Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, and a fourth, also on the upper Minnesota, at Fort Ridgely. These so-called "forts" were simply blocks of buildings placed in a square, with blockhouses at opposite angles. They were without stockades, or other exterior defences. Up to the outbreak of the Civil War they were garrisoned by companies of the regular Army, which were replaced by three companies of the 5th Minnesota Regiment. At Fort Snelling, the general recruiting headquarters of the State, there were then in process of organization the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th regiments.

The northern part of the State, above Fort Ripley, was allotted as the reservation of the Chippewa tribe of Indians. This tribe was one of the subdivisions of the great Algonquin nation which had gradually moved by successive stages through the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, and had settled in the vast pine forests at the headwaters of the Mississippi. These Indians may be called the "Woods Indians," as their habitat has always been in the forests of the North. They got their living by hunting and trapping and were generally peaceful and inoffensive in conduct, except when on the war-path against their hereditary enemies, the Sioux. The Chippewas numbered, in all, about 6000, and were in greatest numbers at the agency of Crow Wing, just above Fort Ripley, and at their northern agency at Red Lake. They received annuities from the Government, and with the aid of the credit extended by traders, and through their exertions in hunting they were in a relatively prosperous and contented condition.

The head chief of the Chippewa tribe, whose native name was Pog-o-na-ge-shik, or, Hole-in-the-Day, lived at the Crow

Wing agency in comparative luxury. He had a large house, built for him by the Government, and maintained a harem of six wives.

Hole-in-the-Day was a crafty man, of considerable diplomacy; anxious always to do the best for himself, fully aware of the power and resources of the Government, and not at all desirous of becoming embroiled with the authorities or with the settlers surrounding the Reservation. His savage instincts became apparent only when he went on the war-path against the Sioux. Even these subsided immediately after the skirmish between the tribes, and Hole-in-the-Day returned to Crow Wing by stage-coach, alighting from time to time to give scalp-dances at various points along the river.

The upper part of the Minnesota valley, about 130 miles above Fort Ridgely, was occupied by the Sioux, in four bands on a reservation. These Indians belonged to the great national division of the Dakotas,—“the Allies”—which included a large number of separate tribes, extending far out on the plains, and ranging from the western line of the state south and west beyond the Missouri River.

There were four bands on the Minnesota River reservation which in 1851 ceded their lands to the Government. Two lower bands, the M'dwaywa-kan-tons and Wak-pay-ku-tays, were known as the Lower Sioux, and had their agency at Redwood, on the Minnesota. The Si-si-tons and Wah-pay-tons, were called the upper Sioux. Their agency was at Yellow Medicine. The lands set apart for these reservations were in a strip ten miles in width, on each side of the Minnesota River. There were in all 8000 men, women, and children.

There was also a small band of Winnebagoes, about 1500 in number, in Blue Earth County, ten miles from Mankato.

The upper Sioux never took kindly to the customs of white men. They lived by hunting buffalo on the plains, and were called “Blanket Indians,” in distinction to the lower Sioux who were known as “Breeches Indians,” and

were gradually becoming sufficiently civilized to receive instruction in farming from the Government.

In June of each year the Indians generally gathered at the Lower Agency to receive the annual payments made to them. In 1862 they had assembled at the agency under conditions that were exceptionally severe. They had no food, the game in that part of the country had long been exhausted, and traders had refused credit. The Indians were held from June until the middle of August awaiting the payments. There were rumors that only partial payment would be made, and that a large deduction would be made for the erection of buildings and the purchase of farming tools,—things for which the northern Indians had no use whatever. There was widespread discontent concerning the dishonest manner in which the sales of their lands had been conducted, and moreover there was general knowledge among them that the Government was in conflict with the Southern States. They had seen the recruiting of soldiers going on, and knew of the enlistment of companies of half-breeds from the Lower Agency, to go south.

All these circumstances added fuel to the racial hostility which has always existed between civilized and savage nations when brought into immediate contact. The Indians were divided among themselves; a number of their leading chiefs, Wabasha, Shakopee, and Red Iron were friendly to the whites and in favor of peace and moderation. Others, conspicuous among whom were Little Crow, and Young Shakopee, the son of the old chief, counselled extreme measures. This latter party formed what was known as the Soldiers' Lodge, composed of young braves, whose purpose was to declare war against the whites.

The attitude of the peace party was well-expressed the year previous in an address made by Red Iron, when the Indians had assembled at the agency for the same purpose and had endured the same privations and hardships as in 1862.

To certain requests made by Governor Ramsey the chief, Red Iron, had replied as follows:

"We will receive our annuity, but we will sign no papers for anything else. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money. We are poor; you have plenty. Your fires are warm, your tepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our moneys. Our hunting season is past. A great many of our people are sick for being hungry. We may die because you don't pay us. We may die, but if we do we will leave our bones on the ground so that our Great Father [the President of the United States] may see where his Dakota children died. We are very poor. We have sold our hunting ground and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money for our lands."

This accurately describes the situation in 1862, during the time that the Indians were waiting for their deferred payments. They were angry and hungry; threats were made that the warehouses at the agency would be attacked. Some of the chiefs were ambitious, and thought it a good opportunity to push their own fortunes, and to exalt themselves in the sight of their own people.

Everything was peaceful on the surface, however, up to the morning of August 17th. On that day, which was Sunday, a party of Indians, which had been hunting deer in the woods, got into a wrangle among themselves, accusing each other of cowardice. The result of the quarrel was that they agreed to attack the first white persons they met. At the house of Howard Baker, a short distance from the little town of Acton, in Meeker County, the Indians found three men, Mr. Baker and his son, and Mr. Webster, and Webster's wife, all immigrants from Michigan. These people were joined by Robinson and Jones and his wife, from an adjoining farmhouse. The Indians proposed to them that they go out and shoot at a mark. This done, the white men failed to reload their guns. Whereupon the Indians suddenly turned and shot down Robinson, his wife, and Baker and Webster. They then went to Jones's house and killed a Miss Wilson. After these murders they went to the agency, and that night reported what they had done.

Shakopee, chief of the band to which these Indians belonged, called in Little Crow, in counsel. The latter at once declared, upon being asked to lead his people:

"The fight had to come sometime; it may as well come now. I will lead you. The first thing to be done is to go to the agency, kill the whites and take their goods."

On the morning of the 18th an attack was made upon the Lower Agency, where all the men, with one exception, were killed and several women wounded and taken as prisoners. During the delay to plunder the traders' stores the missionaries and their people, with a few others, were notified by friendly Indians, and made their escape to Hutchinson. A similar attack and slaughter occurred at the Upper Agency, on the same day.

Little Crow at once sent out scouting parties along the border, and isolated farmhouses and small settlements were attacked, the families found there killed, and the buildings burned.

The slaughter of men, women, and children was conducted in the most horrible way. The settlers, taken by surprise, were able to offer practically no resistance. They would gather in parties and start for the nearest large settlement, or for Fort Ridgely, but this banding of the whites merely gave the better opportunities to the Indians to surround them and destroy them. In one case twenty-five families, comprising more than one hundred people, were killed by a party of Shakopee's band. One Indian, named Cut Nose, personally killed a wagon load of eleven individuals, women and children.

These marauding parties covered the country in every direction, penetrating within thirty miles of Minneapolis, and in the southeast nearly to Saint Peter, in the southwest as far as Spirit Lake, which is in Iowa.

It is estimated that the number of people killed in this first week of the outbreak was 600, and that 200 were taken prisoners. Thousands left their homes and standing crops

and fled to the nearest points that offered safety. The large towns of Saint Peter and Mankato were crowded with thousands of refugees, who suffered greatly from distress and privation. A universal panic spread through the northern and western part of Minnesota. It was feared that the Chippewas would join with the Sioux in a general massacre of all the whites in that part of the country.

Immediately on receipt of the news at Fort Ridgely of the Indian outbreak, Captain Marsh, of the 5th Minnesota, who was then in command of the post, with forty-five men, marched at once to the Lower Agency thirteen miles up the Minnesota River. Many dead bodies on the line of march were buried by Captain Marsh's men. On reaching the agency on the other side of the river Marsh was ambuscaded, and twenty-four of his men were killed at one fire. The survivors retreated up the river, and attempted to cross by swimming, Captain Marsh and four of his company were drowned. All that were left, about fifteen, reached the fort under cover of darkness.

Fort Ridgely was reinforced on the morning of the 19th, by the return of a detachment of Company B under Lieutenant Sheehan, who had been ordered to report at Fort Ripley; also by Company C of the 5th Regiment, and the Renville Rangers, the whole amounting to 180 effective men. There were four small howitzers and a nine-pounder cannon, in charge of Sergeant Jones, ordnance-sergeant of the regular Army.

About noon on the same day there arrived at the fort the long expected annuity money, \$71,000, in gold and silver.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, the Indians congregated on the prairie, two miles from the fort and within plain view of it, and held a council of war. At this council it was determined not to attack the fort but to proceed to New Ulm, a little town of 1200 population.

Meantime, news of the outbreak being sent on to Saint Peter, a volunteer company was hastily formed, by Judge Charles A. Flandrau, who was made captain, and that night 116 men marched to the relief of New Ulm. They arrived

in time to assist the townspeople in their resistance to the first attack by the Indians.

On the 20th of August, Fort Ridgely was surrounded and the outer buildings taken. A hot engagement ensued, lasting nearly three hours, with the result to the garrison of three killed and eight wounded. Being beaten off at the fort, Chief Little Crow, with six hundred and fifty Indians, made the second attack upon New Ulm. The whole town was surrounded, and the buildings fired on the windward side. One hundred and ninety houses were burned,—all of the town except a small portion contained within the barricades. The desperate character of the fight is shown by the loss of sixty white men in one hour and a half. At that time there were in the town about 1500 non-combatants, women and children and unarmed citizens, every individual of whom would have been massacred had the little garrison been overcome.

This is the most gallant defence made in the history of the country by armed citizens unsupported by regular troops.

New Ulm was evacuated on Monday the twenty-fifth, when all the refugees were moved to Mankato.

Repulsed with heavy loss by the settlers Little Crow returned to his original plan of attempted capture of Fort Ridgely, and made his second and most determined attack at that point on Friday, August 22d.

His plan of attack was to pour a continuous fire into the fort, from every direction, and later carry it by general assault from the southwest corner. This was defeated by the sustained fire of the howitzers, which swept the coulee, or ravine, approaching the fort, and prevented concentration of the savages at any point for an assault. The duration of the attack was five hours, during which the garrison loss was comparatively small, and that of the Indians probably more than one hundred.

Governor Ramsey was informed of the outbreak on August 19th. He immediately commissioned Colonel Henry H. Sibley, as Colonel of the State Militia, and placed him in

charge of all the troops which would be put in the field. Ex-Governor Sibley was a man experienced in the customs and habits of the Indians and was a distinguished resident of the State, having been its first governor.

Colonel Sibley started on the morning of the 20th with four companies of the 6th Minnesota, and arrived in Saint Peter on the 22d. His force was increased on the 25th by companies of the 6th Regiment, three hundred mounted men, and several companies of volunteer militia.

On the 31st of August a detail of one Infantry company, seventy mounted men, and some citizens and soldiers, in all about one hundred and fifty men, were sent to the Lower Agency to bury the dead, and to afford relief to any survivors. This command encamped at Birch Coulee, a ravine running up from the Minnesota River, and on the morning of September 1st were ambuscaded and attacked by about five hundred Indians under command of Little Crow. The camp was in an exposed position; it was overlooked by rising ground, and surrounded by brush and timber affording shelter. Here, for thirty-one hours of continuous firing, the little party defended itself against an overwhelming force of Indians. The men were without food or water, had only inadequate arms, and lacked ammunition. They lay behind hasty barricades of the bodies of horses, and maintained the most gallant defence of the sort known in the history of Indian warfare. No engagement with the Indians compares with it except the desperate resistance of Colonel Forsyth in September, 1868, against the Cheyenne warriors of Roman Nose.

The 3d Minnesota Infantry, who had been taken prisoners of war at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and were then at the Benton Barracks in Saint Louis, were ordered to join Colonel Sibley's command. The regiment reached the State on September 5th, and marched the next day to the relief of the frontier towns of Glencoe and Hutchinson. Here the settlers were still collected in stockaded forts. The regiment was under command of Major Welch of the 1st Minnesota, all its commissioned officers having been taken south. It made

a forced march of five days, burying many dead, relieving the garrisons of several towns, and reaching Fort Ridgely on September 13th.

Colonel Sibley had now concentrated all the available troops in the State, comprising about two thousand men, with one battalion of cavalry, and a section of artillery. He moved from his camp in pursuit of the Indians on the 19th of September, and on the 22d camped at Wood Lake, a small body of water with a stream running into it that was crossed by a bridge.

During the night this camp was surrounded by the Indians, and at daybreak several foraging teams of the 3d Minnesota were fired upon. The regiment was instantly in line, driving the Indians back three quarters of a mile, until halted by command of Colonel Sibley.

At the signal of the waving of a buffalo robe by Little Crow some six hundred Indians rose from the grass and charged down upon the line. The 3d Regiment, and the Renville Rangers, who were on our right, fell back to the banks of the stream, and being reinforced by the 6th Regiment, held the ground.

It was at this point of the engagement that the personal experience of the writer became somewhat exceptional, and for that reason may be related:

Since there were no commissioned officers with the regiment the orderly sergeant of each company held command as captain. The men had been lying in the grass, fighting the Indians in the Indian fashion. The writer, acting as lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, was passing along the bank of the ravine when, for some unknown reason, his eye fell upon an Indian who had raised himself upon his arm and was taking deliberate aim at him with a double-barrelled gun, at about fifty yards out on the prairie. At the instant that he saw the Indian's eye over the barrel of the gun the piece was discharged. Within the fractional period of time that elapsed before the bullet struck the writer, who anticipated that he would be struck, and who believed the wound would be mortal, occurred that phe-

nomenon so often referred to as a "vision of the past life,"—a minute panorama of the more important events of a lifetime, impossible to describe or analyze, and which to be understood must be experienced. It was as though a flash of lightning had illuminated a curtain on which incidents of the past were shown, and which in that white glare stood out vividly. In fact, the action of the mind was so incredibly rapid that the writer seemed to be capable of thoroughly apprehending all these incidents not separately but collectively, and simultaneously.

The action was continued for about two hours, and was ended by a charge of the 3d Regiment, three companies of the 6th Regiment, and the enfilading fire of the battery which broke the Indian's line, and drove them in rapid retreat over the prairie. This was a battle to the death; no quarter was given on either side. We were fortunate in bringing off most of our wounded, and we found the bodies of fourteen Indians who had been killed in the charge.

No advance was made by Colonel Sibley, who went into camp on the scene of action. The Indians retreated to their village, about five miles away, where an angry debate ensued. Chief Little Crow demanded that the captives be slaughtered, and that the braves should retreat over the prairie under cover of night to the Missouri River, abandoning their women and children. This was opposed by a strong peace party, which pointed out that Little Crow had been unsuccessful in every engagement, and that to offer further resistance—and especially to kill the captives—would bring upon them the entire force, and a war of extermination that would inevitably follow.

That night Little Crow, with one hundred and twenty-five of his personal followers, left the Indian camp and struck out for the Missouri River. They took with them ten or twelve captive women and children.

Another smaller band left the Indian camp, headed by some chiefs and braves, who by their atrocities had forfeited their chances for mercy from the Government, struck north for the Canadian line, intending to put

themselves under the protection of the Canadian Government.

Negotiations were opened with Colonel Sibley, who demanded as the first step, preliminary to any peace proposition, the surrender of all captives in the hands of the savages.

On the third day this negotiation was completed by the surrender of the Indians, and the delivery of ninety-one white captives, and 162 half-breeds.

A mounted command was sent on the trail of Little Crow, but failed to overtake him. His history terminates in the following year, upon his return at the head of a small party to the frontier line, supposedly for the purpose of recovering goods that had been hidden by him, and for stealing horses. He was seen by a farmer and his son, and killed by them; his body being recovered and afterwards identified.

Colonel Sibley returned to Fort Ridgely with 1500 captive Indians, and appointed a military court-martial for the trial of those known to have been concerned in the massacres of the defenceless whites. Evidence was obtained from half-breeds, through missionaries, and by the testimony of Godfrey, a negro who was known to have killed twelve people, and who turned state's evidence. The military commission reported to General Pope (who in the meantime had been assigned to the command of the Department, by President Lincoln), the results of the conviction of 303 Indians, proven to have participated in the massacre, and in battle against the troops.

In November all except thirty-eight Indians were reprieved by the President, and these were hanged on one scaffold at Mankato the following month.

The remainder were sent west of the Missouri River, and gradually merged with the nomadic tribes of the plains. The party that went to the Canadian line was refused admittance to that territory, and was afterwards captured by the troops. Four of them were convicted and hanged.

The loss of life by reason of this outbreak has been estimated as follows:

Loss of citizens at the agencies and the adjoining territory, and in the frontier counties, known	644
Soldiers killed in the various engagements	94
Making a total number known to have been killed . .	738

The property loss of buildings burned and crops destroyed was upwards of three million dollars. At least thirty thousand people were rendered homeless for the autumn, and part of the winter months. The results of the war were felt along the border for many years thereafter. There was a general feeling of insecurity, and the development of the State was undoubtedly retarded for many years.

The whole outbreak from the 17th of August to the surrender of the Indians at Camp Release on the 26th of September occupied only forty days. During that time troops were raised and organized; they marched to the relief of the frontier posts, fought the battles of the campaign, and returned to their posts in October and November, and were reorganized into regiments, and left for the south in December and January.

This is an instance of rapidity and energy of action by the state government and state troops such as had never before been accomplished in war against the Indians. Not only did these troops fight the battle against the Indians unaided by those of any other State, but they also immediately rallied to the support of the General Government, and furnished their full quota of men in the War of the Rebellion. Twenty-five thousand Minnesota men, out of a population of 172,000, being one in every seven of the total population, were found in the ranks of the loyal North, and did their share of fighting in the war for the protection of the Union.

Taking into consideration the large number of people killed by the Indians, the threatening attitude of the great and powerful Chippewa tribe, and the expected attack that might come from the Sioux of the plains in the following year, it may be an open question if any other State of the Union exhibited greater devotion to the common cause of the country, or made greater sacrifices than did Minnesota during the trying years of 1861 to 1864.

THE SERVICES AND SACRIFICES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REPUBLIC DURING THE REBELLION.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY
OF THE LOYAL LEGION, OCTOBER 5, 1910, BY
COMPANION EDWARD TRENCHARD

INTRODUCTORY.

IN preparing this paper I became well aware of the magnitude of the subject!

Many, *many* pages could not recount women's patriotism during those years of civil strife.

Every veteran present has his stories to relate about it.

Therefore I present it as a tribute to those Northern heroines. A reminder to our veteran companions, and a recollection to our hereditary ones, that I trust we may ever cherish—The Services and the Sacrifices of the Daughters of our Republic during the Rebellion!

On the afternoon of April 12, 1861, crowds gathered around the newspapers' bulletin boards. Fort Sumter had been fired upon, our flag dishonored, and war became the theme on every tongue. Then came the call to arms. The long roll sounded, and regiment after regiment marched to the defence of the nation's capitol. Along the Potomac, the tented field was in evidence at every point. Then came our first battles. Camp hospitals, hastily established, were soon the scene of pain and anguish. The brave men being made as comfortable as our knowledge of such matters then allowed. Women from all over the North offered their services as nurses; and soon the tenderest

of care was being given to the wounded, not only in hospitals but on the battlefield. The very presence of these angels of mercy brought an atmosphere of cheerful courage, as they wrote letters home for the wounded, sat down at their cot-side and read, obtained such food as the surgeon would allow the invalid, gave a word of encouragement here, prayed with another there, and soothed their weary way.

Often on the field of battle the nurses tended the wounded amid shot and shell; even receiving wounds themselves. Among the most prominent nurses we might mention the names of Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Bickerdyke, Miss Safford, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Cordelia Harvey, and "Aunty" Bradley, the angel of Camp Misery; Dr. Mary Walker, Lieutenant Walker if you please, as for her gallant service in the field she received a commission from the hand of the President and was eligible as a commissioned officer to companionship in the Commandery. Mrs. Turchin, wife of Colonel Turchin of the 19th Illinois, accompanied her husband as hospital nurse (regimental nurse). In 1862, Colonel Turchin was taken ill, and Mrs. Turchin led the regiment into action; she seemed utterly devoid of fear. On the Colonel's convalescing she resumed her nursing. The Colonel got into trouble and was ordered to be court-martialed. Mrs. Turchin went to Washington, and just as the Court pronounced him guilty, Mrs. Turchin dramatically entered the court, pardon in one hand and a brigadier's commission in the other.

As the war progressed hospital ships were equipped and proved of the greatest value, the nurses tending the convalescents on deck, the sea air aiding in their rapid recovery; the *Webster No. 1* and *State of Maine* being placed in charge of Mrs. Gifford and Mrs. Lane of New York. Other vessels were added as required.

No greater work was done than by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters of the Holy Cross presided over a large hospital and those at Emmitsburg, Md., and Notre Dame, Ind., and their wards became examples to follow. Sister Anthony of Cincinnati

was specially energetic. On all the fields of battle in the East and West the nurses moved amidst the wounded, and the "white bonnet sisters" were respected by both Northern and Southern soldiery.

At home women were busily engaged in preparing all the comforts for the absent ones that patriotism could suggest.

Around the evening lamp (there were such things as evenings at home in those days, even in *great* cities) one member of the family would read aloud the latest news from the seat of war, as old and young would prepare lint, others knit stockings, some capped with a rim of our national colors; and others cut out and put together that monstrosity, the havelock, that easy mark for the enemy's riflemen. Then the young people, to piano accompaniment, would give a rattling chorus of *John Brown's Body*, *Tenting To-night*, or some other war songs. Many sewing bees were instituted, and in home kitchens was prepared many a delicacy. In early December, Christmas boxes would be made up of all kinds of dainties to send to the army. Obliging patriotic shopkeepers would succumb to winsome smiles, and duly pay tribute to the holiday contributions.

Apropos of the manufacture of socks the pupils of the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati knitted a hundred pair of socks. Appended to the package were these words: "Assure our brave men that gratitude to them mingleth with our desire to serve our country." A Mrs. Frazer of Duxbury, Mass., knitted many socks, and might be said to have literally taken up the thread of history, as eighty-five years before she had knitted stockings for the soldiers of the Revolution. Mary Henderson of Indiana, an aged blind woman in November, '61, knitted a dozen pair of socks out of yarn she twisted herself on her old time spinning-wheel.

Even Cupid got busy, strategically. Pinned to a package of socks was this note:

"MY DEAR BOY:

"I have knit these socks expressly for you. How do you like them? And where is your home? I am 19 years old, medium height, blue eyes, fair complexion, light hair, and a good deal of it.

Write and tell me all about yourself. If the recipient has a wife please exchange socks with a poor fellow not so fortunate."

Was there a sequel to this story? A yarn indeed that Chambers might weave most charmingly into a novel.

Hands as well as feet were provided for. A widows' society in Portland, Me., gave 700 mittens to the soldiers. Undoubtedly they were practised in the art. But this brand of mitten our brave boys accepted gracefully.

Personal sacrifices were made by many ladies. One favorite way was to cut down household expenses and donate the difference to the war fund. Print butter rose to over ninety cents a pound and patriotism, or good housekeeping, reduced the amount used in many households. But the difference was added to the fund! I recall that Mrs. Edgar Thompson, wife of the creator of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and sister of our companion Major Henry Eagle Smith gave up her carriage during the entire years of the conflict, donating the running expenses to the cause. Recruiting was largely encouraged by the fair sex, and at every gathering the civilian's costume became more and more a *rari avis*, and the plain "Mr." was so tabooed that some of our best officers were literally forced into the service. At Clinton, Ohio, the young ladies were disgusted at the slow recruiting, and seven of them going to the recruiting station said, "If you will give us uniforms we will march away leaving our clothes to the young men lacking in manliness." Patriotism inspired many Western women to take the peaceful field, as their male relations took to the tented, and one spouse breaking into poetry wrote her husband.

"Don't stop a moment to think, John,
Your country calls you, then go.
Don't think of me or the children, John,
I 'll care for them, you know.

"Leave the corn upon the stalks, John,
Potatoes on the hill,
And the pumpkins on the vine, John,

I 'll gather them with a will.

Then take your gun and go, John! take your gun and go.
Ruth can drive the oxen, John; and I can use the hoe."

Many regimental colors were woven by fair hands—sisters, cousins, aunts, sweethearts, and wives; of the battalions, some charming daughter of Eve was chosen to hand the colors over to the care of the blushing colonel, as he stammered out something about the colors never being surrendered to the enemy.

Energetic women organized amateur theatricals to procure proceeds for the war fund, and ultimately these companies performed at the home hospitals to an enthusiastic audience of convalescents.

At the Knox Female Seminary, the young ladies voted to give up their class badges and donate the amount of \$50 to the cause. "It 's a small offering," they wrote, "but our hearts are in it"; and the young ladies of Mt. Holyoke Seminary likewise contributed their badge fund amounting to \$150. In Troy, N. Y., tableaux by the fair ones netted \$800, and so the good work went on. Even the young misses gave of their holiday money, and the contents of their missionary savings boxes were emptied. A lady in Boston drove up to the Volunteers Headquarters, and left a box tied with red, white, and blue ribbon, containing a hundred dollars in gold (gold was then at a premium.) It bore a card inscribed "God bless and keep our boys. Mass. sons are heart treasures, defenders of our flag."

As troops began to arrive in Philadelphia, the women residing in the vicinity of Broad Street depot opened their houses, and fed many there. On April 23, '61. Sherman's celebrated Light Battery passed through that city and it being the noon-day hour the ladies served them with refreshments hot from the ranges; and on their departure the artillery gave three rousing cheers for the Union and the ladies of Philadelphia. This was the beginning of the development of the cooper refreshment saloon. A large building used as a cooper shop was rented and formally opened on the 27th of May, '61, by the Volunteer Relief Association composed

almost entirely of women. All soldiers passing through the city were fed, a corps of young ladies waiting upon them. Washing rooms were provided, writing materials were at hand, and fresh water for their canteens. Four thousand soldiers were fed in one day. The Penn. Woman's Relief Association of Philadelphia organized May, '62, supplemented the work of the cooper saloon and aided the sanitary commission in field work. In 1861 to 1864, 317,000 men were fed in the cooper shop; and 612,131 by the Woman's Volunteer saloon—going to the war and returning.

In 1862 was organized the sanitary commission with headquarters in all the large Northern and Western cities. Foremost in this work was the fair sex, giving more time to this labor of love. The rooms of these organizations were crowded with women's work ready to send to the front. Large fairs were held in all the principal cities; the most notable because on a larger scale, being in Philadelphia. It covered the entire Logan Square, and was termed the Grand Central Fair, because it represented the contributions of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware; an art gallery, military museum, horticultural department, and an Indian encampment being the principal features. The trees of course could not be removed, and the graceful branches were inlaid in the roof of the main building giving a most charming effect; lanterns decorated in the evening. It was Philadelphia ladies' time and energy that caused its success. The receipts amounted to \$1,035,539.

In this city many hundreds of women organized relief work for the troops: Mesdames Marquand, Schuyler, Aspinwall, Astor, Hamilton Fish, and many others; then there were the N. Y. Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, and a large corps of nurses were sent to the field. Mrs. Bayles, the wife of a well known N. Y. merchant, had charge of the Woman's Relief Hospital and gave up all the comforts of a charming home to care for the sufferers at Yorktown. Mrs. Bayles had taken a course in nursing and surgery. The sanitary fair held in the old 22d Regiment armory

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was carried to a most successful result: exceedingly attractive, a magnificent picture gallery, arms' and trophies' museum, and all trades and manufactures represented—a miniature world's fair. Concerts and theatres gave performances during the fair period, net proceeds being \$1,183,506.

Brooklyn had originally intended to co-operate with New York in holding the grand sanitary fair, but the latter changing the date of holding from February 22d to March 23d the city of churches decided to hold their own, and it was duly opened on February 22d at the Academy of Music. The orchestra was floored over and the stage setting a camp hospital. A museum, art gallery, manufactures' department, Knickerbocker restaurant, and New England kitchen were the principal features, apple bees and quilting parties taking place in the latter every evening.

A calico ball was given the last night of the fair, netting \$2000—entire proceeds \$402,943.

The women in Boston held a sanitary fair as well and a sailors' home fair too, the receipts of the latter being over \$247,000.

San Francisco held a grand bazaar, and the ladies were instrumental in handing the sanitary committee a large purse. The grand western fair held in Chicago presented many novelties and owing to the energies of the ladies netted \$235,406. Among the many donations forwarded from time to time to the sanitary commission we would cite the following: A bed-quilt made by a fond mother had this note appended: "My boy is in the Army. Let the one made warm by this quilt (my handwork) remember his mother's love." Another wrote: "This pillow belonged to my boy. It's a precious treasure. But I give it for the soldiers." A box of bandages was superscribed: "This is a poor gift but all I have. I have given my husband and boy, alas! I have no more to give." A package of eye shades were marked: "Eye shades made by one that is blind. Oh, I long to see the dear old flag that you are all fighting under," and any number of such offerings kept coming in.

Of individual acts of heroism we might illustrate thus: A young girl bred in "Old Kentucky," Anna Basford, saved her young brother at the pistol point. A guerilla, not a gorilla (though many people thought them equally savage) was about to carry him away for the Army; but the miss drew the bead on him, and he quit instanter.—Near Jackson, Tenn., the 27th Iowa en route to the war was saved by two women. A railroad bridge had been wrecked by the enemy, and these two young misses had walked ten miles to wave a lantern and warn them of the danger.

Vivandières served in a number of regiments. A Mrs. Brownell, her husband having received a commission in the 5th Rhode Island, accompanied him to the seat of war as the daughter of the regiment, attended the wounded in the field, and at Bull Run the color sergeant (of the 5th) being wounded, she carried the colors to another Non-Com., receiving a wound herself. The daughter of Colonel Le Gall of the 55th N. Y. served as the regimental "Vivandières" and one of Indiana's most gallant regiments (Lew Wallace's I think) enrolled a daughter that tended many a stricken soldier in the midst of battle.

There have been many stories of women soldiers serving in the Civil War. It has been asserted that as many as 400 volunteered; but as examples of these modern amazons we can authenticate the following services: Mrs. Henderson, one of our earliest nurses, in order to facilitate her comfort-giving to our men, foraged among the Southern homes for milk, eggs, etc., but always paid for them. On one occasion a Southern woman pointing a pistol, Mrs. Henderson swung under her horse, cowboy style, then suddenly held the daughter of the Confederacy in turn at pistol point. The latter having surrendered Mrs. Henderson bid her mount the horse, and returned to camp converting her captive (*mirabile dictu*) into a loyal Northern nurse. Mrs. Henderson afterwards adopted a lieutenant's uniform reporting regularly at headquarters and doing much spy work. Her escapades and escapes were many.

An Ohio woman's husband having enlisted she determined

to share his fortune in the field, as well as at home, and actually served during the entire war in the same regiment and company, both returning home in good health and never having been wounded.

Two young ladies from Williamsburgh, Mesdames Wilson and Graves respectively, succeeded in enlisting in the 24th New Jersey Volunteers, Miss Wilson's lover being in another company. At Vicksburg her lover was wounded, and her great solicitation for him was very marked. Being wounded in the next battle herself, her sex was discovered, but going to Cairo she re-enlisted in the 3d Illinois Cavalry. Riding through that city the police suspecting her to be a spy, arrested her, which resulted in her receiving a discharge from the army.

Then there was Mrs. Etheridge, 3d Michigan, serving for three years, and who was in every battle that the regiment was engaged in. She re-enlisted in the 3d Michigan Infantry. Bridget Devons of the 3d Michigan Cavalry served through the war with her husband. "Kady" Brownell of the 5th Rhode Island (her father having been an English soldier) her husband being the color bearer of the regiment. A curious case was that of Frances Miller, an orphan enlisted in the 19th Illinois regiment, who was captured (her brother killed) at Pittsburg Landing. Jeff Davis hearing of it offered her a lieutenant's commission, but she replied, "I would rather serve as private under the Stars and Stripes" and was exchanged not paroled. Dr. Mary Walker urged her appointment as a lieutenant. "There is no sex in patriotism," she said.

The *Wisconsin Witness* of March 14th contained this local paragraph, "Miss Georgiana Peterman has been two years at the war in the 7th Wisconsin. Is twenty years old; wears soldier's clothes and is quiet and reserved."

There were many lyrics of the war penned by the fair, the leader of them being that venerable matron Julia Ward Howe (her *Battle Hymn of the Republic* has become a classic); Mrs. Beers's *All's Quiet on the Potomac To-night*, *The Picket Guard, Co. K*, and other well-known verses.

Mrs. Beach's *The Sinking of the Cumberland*; and Edna Dean Proctor's, *The Stars and Stripes*; Mary Clerner Ames, Mrs. Whitney, Lilian St. John, Eliza Oakes Smith, Marion Brownson, Mrs. Emeline Smith, Mrs. Doyer, and many other minor poetesses. Various magazine and newspaper articles were also contributed by gifted women.

At last Richmond fell. Lee surrendered. The grand army reviewed at Washington disbanded, and our depleted regiments returned to the places of their respective recruiting; but as the band played *Johnny Comes Marching Home* and cheers rent the air as the soldier boys disembarked surrounded by loved ones, alas, there were many more that "he cometh not!" they said. Ah, the sacrifices of those Spartan mothers! (It has been estimated that only one-fifth of those enrolled were married.) The patient mothers that waited day by day—Years perhaps, for tidings of each battle.

It came to the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln that Mrs. Bixby, a Boston widow, had lost five sons in the service and he at once wrote her:

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which would attempt to beguile you from a grief so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save."

At Bangor, Me., a recruit was told, "You must obtain your father's consent to enlist." "I have none," was his reply. Then your mother's, and she wrote the recruiting officer: "Take him. He is my all. But I freely give him to my country." Captain Wilson of the 2d Maryland was killed as that regiment took the bridge at Antietam. He was one of five brothers that all gave their lives for the Union, and now rest side by side in a Maryland Cemetery. Monuments throughout the length and breadth of our land attest to the valor of her noble sons; but is there any monument to those brave, patient mothers that gave those boys in response to the nations call?

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word, or thought,
From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart,
A woman who would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part,
Lo! There is that battlefield.

The future of the American woman is very bright. Legislation is gradually according her rights; and our Daughters of the Republic will shine more prominently than ever in our history making; but never can her deeds shine more gloriously than in those dark days of the Civil War, cheering our legions on to battle, comforting the sick and wounded, and soothing the soldier's brow as his life blood ebbed away, giving his very life that the Republic might live. The Re-United States of America.

A W OPPENHEIM
CONFEDERATE NOTE
COLLECTOR

AN EXPERIENCE IN VIRGINIA PRISONS DURING THE LAST WINTER OF THE WAR.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY, DECEMBER 7, 1910, BY COMPANION GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, ADJUTANT AND BREVET-MAJOR, 176th REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLs.

THE following record of my sojourn in the winter of 1864-65 in Libby and in Danville prisons has been prepared under the instructions of the Commander of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion for publication in the volume of Reports of the Commandery. Forty-six years have elapsed since the winter here described, and I cannot undertake to say that my memory can be trusted for all of the details or incidents. I have no doubt that these will be open to correction on the part of comrades who may have shared the experiences of those strenuous months. I can only say that the record has been set down in good faith, and may be accepted as possessing such value as belongs to any individual experience recalled after a long interval of years.

My experience as a prisoner in Virginia began on the 19th of October, 1864, a day made famous by Sheridan's decisive victory at Cedar Creek. At the time of the battle, my regiment, which belonged to Grover's division of the 19th Army Corps, occupied a position on the extreme left of the line that had been assigned to the corps. On our left, the field sloped down to the Shenandoah Pike, while on the farther side of the pike, a rising ground extending to the flank of Massanutten Mountain was occupied by the 8th Corps. The line of the entire army faced southward, the

only direction from which an attack seemed to be possible. It was difficult in any case to believe that an attack was to be anticipated even from so persistent and plucky an opponent as General Early.

Within the preceding thirty days, Early's army had been sent whirling through Winchester, and had been driven back from its works on Fisher's Hill, with a serious loss of men and of guns. It seemed certainly very unlikely that these beaten, tired, and hungry troops could venture an attack upon Sheridan's lines.

The battle of Cedar Creek has been often described, and the main events are, of course, familiar to all of my hearers who were present or who have kept themselves interested in the record of the decisive events of the war. My individual relation to it was but small, as I was "taken possession of" during the early hours of that strenuous morning. We were aroused in the foggy darkness by the sound of firing across the pike on our left. We realized that something was wrong with our friends in the 8th Corps, but it was impossible to see across the road, and during the first hour our understanding of what was happening was very confused. In falling into line on the alarm, we faced, as said, to the south, but when round shot came rolling along our trench from across the pike, it was evident that the attack to be repelled was to come from the east or from the southeast. Our brigade was wheeled to the left so as to face, or nearly to face, the pike and before long the rest of the division wheeled in like manner, forming an extension of our line. A field battery of four or six guns had been placed a little in advance of the position of my regiment. The first shots across the road had disabled some of the horses, and the men had dragged in behind our infantry line all of the guns but one. A brigade-commander (I think it was Colonel Dan Macauley of the 11th Indiana) called from his horse (and it is my memory that at that hour but very few of the officers had ventured to mount their horses) for men to go out and drag in the last gun. A group of us started across the field, but just as we went forward, Macauley received a shot through

his chest. The men in the line, finding that the "Butternuts" were working across the pike to the north, fell back, if I understand rightly, not under any orders, but with the instinct of veterans to keep themselves from being outflanked. When I reached the gun, I found that there were not enough men with me to make it possible to move the piece across the rough ground, and we were almost immediately cut off by an intervening line of the enemy. The slope was an uncomfortable resting place, as for a brief time it was receiving a scattering fire from both sides. We lay down flat on the rough turf, and while I was not even at that time a very large man, I remember having the uncomfortable feeling, as the zip, zip of the balls went over our heads, that I was swelling upward as big as an elephant. We had, however, but few minutes to be troubled with this phase of the situation, as the second line of the enemy soon came sweeping across the road and promptly took possession of our little group. I was the only officer in the lot and I think there may have been with me eight or nine men. As I saw the advance of the rebel line, I had hidden my sword in a cleft of the rock. It was a presentation sword bearing, in addition to my own name, those of the company officers of my regiment, and I have been hoping since the war that some impecunious Southerner would be interested, for a proper consideration, in looking up the owner; but I have had no tidings of it. I had in my belt a small Remington revolver and without thinking the matter out, I had, in place of disposing of the pistol, taken out and thrown away the cylinder. The first "Butternut" with whom I came in contact was a little excited; I think he must have gotten hold of a drop of 8th Corps whiskey. He took the pistol from my belt, and as long as he held it up straight in front of him, he was quite pleased with his acquisition. When on turning it, however, he discovered the absence of the cylinder, he was a very mad "reb" indeed. He brought up his Enfield with an imprecation and ordered the "damned little Yank" to find that cylinder. I was naturally not very much interested in meeting his wishes excepting for the purpose

of getting rid of the threatening Enfield, and I had given the cylinder a miscellaneous chuck and should not have known where to look. Fortunately, one of his officers was within reach and knocking down his piece, sent him to the front, while myself and the men with me were taken across the creek to be placed with the prisoners that had been gathered in a little earlier from the camp of the 8th corps.

In the course of an hour or so, these prisoners, aggregating I think ten or eleven hundred, were stood up in line, and certain non-commissioned officers, delegated for the purpose, "went through" each individual of the line with a thoroughness and precision that indicated previous practice. They took possession of overcoats, blankets, and the contents of our pockets—money as far as we had any, watches and knives; they also took what under the circumstances was the most serious loss for men who had a long march before them, our shoes. I was pretty well down on the left of the line and some time before my turn was reached I was able to note what were the articles that were being appropriated. I realized that a considerable march had to be made and I was not at all happy at the idea of being obliged to do my tramping without shoes or with the fragmentary apologies for shoes that the "rebs" were chucking back to the Yankees in exchange. I took my knife and made some considerable slashes in the uppers of my shoes. The result was that they were not considered worth appropriating and they fortunately held together during the march and for some time thereafter. The only other man in the line, as far as I noticed, who saved his shoes was a young staff officer of the 6th Corps, Lieutenant Vander Weyde. I had observed the youngster before because he had small feet and wore patent leathers with which he seemed to be well satisfied. I remembered hearing some of our boys throwing out jeers at "pretty little patent leathers" as, a day or two earlier he had ridden through our camp. The smallness of his feet saved for him his pretty boots. These were taken off two or three times by the examiners but no one was able to put them on, and with a half indignant good-nature, the

last examiner threw back the articles with the words, "Here, Yank, you can keep your damned pretty little boots." As far as I can remember, Vander Weyde had the only decent looking boots to be seen that winter in my division of the prison.

We remained under guard in a field to the south of the Cedar Creek bridge until two in the afternoon. We were out of sight of the lines on which the fighting was being conducted, but we realized that our men must have been driven back and that Early's force was in close pursuit, because the sound of the firing had gone off far to the northward. Between twelve and two, there had been a lull or else the firing was so far distant that it no longer reached our ears. A little after two, there was a revival of the sound of musketry and we thought it was coming our way. The impression that there might be some change in the condition of affairs was strengthened by our being hurried into a column of march and started along the pike southward. Our hosts had forgotten to give us any mid-day meal and most of us had not had time for any breakfast before getting into fighting line in the early morning, so that we were rather faint for a hurried tramp. During one of the short rests that had to be allowed to tired-out men in the course of the afternoon, our brigade dog who had, very unwisely for himself, followed the line of march, was taken possession of by some hungry men and a little later one of my own group was good enough to give me a hurriedly toasted chunk. I do not know how I should have been able to hold up for the afternoon if it had not been for my share of the dog.

While, on the ground of our being hurried southward, we were somewhat encouraged about the final outcome of the battle, it was not easy to believe that what had seemed in the early morning to be so thorough a defeat could have been changed into a victory. In fact, it was weeks before, through the leakage of news into the prison, we got knowledge of the actual outcome of the day.

In the course of the evening, our guards remembered to scatter among us a littlehardtack taken from one of our own

commissary wagons, but the ration was very small for the amount of marching that had to be done with it. Sometime before midnight, in company with Vander Weyde with whom I had fallen into "chumming" relations, I made a break for liberty. We remembered the region through which we had marched not long before as "ruthless invaders," and it was our idea to strike for a ditch which was on the farther side of a field adjoining the road. We bolted just behind the nearest guard and took him so far by surprise that his shot and that of the guard next in line did not come near enough to be dangerous, and we succeeded in tumbling into the ditch which we found unfortunately to be no longer dry. There was, in fact, an inch or two of water in the bottom. There was nothing to do but to lie quiet and wait until the column of prisoners and guards had passed. We were disappointed, however, to find that the sound of the marching continued for an indefinite period; and in fact pretty soon there were added to the tramp of feet sounds from a long series of wheels. It was evident that the trains, or such of the wagons as remained of the trains, were being moved southward. Then there came a rumble which seemed like that of field-guns. While we were puzzling in our minds as to whether the whole army could really be on the retreat, the question was answered in a most unsatisfactory fashion. Not only were Early's troops marching southward but they were going with such urgency that the road was not sufficient for their purpose. They were straggling into the fields on both sides, and a group of two or three, too tired and too sleepy to watch their steps, tumbled into our ditch on top of us. They said things and so did we. Our state of mind was in fact like that of South Carolina three years earlier; we only wanted to be let alone. But that privilege was not granted to us. We were hustled out of the ditch, chilled and out of temper at our failure and at what seemed to us the unnecessarily rough treatment of our new captors. We were, so to speak, butted back into the road and hustled along from group to group until in the early hours of the morning we found ourselves again in the column of prisoners. I understood later that our cavalry

had pursued that column through a large part of the night and we must have done pretty lively marching to keep ahead of them, but the horses doubtless were tired on their part.

It is my memory that the tramp to Staunton took the better part of three days. I recall our arrival in early morning in the main street of the little town, at breakfast time or at what seemed to us ought to be breakfast time. The prisoners were huddled into a little square in front of the inn and we were near enough to hear the sound of the rebel officers at breakfast. I think we could take in the pleasant smell of the ham and eggs. After what seemed to us a very long wait, the commissary came out on the little balcony of the hotel with some assistants bearing a few boxes of hard-tack. These boxes were thrown over from the balcony into the square in such fashion that they broke as they fell and the officers on the balcony enjoyed the spectacle of the prisoners scrambling for their breakfast. Later in the day, we were put into box cars and started on the journey for Richmond. There was but a single track and our train was switched frequently to allow of the passing of passenger trains and supply trains, so that our progress to Richmond was slow. The officers were marched across the town to Libby Prison where the captain of our guard secured a receipt for us from Sergeant Turner, while the men were taken over to Belle Isle.

The first of the prison functions was the stripping of every man to the skin for the purpose of a further appropriation of any valuables that he might have succeeded in concealing. In this fresh search, I lost \$150, that I had sewn into the inside of my shirt. The moneys that had been saved by a few of the officers after the first search were, with hardly an exception, taken possession of at the second examination.

We were interested to see the adjutant of the prison noting down in a little memorandum book the sums taken from each man. "It will be all right, gentlemen," he said reassuringly, "these moneys will of course be returned to you." This ceremony completed, we were shown into the

general living room on the top floor of the Libby building. It is my memory that at this time, October, 1864, the prison was full, but not crowded. Floor space was made for us under the supervision of one of our own officers who took upon himself the responsibilities of what might be called quartermaster's duties. At our request, Vander Weyde and myself were given floor space together, and we then took an account of our joint property. I had picked up en route (I do not recall where) a small piece of blanket and I had also succeeded in retaining a broken pocket knife. My chum had a tin cup and a pocket comb. These things were held in common. As personal appurtenances we had been fortunate enough to save our tooth-brushes which the examining sergeant had not considered worth appropriating, and my chum, who was a clever artist, had also been able to retain possession of a pocket sketch-book and a pencil. These tooth-brushes later became noteworthy. It is my memory that there were not more than a dozen or so among about 350 officers. The possessors placed their tooth-brushes through the buttonholes of their blouses; partly because there was no other safe or convenient storage place, and partly perhaps to emphasize a sense of aristocratic opulence. We became known as the "tooth-brush brigade." My chum, with some protest from me against the using up of my knife, did some artistic carving on the handle of his brush, producing with no little skill a death's-head and a skeleton. Late in the winter, when we had been moved to Danville, one of the officers of the guard offered me for my brush \$300, of course in Confederate currency. I expressed a little surprise that the article, no longer new, should have such selling value, and he began to reply, "Well, but you see now we cannot get any more," and then checked himself. The word "now" emphasized itself on my ear, and connecting this with certain rumors that had already leaked into the prison, I realized that Wilmington must have fallen and that no more tooth-brushes or other supplies from England could be secured. But this is, of course, advancing in my narrative.

In Libby, as later in Danville, the prisoners comprising

as said, only commissioned officers, maintained an organization and ordinary discipline. We accepted as authoritative the orders of the senior officer in the prison, and this officer associated with him two or three men who divided up between them responsibilities for keeping order, for assigning quarters, for adjusting difficulties, etc. Our general went through the form, and it was not much more than a form, of appointing on his staff a commissary. It was the duty of this officer to receive from the prison sergeant the daily ration and to arrange for an equitable distribution of such ration among the prison messes. We had, for the convenience of such distribution, been divided into groups of six or eight. The so-called commissary had, of course, nothing to issue but the ration that was brought in. His office reminded me of the description given by the young showman in the menagerie, "this is the jackal what perwides for the lion always perwidng that there is anything to perwide." The Libby ration in these last months of 1864 comprised soup made out of inconspicuous little beans, and a chunk of corn bread. During the close of our sojourn in Libby, the soup part was cut off and the ration reduced itself to the corn bread. The corn bread as baked was marked out into squares, but for some reason which I never had explained to me, each square of corn bread was a ration not for one but for two. The messes, therefore, were subdivided into pairs and the chums had to arrange between themselves each morning for the division of the flat chunk into two portions. My chum and myself took turns in cutting that chunk into two pieces. On one piece was laid the broken knife and the man who had done the cutting then called to the other fellow, who stood with his back to the cake, to say whether he would have it "with" or "without" (the knife). Whichever piece one got, the other always looked a little bigger. We regretted to part with the black bean soup, although we had not been fond of it. It contained about as many bugs as there were beans, the taste was abominable, and the nourishment probably slight. I understood later, when I was on parole in Richmond, that the beans and corn-

meal issued to the prisoners had been rejected by the commissaries as unfit for their own troops. I should not venture to estimate with any precision the size or the weight of the chunk of corn bread which came to us once a day. My memory is, however, quite clear on the point that it was absurdly small. Some of us went through the form of cutting our chunk into three pieces with the idea that we would make three meals out of it; but it was very difficult to avoid eating up the three meals within the first hour even though we knew that we should have to wait until eleven o'clock the next morning for another chunk. Large or small, the chunk was not even nourishing throughout. The cake as baked contained other things besides corn-meal. Pieces of the corn-cob were ground up indiscriminately and we also found in the cake cockroaches and other insects and occasionally pieces of mice who had lost their way in the meal-bins. In reply to complaints that were from time to time submitted, the prison officers had nothing to say but that it was the best they had and that the Yankees had better be thankful that they got anything. I judge that by December, 1864, it must have been a very difficult task indeed for the rebel commissary general to secure by his two lines of single track roads, one of which was from time to time being cut by our raiders, sufficient food to supply the army and the townspeople. It was not surprising that the fare remaining for the prisoners should have been inconsiderable in amount and abominable in quality. The stupid brutality of the whole business was in keeping prisoners at all in Richmond during the last winter of the war; for that stupidity which, as it meant the loss of many lives, may fairly be described by the simpler word of murder, the responsibility must rest with Jefferson Davis, Commissioner Ould, and General Winder.

The abiding place through the night and through the greater part of the day was, as said, the strip of floor allotted to each. It is my memory that at this time Libby was not so crowded but that each man could have the advantage of putting his head back against the wall. Later, when we

were transferred to Danville, the arrangement of space required four rows of sleepers, two with their heads to the wall and two with their heads to the centre. The wall spaces were, of course, in demand. At the point of the wall in Libby where my own head rested (more or less restlessly) I found scratched (apparently with the point of a nail) on the two or three bricks the names of previous occupants of the quarters, names representing in most cases men who had "joined the majority." I naturally added, in order to complete the record, my own name on a brick a corner of which was still free. Some years after the war, a correspondent wrote to me from Richmond that he could if I wished send me this autographed brick in consideration of the payment of \$5.00. As, however, there would have been no difficulty in scratching my name on another brick, I did not think the purchase worth while. That brick and its companions are now resting somewhere in Ashtabula County, Ohio. Some of you will recall that the Libby building was purchased by some speculators to be put up in Chicago for exhibition. It was a stupid plan, for the historic interest of the building was properly to be connected with its location, and there was something repellent in the thought of using as a show place a structure which represented so much of pathetic tragedy. I was myself not at all displeased to learn that the train carrying the timbers and the bricks of Libby had been wrecked at Ashtabula, and the materials scattered over the surrounding fields. The timbers were, I believe, finally taken to Chicago, but I understood that in place of going to the labor of picking up the scattered bricks, they put in, in reconstructing the building, old bricks available in Chicago. Whether or not they undertook to replace the scratched names of the dead veterans I do not know.

The ship chandlery of William Libby & Son was, as we all know, placed close to the edge of the James River, so that goods could be landed directly on the Libby pier. Looking across the river from the back windows of the prison, we were able, during the nights of December, to see from time

to time the flashes of the guns from the lines of the Army of the James. We used to make our artillery officers study out the line of fire and give us their opinion as to whether they did not believe the flashes were getting nearer. I suppose the distance was something over six miles, and if I am wrong in this calculation, there are plenty of men present from the Army of the James who will set me right.

The prison had by this winter been so protected that there was no chance of any further attempts at escape by tunnelling. The cellar floor through which Rose and his associates had dug their tunnel in 1863 had been masoned over and under the later arrangement of the guards it would have been impracticable in any case to secure admission to this floor without observation. A most important part of the protection, however, was given by the addition to the prison guard of a magnificent bloodhound. The sergeant marched in front of the guard and the hound in the rear, and looking from the prison windows we could see him cock up his eye at us as he passed, as if he very fully understood the nature of his responsibilities. From time to time, the hound would also, either under orders or possibly of his own motion, make the circuit of the building, sniffing around its foundations. There would have been no chance of an undiscovered tunnel while that dog was within reach. I had trouble with that dog some months later when I was on parole in Richmond. I had been told that the intelligence of the bloodhound enabled him to be taught all kinds of things, but that it was very difficult, if not impossible, to unteach him anything. This hound had been taught to "go for" anybody wearing blue cloth. At this later time, I had secured clean clothes from home and the blue was, therefore, really blue instead of the nondescript color of my much worn prison garments. I had occasion from time to time to go to Castle Thunder, where the dog was kept, and the sergeant of the prison guard amused himself by putting the dog on a long leash to see how near he could get to the little Yankee adjutant without quite "chawing" him up. I complained in

due form to the captain of the guard that the jaws of the hound did not constitute a fair war risk. He accepted my view and had the dog put on a shorter leash so that I was able to get past him into the prison door. I was told that when Weitzel's troops entered Richmond, the dog was captured and was later brought to New York and sold at auction on the steps of the Astor House. If the buyer permitted any of his home circle to wear army blue, there certainly must have been trouble.

On the first Tuesday in November, it was decided to hold in the prison a presidential election. I may admit to having shared the doubt expressed by some others as to the wisdom of the attempt. There was among the prisoners a dissatisfaction, which might be called a well-founded dissatisfaction, at the way in which they had been neglected, or appeared to have been neglected, by the authorities in Washington. At this time, the exchange had been blocked for more than six months and when in the following February, exchange arrangements were finally resumed, there had in fact been no general exchange for nearly twelve months. As the war progressed and the resources of the Confederates were diminished, it was impossible for them to make appropriate provision for the care of prisoners, at least as far as the prisons of Northern Virginia were concerned. Even if there had been an honest desire on their part to save the lives or to protect the health of the helpless men for whom they were responsible, the task would have been difficult; but it was quite evident that there was no such desire. I remember among the war correspondence that is in print a letter from Commissioner Ould to President Davis, written in the winter of 1864-65, urging the policy of a prompt renewal of the exchange arrangements. It is evident, writes the commissioner (I am quoting only the substance of the letter and therefore do not use quotation marks) that we need for our depleted ranks all the fighting men that can be secured. The men who are returned to us from the Northern prisons are for the most part able-bodied and fit for service; while but few of the fellows that we

should send North in the exchange will be permitted by their surgeons again to handle muskets.

I realized some months later the truth of Commissioner Ould's observations. The men who came out of Libby and Danville in February, 1865, were, with hardly an exception, unfit for service. The Confederates whom we met on the steamboats coming to Richmond as we went down the James, looked to be in good working and good fighting condition. By November, 1864, the mortality in the Virginia prisons had become serious. The men who were not entirely broken down were, through lack of food and through the exposure to cold from lack of clothing, physically discouraged and depressed although they did maintain for the most part will-power. I could not but fear, however, that in an election which was to indicate their approval or their disapproval of the management of the authorities in Washington and of the inaction in regard to the renewal of the exchange, a majority of their votes might naturally be cast against the re-election of Lincoln. The men who had planned this test election trusted their comrades, and their confidence proved to be justified. When the vote was counted, it was found that we had re-elected Lincoln by about three to one. Years later, I learned from Robert Lincoln that the report of this vote in Libby Prison, reaching his father months later, was referred to by the President as the most satisfactory and encouraging episode in the presidential campaign. His words were in effect: we can trust our soldiers. The votes had of course no part in the official count but they were, as Lincoln understood, important, as showing the persistent courage and devotion of the men. My own ballot would in any case have been illegal as I was but twenty years of age, but I have always felt that it was on the whole the most important vote I ever cast.

One night late in December, we had an interruption which, while at the time fatiguing, gave ground for encouragement. We were ordered up at two o'clock in the morning and were hurried across the town and packed into box cars for Danville. We gathered, from the exchange of a word or

two with the guards who permitted themselves to talk, that there was a scare at headquarters about the advance of our lines. The journey was exhausting partly because, in the hurry of getting rations for us, the authorities had found nothing more convenient than salt fish and the train was allowed to stop but seldom. But thirsty and tired as we were, we were happy with the thought that perhaps our men really were getting into Richmond. They really were, but it took five months more to accomplish the task.

We had quarters assigned to us in Danville in a tobacco warehouse, the windows on the southern end of which overlooked the River Dan. The view from these windows included, in addition to the river, a stretch of North Carolina, and in the far distance could be seen the hazy outlines of the great Smoky Mountains. These mountains meant to us more than a bit of scenery; we associated with them the possibilities of freedom. It was the general talk that if a man could make his way to the recesses of the mountains, and that if he did not starve or freeze in the wilderness, and if he struck the right kind of darkies or the right kind of Southern deserters, he might possibly finally get through to our lines. A few men did succeed, as I will relate later, in getting away from Danville Prison and several of them tried the great Smoky route. As far as I could learn from later reports, but two succeeded in getting through. The others were lost and were doubtless starved or frozen in the wilderness. As it was impossible to get any food with which to make the start and as the army blouses, originally not very stout, were worn threadbare, and as the majority of the men had either no shoes or but fragments of shoes, the prospects for starving or for freezing on the way were excellent.

The tobacco warehouse might have made a fairly comfortable abiding-place if it had been properly fitted up and cared for. But the glass was broken from many of the windows, and Danville lies high enough to give many cold days and many still colder nights in the months of winter. The building comprised three floors, a ground floor and two upper floors. The sojourning of the prisoners was restricted

to the two upper floors. The lower floor was used merely as a thoroughfare to the yard and for the water parties who were permitted once or twice a day to bring water from the river. It was the duty of the guard who protected the yard and of his fellow who patrolled the lower floor, to see that no prisoners were permitted to linger either in the yard or on their way back to their own floor. Now and then, in fact, the prisoners were subjected by impatient guards to some very annoying hustling. The two floors were divided so that by the beginning of the winter there were about two hundred on each floor. I emphasize at the beginning of the winter because as the months rolled on, the numbers became smaller. There were enough vacancies through death to give space on the floor. At the outset, however, the men were arranged in two rows with their heads to the wall and two rows with their heads to the centre. The additional comfort of the position by the wall was to some extent offset by the fact that it was nearer to the cold wind that came through the broken windows. The floors were dirty as we took possession of them and they became dirtier as the weeks went by. At one time we essayed a petition to the officer of the guard for hoes with which to scrape off the surface of dirt. The request was denied on the ground, I believe, that the hoes might have been utilized as weapons. At either end of the room was an old-fashioned stove fitted for the burning of wood, and as the weather grew colder, sleeping positions near the stove advanced in value. Exchanges of berths were made for property consideration. A piece of blanket, a pair of shoes more or less dilapidated, or a pocket knife constituted the exchange currency. The wood for the stove was brought in from the wood-pile in the yard by the prisoners, the work being of course done under guard. The supply of wood was kept pretty scant and there were long hours when the fires were out and when our application for permission to bring in more wood received no attention. It is my memory that in Danville the daily ration was brought down to the corn bread alone. There were apparently no damaged beans available and the good beans that were fit

to eat must have been very much needed in Richmond. Danville was at this time one of the great sources of supplies for Lee's army at Richmond, and the one-track road was kept very fully employed with the trains from the South bearing to Lee's army such supplies as were still to be secured in the almost exhausted confederacy.

My selection of a chum proved fortunate in one way that I could not have anticipated. Vander Weyde was clever with his pencil and some portraits that he had sketched of the guards attracted attention not only in the prison but with some of the officers outside. He was fortunate enough to be invited by one or two officers who had homes in town, to go to their houses and to sketch wife or daughter. He objected properly enough that his blouse was shabby and his trousers disreputable and also that in the absence of soap he was not fit for the presence of ladies. The officers wanted the portraits, and the result was that the fortunate Vander Weyde secured a bath with real soap, and a jacket and pair of trousers that held together and that gave him in the midst of the rags with which he was surrounded, the appearance of an aristocrat. The rags discarded by the swagger artist enabled me to do some very important patching on my own garments. Further, in going first to one house and then to the other, Vander Weyde had the opportunity of getting something to eat and finally, and that is where I came in, he was thoughtful enough to remember to stow away in a pocket a couple of hoe-cakes for his chum. It was Vander Weyde's good fortune a few months later, to serve on the staff of the officer who commanded the advance brigade of the troops taking possession of Danville. His commander, knowing of his prison experience, authorized him to receive from the mayor the formal surrender of the town.

Vander Weyde had, during his experience as a working artist, been a guest at the mayor's house and had been there cared for by the mayor's wife. He had, therefore, an additional motive for desiring to make the function of surrender as gentle and as informal as possible. He found himself, however, received by the mayor with the utmost

severity and with not the slightest sign of recognition. In April, 1865, the mayors of Virginia towns found it difficult, and it was quite natural that they should have found it difficult, to accept any social relations with the triumphant invaders. While the occupations of the day gave very little opportunity for exercise, we found ourselves fairly sleepy by nightfall. Either by some general consensus of habit or possibly as a result of orders from our commanding officers, we got into the habit of turning in (a mere figure of speech, of course, as we had nothing to turn into) at about the same hour and all together. It was the custom, after we were all recumbent and there was quiet across the floor, for two or three of the men who had good voices and good memories to raise a song in which the rest of us joined as far as we knew how or when there was an easy chorus. The songs selected were, however, mainly of the quieter not to say sadder variety, which did not include choruses. I have the memory that the songs grew sadder as the winter wore on. We began jubilantly enough with *Marching through Georgia* and other verses of triumph or hopefulness, but in the later months the more frequent selections were such airs as *Mother, Will You Miss Me? Tenting on the Old Camp Ground* and *Home, Sweet Home*. As the lines of the sleepers thinned out through the winter months, the doubts evidently increased as to the prospects for any further triumphant marching through Georgia or anywhere else by our lot of veterans. Some of the improvised choirs had memory also of the words and airs of psalms and hymns and the singing of these constituted the only religious exercises of which I have memory. The singing went on until from the commander's corner of the room came the word "taps," after which we were all expected to be quiet and to get what sleep we could.

In spite of fatigue and of the fact that we were nearly all youngsters, sleep was by no means an easy accomplishment. The floor was hard and cold currents of wind coming in through the broken panes made it chilly. There was hardly anything that could be called covering. I suppose

that among the 350 men, there may have been sixty or seventy scraps of blanket. As before stated, the overcoats had been taken together with a large number of the shoes, so that shoulders and feet were both chilly. Last and by no means least, sleep was interfered with by the constant irritation of the big vermin which grew bigger as we grew smaller. The beasts crawled over the ground from body to body and their attacks seemed to become more aggravating as the men became more emaciated. By daylight they could be picked off and the first occupation of the morning was usually to free oneself from their immediate presence, but in the darkness there was nothing to be done but to suffer with patience.

It was not easy to find occupation for the long hours of the day. In the earlier weeks of the winter, the more energetic of us drew lots for the opportunity of making the trip to the river, a hundred yards or so away, for the bringing in of water. The water parties comprised from six to eight men who were watched over by two or three guards. Under the earlier arrangement, each man carried a pail, but later as we grew weaker, a pail full or a pail half full was more than one fellow could manage and the routine finally came to be for two men to carry together a pail about half full of water. There was also occasional requirement for parties to bring in wood from the wood-pile but in this luxury we were sadly stinted. There was for a time some activity in chess playing. Two groups were formed at either end of the room who fought out with each other in a series of tournaments. I had a boy's knowledge of chess which was much strengthened by my prison experience with older men. It is my memory that the chess champion of the prison was Captain Mason who is at this time (December, 1910), Consul-General in Paris. Our chess-boards were made out of a couple of pieces of plank which we had been permitted to secure from the guard-house, and the squares on which had been marked out with charcoal. The chess-men had been carved, with no little labor, out of pieces of our fire-wood. Later in the winter, our chess playing came to a

stop. We found that the attempt to concentrate eyesight and attention, when we had had so little to eat that our brain cells were denuded of blood, caused dizziness, and occasionally fainting fits. I think, in fact, that an order to stop chess came from the general or his adjutant.

Something was done in the way of occupation or amusement by the more active-minded in telling stories by turn, stories which comprised everything from actual reminiscence to the vaguest fantasy. Under the pressure of contributing their share to the entertaining of the group, men who, according to their own account had never been guilty of imagination and had not had any power of expression, found it possible to add something of personal interest to the entertainment. There were also instituted a few classes of instruction. In company with three or four others, I took lessons in Spanish from one of the officers who was a Mexican by birth. He succeeded in securing, through the kindness of one of the guards, a second-hand Spanish grammar which was divided up into as many pieces as there were students. Some of us, therefore, had to begin the grammar in the middle and some tackled their Spanish language from the final pages; but before the book was absolutely worn out, we did make some progress.

I myself undertook a class in German, but as I had no grammar or text available I had to work entirely from memory. I was assisted in my undertaking by a scholarly young captain, William Cook, who had had time before entering the service to get through some years at least of his course at Yale. Cook knew no German, but he had a good working knowledge of grammar. During my sojourn in Germany, I was under the care of an oculist and I had taken in my German by ear and knew none of the rules of grammar. The work of our class was shaped by the presentation by myself of a certain number of sentences or at least of words in grammatical relation to each other, from which examples Cook would work out the grammatical rule. Then our patient students would have to learn first the words and then the rule. We did make some progress so

that before the work of the class was given up there was quite a fluency of utterance, most of it pretty bad as far as the German was concerned, but still giving evidence of application. I recall that towards the end of our class work, Cook and I decided to give a banquet to our class. The feast could be described as Barmecide as there was nothing to eat and nothing to drink. But we gathered together on the floor as if we were sitting about a well-appointed table. From my end of the table I read out, as if from a *ménü*, a list of the courses which as given were certainly most appetizing and in the wording of which no expense was spared. The associate host from his end specified the wines which were to accompany each course. After going through the motions of eating and drinking, the two hosts read in turn the toasts of the evening which had to be responded to by the men called upon. It was the instruction that the utterances were to be made in German with the permission that when no German word was available, to fill in the gap with an English term. The language resulting was naturally pretty mixed, but we did get some fun out of the attempt and we promised each other that "when the cruel war was over," the dinner was to be repeated in the best restaurant in New York and that it should not be a Barmecide feast. The real feast never came off. By the time that those of us who were New Yorkers got home, the group of our German class had been so seriously broken into by death that the coming together would have been not a conviviality but a sadness.

The desire of occupation, whether in the way of amusement or instruction, was not merely for the purpose of passing the time. We realized in looking about the room that unless our minds, or at least our thoughts, could be kept busy in some fashion, there was risk of stagnation that might easily develop into idiocy. I recall a number of cases in which men who as their vitality diminished had lost the power of hopefulness, had lost also the control of their wills; the faces became vacant and in the more serious cases their conscious intelligence disappeared. These men would sit

twirling their thumbs or would stand looking out of the windows with a vacant stare and with eyes that saw nothing. I should have been interested in learning how far this loss of will-power and understanding persisted with such of the men as survived the imprisonment; but there was no opportunity of tracing the later fortunes of our prison comrades.

I have referred to the "government" of the prison—and to the fact that we accepted, at least in our officers' prison, the authority of seniors just as we should have done in camp. I believe that this acceptance of authority and maintenance of discipline accounted for the better success on the part of the officers as compared with the enlisted men in maintaining the vitality and in lessening the percentage of illness and death. There were two other prisons in the town, both I believe tobacco warehouses, in which the enlisted men were confined, possibly a thousand or more. There was no difference in the quarters and no difference in the food between the two prisons; but we understood from the Confederate sergeants that the percentage of death among the men was very much greater than among the officers.

During the first two years of the war, there was for the majority of the Northern regiments very little difference in class between the men in the ranks and the commissioned officers. The men in the ranks and the officers came from practically the same family groups and the same average occupations and they differed but little in average intelligence. As the war progressed, however, the ineffective officers who had gotten their commissions either by accident or by influence, were largely weeded out. The men who secured commissions during the last two years were much more largely men who were promoted from the ranks as they had shown capacity. They were naturally on the whole of better education, and of larger intelligence than the men who remained in the ranks and they possessed a better will-power. It was this will-power, the decision to live if possible, the unwillingness to give up, beaten by the Confederacy or by circumstances, that helped during the last

winter of the war to save the lives of a number of starving officers.

The senior officer in the Danville Prison during the larger part of the winter was Brigadier-General Joseph Hayes, of Boston, who had been in command of a regular brigade in the 5th corps. It is my impression that Colonel Ralston who had commanded one of the regiments from Central New York, acted as associate with Hayes. I do not recall the name of the officer who did duty as prison adjutant. The officer next in rank to Hayes was a plucky and headstrong general named Duffié. Duffié had, I believe, seen service in France and was I was told a capable cavalry officer. He was ambitious, vain, and if crossed, somewhat hot-tempered. His qualities would not have been impressed upon my memory if it had not been for his responsibility in the direction of an attempt to escape, an attempt which was badly planned and badly executed and which cost the lives of several of our prisoners and the wounding of several more.

At the time of this attempt which was, I think, in the middle of January, 1865, General Hayes was ill and had been removed to the prison hospital. News had come from Richmond to the Confederate commander of our prison that a band of Yankee raiders were operating somewhere to the west of Danville and were probably intending to make a dash at certain of the bridges on the railroad running southward. A couple of companies, comprising perhaps 150 men, had been brought into Danville by train as the first contingent of a force which was expected to head off the raiders and to protect the bridges. We knew the number of this force because they were made the guests of the prison guard and in going into the guard-house for their noon-day meal, they had stacked their muskets within sight of our prison windows. It occurred to some one that if those 150 muskets could be seized, we should have enough force to overcome, at least for the moment, the prison guard, while the unarmed owners of the muskets would be helpless. Duffié (the officer highest in rank) jumped at the idea and called for volunteers to make a rush for the muskets. We youngsters were natur-

ally not called into the council, but we were able to hear some of the discussion. A number of the older or at least of the more experienced officers gave their opinion at once against the scheme. The opportunity for getting at the muskets was to be made by the sending out of a party for water and at the moment of the water party's return, a rush was to be made with a column of a hundred or more, at the open door of the basement. The difficulties of the immediate execution of the scheme were serious. Even, however, if the first steps had been successful and we had secured the muskets, and if we had been able with these muskets to get control of the guards and of the guard-house, the position would have been a very unpromising one. In order to get to our own lines on the northeast, it was necessary to make our way through Lee's army. The only direction in which we were not likely to encounter rebel forces was the southwest towards the mountains of North Carolina. That plan meant, however, finding our way without food, with very little clothing, and with hardly any shoes, through many miles of wilderness. Such a body of men could have been easily overtaken by a comparatively small force of cavalry. To most of us the plan seemed, therefore, to be an absurdity. Among those who took this view was Colonel Ralston. Duffié listened to the objections and then asserted his authority as commander. "I order the attempt to be made," he said and "I call upon the men who have not forgotten how to obey orders, to follow." With such a word there was of course no alternative. A hundred and fifty of us fell in and received our instructions. Three or four were detailed to overpower and to choke senseless the guard who had charge of the prison yard, while another group was detailed to take care in the same manner of the guard or of the two guards who patrolled the lower floor. Other men were detailed to make up the water party, a party which being left outside of the building, would, if we succeeded in breaking out, be in no little peril. The signal was given and the rush at the guards was made. One man was successfully stifled, but one of the two or of the

three (I have forgotten the number) succeeded, before being finally jumped upon, in getting out a yell of warning. The yell came just as the door had been opened to let in the water party. The guards outside made a rush at once to close the half-opened door and the column from within, taken by surprise, was a little late in making the counter rush. The guards succeeded in getting the door closed and the bar up, and then, putting their rifles through the gratings of the windows, they fired one or more volleys upon our men assembled on the lower floor. A number were hit, I do not now recall just how many, but I do remember that one of the first who fell was Colonel Ralston who, while protesting from the beginning against the movement, had been at the head of the column. The water party, fortunately was not molested. We carried our wounded upstairs as the men from the guard-house rushed out and took possession of their muskets. There was nothing more to be done and the Confederate colonel in charge realized that the attempt was over. He marched in a little later with his adjutant and a couple of guards and had the wounded carried to the hospital. As Ralston was taken off, I recall his answer to a question from one of his friends as to the extent of his hurt: "It is," he said, "neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but t' will do." He died that night. It was the belief of most of us that if Hayes had been within the prison at the time of this so-called "opportunity for escape," no such foolhardy attempt would have been risked.

In the course of the winter, a plan of escape of a very different character was attempted. In looking out of the upper windows of the prison, we could see on the side towards the open country a big ditch which was not many feet from the prison wall. The suggestion came to some that if by means of a tunnel from the basement, one or more men could reach the ditch, they could lie quiet until an opportunity came to slip away in the darkness towards the open country. The first difficulty was how to get to the cellar for the necessary work on such a tunnel. We had noted on first visiting the prison yard a pair of folding doors, barred

from the inside, which from their position evidently gave entrance (or as barred, refused entrance) to the cellar. One of the guards was posted in the yard and it was his duty to remain there through the two hours (or later, as the watches were extended, through the four hours) of his service. The walls about the yard were high enough to make impossible any scaling, and even if an exceptionally tall prisoner, a man with a Jean Valjean capacity for flying over a wall, could have gotten across, he would have found himself under the fire of the muskets of the guards who patrolled about the building. The guard having charge of the yard got into the habit therefore, as the winter progressed and the weather became more severe, of taking his station inside the door of the lower floor. This absence of the guard gave us the opportunity of testing the bar which held closed the doors leading into the cellar. It proved to be wooden and a hand saw having been produced through the nicking with a pen-knife of the edge of an old table knife, the bar was, on one stormy evening when the wind made a sufficient noise, sawn through with no great difficulty. The pressing open of one of the folding doors revealed, as it only could reveal, an unknown darkness. We had, of course, no means of knowing how deep below the floor of the cellar might be. Lots were drawn for the duty, or the privilege, of finding out, and a couple of men tumbling over found the drop not more than four feet. A third man snuggled into a corner of the yard to give warning when the coast would be clear so that the interlopers could make their way back again. It was only on stormy nights that this invasion of the cellar became possible but there were in the course of a month or two enough such nights to make possible a beginning of the work on the tunnel. The operation had to be conducted entirely by "feel" as the cellar was in total darkness. The floor of earth was, fortunately, fairly dry. A point was selected midway along the outer wall, that is to say the wall towards the open country, at which by measuring by feel the length of the bigger stones in the foundation, the prospector secured, or thought he had secured, a stone big enough

as an archway for the tunnel. The excavating instruments comprised a couple of tin plates and a few shingles. The ground was fortunately soft, and as the cellar was not visited, for this particular tunnel there was no such difficulty as was encountered with most of the attempts at tunnelling from prisons, in disposing of the excavated earth. In the course of weeks, progress was made, but a miscalculation as to the length of the superlying stone or as to the strength of the stone, came near to costing the life of one of the tunnellers and resulted in the necessity of beginning the work over again. The stone fell in and caught our man somewhere on the shoulders. A hurried signal was given out to the yard and at considerable risk of discovery (fortunately there was a heavy sleet on) several men tumbled in and succeeded in lifting the stone and in bringing out in a half-smothered condition their unfortunate comrade. He had his face washed and was slipped upstairs without being observed, and the next day, after a more careful examination as to the safety of the foundation stone above, a fresh beginning was made. In the course of a few weeks, this tunnel was projected out beyond the building and beneath the walk along which marched the prison patrol. We had of course no spirit level and there was no light with which it could have been utilized. The working of the line of excavation was, therefore, a matter of feel and of guess-work, and it is not surprising that under the circumstances the engineering failed in precision. The tunnel had been permitted to slant upwards too close to the surface of the ground. As a result of this mischance, one of the guards in an early morning hour (fortunately at a time when no workers were busy in the cellar) fell through. Frightened as he was (I believe his arm was broken) he yelled murder, and the guard next to him fired off his piece. Then followed a general firing of pieces into the darkness and the turning out of the entire prison guard. We understood afterwards that the alarm had come to the guard-house that the Yankees were attacking the town, a belief that was shared by that number of the prisoners who had not been invited to take

part in the work of the tunnel and who had no knowledge of the scheme. Nothing more serious happened, however, than the spoiling of our sleep for the early morning hours. When the poor guard whom we had unwittingly entrapped was pulled out of the hole, there was of course no difficulty in tracing the line of the tunnel. The folding doors admitting to the cellar were closed with an iron bar, and we judged that the guards whose duty it was to hold post in the yard must have received a pretty sharp reprimand from their superiors. Through the rest of the winter, however inclement the weather, the man with the musket remained outside. A tin plate had been left behind by one of the workers and this was brought into the upper room by the sergeant of the guard for the purpose of identifying the owner. Fortunately the plate carried but a single initial, and the owner preferred to lose his property, valuable as it was, rather than to incur the penalty that was visited upon all attempts to escape.

I recall during the winter but one other method of escape that was tried and that did bring a small measure of success. The path by which we travelled from the prison to the river on our trips for water passed the back of a foundry, the works of which went through to the street beyond. One of the furnaces abutted almost directly on the path and we noticed that during certain days in the week this furnace was out of blast. It occurred to some one that it would be possible for a man to tumble in from the pathway to the cavity of the furnace and, lying there until nightfall, to make his way in the dark across the turnpike bridge to North Carolina and possible safety. In the early part of the winter, the guards had been strict in their supervision of the parties, counting the group as we came out and as we returned, and keeping a close watch as we marched. Later, the supervision decreased; it was realized that the chances of escape were small and that apart from the difficulty of getting out of the town, the prospect of getting safely through the journey to our lines was very slim. The water parties were also made larger because we had insisted that no one man was strong

enough to carry even a half-full bucket. The men whose shoes still possessed any possibility of service drew lots for the chance of tumbling into the furnace. The first trial came out happily. Under a prearranged plan, the last man of the water party, losing his shoe in the mud, stopped to regain it and the guard who brought up the end of the procession naturally had to stop with him. The man marching immediately in front of that guard was the one who had drawn the lot and he tumbled over unobserved into the furnace hole on the right. A week later, another chap got off in the same way and in the course of four or five weeks, four men in all succeeded in getting away. Each chance had to wait for a convenient opportunity. The furnace fire must be out, the water party had to be fairly large, and the guards must not be too observant. The question as to making good the count at the morning roll-call had of course been considered. The sergeant who had charge of the roll was a good-natured one-armed veteran from South Carolina. It was his habit, after seeing that the yard was clear, to count the men in the lower room and then, making his way up the straight steps and watching to see that no one passed him, to add to his count the men who were in the room above. If these two figures made up the number of prisoners who ought to be present, his responsibility was ended. We managed, before the first man got away, to cut a trap-door in the flooring between the two rooms in the corner diagonally farthest from the hatchway. We had still available the saw that had been utilized on the folding doors and I think that another saw was manufactured for the purpose. Over this trap-door was placed a chap who groaned with more or less real inflammatory rheumatism, and the scraps of blanket on which he lay covered the lines of the trap-door. A certain amount of groaning on the part of the rheumatic patient kept the good-natured sergeant from inspecting his corner too closely. On the morning after the first escape, the patient being for the moment removed from his corner, a prisoner from below was hustled upon the shoulders of a comrade so as to be counted over again in the room above. There

was of course a little more difficulty after the second and after the third escape in getting two and then three men through the trap-door while the sergeant was passing up the stairway. The sergeant was however, kept engaged in conversation on the causes of the war, on the history of South Carolina, or on some other engrossing subject, and as long as no one passed him on the stairs, he had no reason to feel suspicious at the delay. When the fourth prisoner got away, the problem of the trap-door became, however, quite serious. It was finally arranged that there should be an accident on the stairway. A couple of chaps began scuffling, as if in play, near the top step and at the critical moment when the sergeant was half-way up, the scufflers tumbled over, rolling down the stairs and carrying the sergeant with them. There was of course, risk of broken arms or something worse, but they all got off with a few bruises and after earnest apologies, the sergeant was permitted to make his way upstairs and to complete his count. Two of the men who took the furnace road to freedom got across the river into North Carolina, and one of these, after a long and freezing sojourn in the mountains, actually turned up within our lines somewhere in Tennessee. The other was never heard from and doubtless perished in the wilderness.* The other two thought they would have a better chance in Virginia, but they were both captured before they had got very far north and were taken to Richmond. The first man was identified as coming from Danville, and General Winder, the commissary of prisoners, sent word up to the commander of our prison, a word that must have been in the shape of a reprimand, to know why he had not reported the escape of his prisoner. Our commander, a one-legged Marylander, reported that there must be some error or that the Yankee was lying as he had all his prisoners in hand. A week or two later, the second chap was captured and also taken to Richmond and a similar,

* Since my paper was put into print, I learn that this statement was an error. I have received from the veteran referred to a letter denying, with some indignation, that he had ever "perished in the wilderness." He succeeded with no little pluck and endurance, in making his way to our lines on the coast of North Carolina.

and probably sharper, reproof came up to Danville. Then the commander said he would do the counting himself. He had us all put into the upper room and went over the ranks man by man. When he found that there were four Yankees short, he was a very excited lieutenant-colonel indeed. He made us an address, speaking with tears in his eyes, of the pains he had taken to make us comfortable. He was actually reproaching the 350 men who were left with the crime of the four who had gotten away. His indignation that there should be any dissatisfaction on our part reminded me of Mr. Bumble's impressive words to Oliver Twist. As far as I know, the secret of the trap-door was not discovered, but the poor sergeant of South Carolina was deprived of his job and thereafter the roll was called in the upper room with all present. It happened further that after the escape of the four men, the work in the foundry became more active and there was practically no time when it could be utilized by us.

Our guards represented rather a curious mixture of good-natured indifference and a kind of half-witted cruelty. The officers were, as stated, disabled veterans and were on the whole not a bad lot. This was true also of certain of the sergeants. The rank and file, however, can best be described as scrapings from the mountains. They were mostly slight, overgrown youngsters with less than the proper proportion of wits. They seemed something like the beans that had been given to us in our soup at Libby, not fit for service in the Confederate ranks but good enough for the Yankee prisoners. I assume that if the disease had at that date been discovered, they would have been described as hook-worm patients. I remember one incident which indicated the lack of proper soldierly control. A man standing near me was washing his tin plate out of the window and some drops of water fell on the head of the guard below. Without a word of caution, the guard turned, put up his piece, and fired. The ball, missing the man at whom it was directed, went through the floor a little farther along and shattered the arm of a fellow who was entirely innocent in

the matter. A shattered arm in the low state of vitality which was general in February was a very serious thing, and it is my memory that this poor fellow lost his life. Some of us who had seen the whole matter made up a report for the officer of the guard and demanded that the guard should be punished. He disappeared for a few days and we assumed that he was somewhere under discipline. But when he returned he had on corporal's stripes and was more cocky than ever. He belonged to the half-witted lot, and I do not believe he had any full responsibility for his actions. He was in fact not fit to be trusted with a musket.

In December, 1864, when it seemed as if the resumption of general exchanges might still be indefinitely delayed, an agreement was arrived at between the authorities on either side for the paroling of certain officers who could be used for the distribution among their fellow prisoners of supplies delivered for the purpose under flag of truce. As the death-rate in the Southern prisons continued to increase, there was naturally an increasing pressure brought to bear on the part of the kinsfolk of the prisoners upon the authorities in Washington, to do something either to bring about exchange or in some other way to save the lives of the men. The interest of the Confederacy in bringing about exchange has already been referred to, and the view of Commissioner Ould that it was desirable to secure the return of able-bodied veterans in exchange for used-up Yankees who could never fight again, finally prevailed, but not until February, 1865. In December, the authorities in Washington, carrying out promptly the agreement arrived at, paroled a Confederate general, Beale of Georgia, who was permitted to select as associates three or four other officers. A number of bales of cotton were sent up from Savannah, under flag of truce, only a week or two before the capture of the city by Sherman had transferred to the United States the title to all the cotton remaining in the city. This cotton was sold on the cotton exchange in New York for the account of General Beale, and the price being in the neighborhood of \$1.50 a pound, he secured sufficient funds for his purposes. The authorities

in charge of the Confederate prisons acted more slowly, and it was not until February that parole papers were given to General Joseph Hayes of Boston, and to three officers selected by him as his associates. The post of distributing officer on parole was naturally very much in demand. It meant direct communication with home, clean clothes, soap, and the possibility of something to eat; and Hayes must have had difficulty in making his selections. I was very fortunate, having but a slight personal acquaintance with the general, to be taken for his junior assistant in the work to be done in Richmond. The senior was Colonel Charles Hooper of Boston. I do not recall the names of the other two officers who were paroled. One was posted in Danville and the other was sent to Salisbury. It is my impression that no attempt was made for the distribution of supplies for prisons south of Salisbury.

Hayes, Hooper, and myself were shipped back to Richmond on a train which seemed to be still slower than that by which we had three months back journeyed to Danville. At the close of February, 1865, the single track road from Richmond to Danville was in very bad condition, while the pressure upon the rails must have been very considerable. We were given quarters in Richmond in a tobacco factory, not very far from Libby Prison, and a colored corporal from Weitzel's brigade was paroled to wait upon us. It was my duty as the youngest to report two or three times a week to the pier on the James where I met the officer in charge of our flag of truce boat, and to give a receipt to him for the supplies brought up. We had during the winter been permitted to write letters to be forwarded across the lines to friends at home. The restriction was that the letter should be on a half sheet and that it should be handed open to the adjutant of the prison. If the contents of the letter did not meet the approval of the adjutant, it was not to be forwarded. It was only occasionally that we could secure scraps of paper on which to write, but I managed to place in the hands of the prison adjutant a letter to the home folks about once a week. It was only

on my return home in March that I learned that but five of my letters had gotten through. I do not know whether the result with my letters could be taken as a fair example of what happened to the letters of the others. Two or three men with whom I had the opportunity later of comparing experiences, however, reported that their friends had received but three or four out of a long series of letters handed over to the prison adjutant. The letters sent home after the announcement of our parole were, however, safely delivered and as a result, we three officers who were fortunate enough to have been assigned in Richmond secured, by an early flag of truce boat, greetings from home, clean clothes, and soap. We hardly recognized ourselves after our first cleaning up and the replacing of the rags with blue cloth that held together.

The supplies delivered to me from the flag of truce boat comprised blankets, blouses, shirts, trousers, and shoes. I do not recall the receipt of any food. It would in fact have been pretty difficult to get food safely across hungry Richmond into the prisons even though the need of starving prisoners might be greater than that of the citizens. I had some difficulty in the outset in arranging to get my supplies "toted" across the town. There were hardly any vehicles within reach and those that came into sight were busy enough with the needs of the Confederate quartermaster and commissaries. Such wagons as I saw were drawn by mules, and in the lack of forage the mules were thin and were evidently getting pretty weary of their task. I finally got hold of a couple of darkies who were too old to be of any particular service for the Confederate officials. Colored men were of course utilized very largely for service in the quartermaster's department and also for work in the trenches. These darkies got an old hand-cart which, while too small to make the transport expeditious, answered the purpose fairly well. It was necessary for me to accompany each trip of the hand-cart, as otherwise the colored men would have been promptly arrested as thieves and the goods would have been lost. My parole papers had to be shown to every

legitimate enquirer and as a matter of fact were shown also to a number of unofficial enquirers who were puzzled that a fellow in clean Federal uniform should be walking through Richmond without guard. It is fair to say that I met with hardly any instances of discourtesy. It is probable that if I had been carrying on this work a year or two earlier, I should have had more difficulty in getting through the streets of Richmond without abuse of some kind or other. By February, 1865, however, the residents of Richmond, and particularly those who had done service in the ranks, evidently understood that the war was coming to a close. They had in fact information which was not yet available for a prisoner like myself. The certainty that Richmond must before many weeks be in the hands of our troops might very easily have influenced the manners of the street crowd.

I had promised, under the conditions of my parole, to go nowhere about the city excepting between the three prisons, Libby, Castle Thunder, and one other building, the name of which I have forgotten. It is my belief that about this date the miserable encampment on Belle Isle which had served earlier as a prison and where so many of our good men had frozen to death, had been abandoned. General Hayes learned that in a building not far from our quarters had been stored a number of packages sent through the lines for our prisoners, and he directed me to visit the building and to give him a report. I found some thousands of packages which had accumulated for years and many of which had crumbled almost to dust. The sight was really pathetic when one bore in mind the loving thought with which the little parcels had been prepared in Northern homes and had been sent forth as a greeting to the soldier member of the family. It is difficult to understand just what the idea of the prison authorities had been in regard to these packages. They had received them by flag of truce with the understanding, if not with the promise, that they would be delivered as far as the men to whom they were addressed were within reach. No trouble, however, appears to have been taken to look up the owners. The fragments of many opened packages

indicated that things which gave any appearance of value had been appropriated by the guards, while the thousands of packages that remained had simply been thrown into a corner of the tobacco warehouse to rot. The contents of such of the parcels as were still intact were naturally varied. I remember, among the things that remained, testaments, locks of hair, packs of cards, and reading matter of one kind or another, from hymns to melodramatic romances. With these articles were in most cases loving short signatures which gave no clue to the full name of the writer. Not a few of the packages had contained food and these had naturally decayed with the damp or had been eaten up by rats and by insects. The traces of the food could, however, still be noted on the wrappers.

I made out lists of the names and addresses that could still be deciphered on the wrappers of the parcels which were not too much decayed and the contents of which could still be of value for the prisoners. These lists I compared with the rosters of the prisons and in the chance that some of the roster names might not have been correctly entered, I took pains more than once to call out the names at the roll-call of the prisoners. I recall but a dozen or two instances in which I was able to connect the men with the parcels. The accumulation had been going on for such a period of months and of years that the men had very largely disappeared, either by exchange or by death. The general finally told me to give up the task as not worth further labor.

I may recall in this connection a remark of the prison adjutant in regard to my roll-call. As I came into the prison, the men would at once fall into line, knowing that if I had any package or message or any material to distribute it would be necessary for me to call the roll. "I don't understand, Adjutant," said my guide, "how you secure such prompt attention for your roll-call. When I come in in the morning for my count, it takes any number of minutes to get the fellows into line and they all insist that on the ground of rheumatism or other invalidism, it is impossible for them to move any more quickly."

I have no very clear memory of the appearance of the Richmond streets, but one impression remains vividly in my mind. My walk to Castle Thunder took me across Main Street where, in the morning hours, I met the women going to market, and sad-looking women they were. They were for the most part dressed in black and in the cases in which, doubtless for the sake of economy, they wore butternut brown, the faces were none the less in mourning. They looked as if they were all widows or orphans. The figures were wan as well they might be, for at this time the whole town was restricted to the shortest of short rations. In their market baskets, they carried great wads of Confederate currency, but I knew well how little purchasing power those blue-back dollars possessed, and I knew also from our corporal who did our little marketing that with the best money, or with the largest amount of the worst money, there was hardly anything in the market to buy. Some considerate "authority" in Washington, bearing in mind that the paroled officers would have expenses to meet, had had the thought of sending down with our other goods a chest of Confederate money taken from the supplies that had as a result of captures accumulated in Washington during the four years. My receipt was given at the boat for "one chest of money, precise contents unknown." There were in that chest millions upon millions, more, in volume at least, than I had ever dreamed of possessing. In sending our man to market, I used to take from the chest armfuls of money, jamming it into the market basket until the basket would hold no more. In exchange for this mass of "legal tender," we would receive a dozen or two ears of corn or a little ground meal, and now and then as a special luxury a piece of mule steak. I remember one morning our man, with no little air of triumph, brought in an egg. I was afraid to ask how many thousand dollars had been paid for that egg. Said the general, "Gentlemen, I do not usually claim the privileges of rank, but it is my impression that that egg properly belongs to the officer in command." We naturally raised no objection and when the egg, having been

boiled, was placed upon the table and the top was taken off, it was the unanimous decision that as far as *rank* was concerned, it could be appropriated by anybody who wanted it. That egg must have been laid between the lines during several campaigns.

We had expected to make a long sojourn in Richmond, but within a fortnight of our arrival, we got news that the long delayed exchange had been finally declared. I think my work on parole lasted in all about three weeks. When we heard that a date had been fixed for our departure, I reminded the general that we had still to receive from the adjutant of Libby Prison a report concerning the moneys that had been taken from us. I recalled the memorandum book in which the amounts had been entered and the promise that these should be returned to us at the close of our imprisonment. The general was himself interested to the extent of some hundreds of dollars and he promptly instructed me to present his compliments at the office of Commissioner Ould and to ask for an accounting. At this late period in the campaign, the commissioner was a difficult man to find, but after various calls I finally succeeded in securing an interview and in giving him the message. I took the liberty of adding a statement of my own personal interest in the matter. One hundred and fifty dollars loomed very large in my memory and it certainly represented hard earnings. The commissioner seemed embarrassed. "Adjutant," he said, "the officer who had charge of that part of the prison business in October last is now dead, and I am sorry to say that there was some confusion in his accounts. Of course, however, you gentlemen ought to have your money. I will look into the matter and see what can now be done." I reminded the commissioner that we were to leave for the North at an early date and asked if I could call the next day. I got an appointment, but I did not find my commissioner. And it was only after delivering through his secretary a rather peremptory note from the general, that I did succeed in securing a further word with him. "The general instructs me to say, Commissioner, that he will take to Washington such report

in regard to these moneys as you see fit to send. If the Confederate authorities instruct us to say that they are unable to trace the record of these deposits and to make good the promise given by the prison officials, the general will carry such statement to Washington." "No, no, Adjutant," said the commissioner with some annoyed hesitation. Of course, we do not wish any such report to go out. It is a mere matter of detail and book-keeping. The money will of course be forthcoming." "I am instructed, sir," I replied, "to call again to-morrow in case I can not secure your report to-day." I did call on the morrow, but to no purpose. I called for the last time the day following and waited until within fifteen minutes of the departure of the boat; but finally decided that home and freedom were of more value than a claim against the Confederate government for \$150, and leaving my name, I made a quick run for the wharf.

I learned later from the reports of my prison comrades some of the incidents of their journey from Danville to Richmond. As soon as the announcement was made that the exchange had been effected and that our men were to leave immediately for the North, traders from the town made their way into the prison with offers of money to such of the prisoners as were able to give an impression of financial responsibility and of having at home fathers or other correspondents who would be likely to honor their drafts. If these Danville traders could have been induced earlier in the winter to hand over Confederate money in exchange for drafts on the North, much suffering would have been avoided and undoubtedly some lives would have been saved. I imagine that the certainty that the Confederacy was approaching its downfall constituted an important influence in bringing these traders to the conclusion that with the prospect of very satisfactory profit on the drafts that were honored, they could afford to take the risk on some of the more doubtful clients. The offers were, if I recollect rightly, at the rate of exchange of one hundred blue-back dollars for one greenback. The actual "value," if the blue-

back could have been said at that time to have any real value, would have been more nearly at the rate of 1000 to one. Of course, in accordance with the usual army practice, if one man secured funds, money was available for every one who was in need. The train was made up but slowly and the guards had no reason to be particularly watchful of their prisoners, none of whom had any desire to remain in Danville. There was, therefore, plenty of time with the aid of this newly acquired wealth to make purchases in the town before starting for Richmond. Shoes were secured and something in the form of jackets and trousers. I imagine that our men preferred to wear butternut garments that were complete rather than to remain in blue cloth rags. Some supplies of food were also bought which proved useful enough for the journey to Richmond, a trip the length of which was seriously increased by the frequent siding of the train. Certain of the officers were injudicious enough to include with their purchases some apple-jack rum, but I was told that, realizing the certainty of disaster if, after so long a period of starvation any drinking was indulged in, they did not use the rum or any serious quantity of the rum, for themselves, but gave it, partly as a matter of policy and partly as a joke, to the guards. In any case, according to the story as it came to me, by the time they reached Richmond late in the evening, these guards, with the exception of the officer in command and his orderly sergeant, were so drunk that there was no possibility of steering them with any kind of decent discipline across Richmond with the prisoners. In fact, many of them, lying down on the platform of the station, refused to move at all. The lieutenant in command, a one-armed veteran of not a bad sort, was in a state of perplexity and mortification. Our officers were ready, however, to cheer him up. "Don't be troubled, Lieutenant. We 'll find our way across to Libby Prison without a guard. You can come over in the morning with your guard and you will find us all ready to answer roll-call. Of course," they added, "we are not going to be out of the way to-morrow morning. We 've got to get to Libby. We have business in the North."

There was nothing else for the lieutenant to do, and he let the Yankees leave the station in their own way. Our boys tramped across the town very much as they chose. Not all of them knew the way and those who did were not interested in going straight. When they encountered any of the town guards, their word was very simple. They were poor Yankee prisoners who, wanting to go to Libby Prison, had lost their way. They managed, according to the story, to have a good deal of fun that night. They straggled over the town, seeing the sights, being arrested from time to time and "honorably discharged," but in the end, as promised, all making their way to the entrance of Mr. Libby's ship-chandlery warehouse. The prison sergeant must have had a wearisome night. He was called up from hour to hour to let in the straggling Yankees. "*You must* let us in," was the demand. "We are poor stray Yankees with no other place to go to. We must get into Libby." At no other time during the war was that old building, so full of sad memories, a place into which entrance was desired. The next morning, the one-armed lieutenant came over with his sergeant and with a fair quorum of his resuscitated guard. The roll was called, the Yankees were found to be all on hand, and the lieutenant got his receipt and freed himself from further responsibility. It was with the fresh memory of this last practical joke in their minds that I found my comrades in reaching the flag of truce boat at the wharf behind Libby. Worn and weak as they were, many of them in fact seriously invalided and not a few never to recover any measure of health or strength, they were all cheered up with the realization that they were again beneath the Stars and Stripes and with the certainty that home and loved ones were within reach.

TEXAS PRISONS AND A COMPARISON OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PRISON CAMPS.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY BY COMPANION JOHN READ, ACTING ASSISTANT PAYMASTER,
U. S. N. (MEMBER MASS. COMMANDERY), DECEMBER
7, 1910.

APAPER on this subject is undertaken with hesitation, feeling that, in the desire in the hearts of all for reconciliation, the veil were better drawn over that dark episode which we wish could be obliterated and forgotten; but on the other hand, the thought arises: Should the memory be unspoken and forgotten of the sacrifices of our comrades who gave up their lives in heroism for their country and their flag, and whose lives, I think you will agree, were given as valiantly as any on the fields of battle? Without the spur of excitement and enthusiasm of conflict, or encouraging anticipated accomplishment of a campaign, these men died by inches, not swerving in their sufferings from their allegiance to their flag, though the offer of release was constantly before them on condition that they would agree not to serve again. But, true as steel, they stood firm until, worn out by the physical and mental strain, they yielded up their lives.

To the memory of those patriots, therefore, whose graves are unknown and unmarked, save by the green turf of the prairie, certainly words of recognition and appreciation are not amiss in such a society as ours, dedicated to the history of the war.

It is not my intent to discuss the causes of treatment

or to make any charges whatever, but to confine my paper to the splendid endurance and unswerving loyalty in suffering of our comrades.

In recent years articles have been published from the Southern side in an endeavor to show that the treatment and care of Southern prisoners was no better than that of Northern prisoners, and their special reference was to Camp Morton near Indianapolis, Indiana, where many Confederates were confined. These allegations were so serious that the matter was taken up by the Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at its session in Indianapolis in 1891, and a committee was appointed to investigate the facts and to make a report. It is fitting to state that the great mortality of Northern prisoners in Southern prisons was occasioned by exposure, by lack of food and water, and lack of care, and so I make a comparison based on the report of this committee which sought government statistics of supplies furnished the camp, and made most careful search of facts.

Camp Morton, Indianapolis, was an area of thirty-five acres fitted up for the Indiana State Fair in 1860 and then occupied by Union troops until 1862. It was located on high ground with good drainage, had a running spring of pure water, was shaded by trees, and had been a favorite Methodist camp-meeting locality. It had a number of commodious buildings for exhibits of machinery, farm and garden products. These were converted for the prisoners' use, bunks being placed on the sides for sleeping, and long tables in the centre for meals. Stoves were placed every twenty feet, and straw and blankets were furnished every man. The official records at Washington show that during five months of 1863, 78,792 pounds of straw were issued to prisoners at Camp Morton, and the total amount issued during the whole winter was 234,272 pounds. The stoves were regulation pattern, taking a four-foot stick of wood. There was plenty of wood furnished; during January, 1864, six hundred cords of wood, and in February, five hundred and sixty cords—in all 11,641 cords. There was a bakery in the camp capable of making 12,000 loaves per day; cooked

vegetable soups were served each morning at roll-call, also tea and coffee.

Captain Pope, Commissary of the Department of Indiana, during 1864, says:

"My purchases were made through public advertising every sixty days. The supplies were not surpassed in quality anywhere. The issues of flour reached 100 barrels per day, which was made up in one pound loaves of soft bread, unsurpassed by any private bakery. Samples of baking were sent to my office daily. Full rations were issued daily. The best quality of fresh beef was issued every other day. There were immense sugar caldrons into which the best quality of beef by quarters was cut and placed, making soup by the 1000 gallons. Potatoes by the car-load were issued. Clothing was served always when demanded."

"The auditors' books at Washington show the whole number of rations issued to Camp Morton was 2,626,684!"

"About 12,000 prisoners were at Camp Morton."

"Rations at Camp Morton were as follows:

Hard Bread	14 oz.
or	
Soft Bread	18 "
or	
Corn Meal	18 "
Beef	14 "
or	
Bacon or Pork	10 "
Beans or Peas	6 qts. each 100 men
Hominy or Rice	8 lbs. " " "
Sugar	14 " " " "
Coffee—Rio	5 " " " "
Tea	18 oz. " " "
Soap	4 lbs. " " "
Candles	5 " " " "
Salt	2 qts. " " "
Molasses	1 qt. " " "
Vinegar	3 qts. " " "
Potatoes	30 lbs. " " "

same as our army in field—truly an assorted and generous supply."

Camp Morton was under the supervision of Governor Morton, the War Governor of Indiana, who has been mentioned in memory as the "soldier's friend," and whose reputation and high character were well known. The hospitals within the enclosure were in charge of Dr. P. H. Jamieson, one of the most prominent physicians of Indianapolis. These hospitals were furnished in the same style as those for our own men and were provided with everything necessary for the proper care of the sick. The diet was the same as for our own men. General A. P. Hovey, later Governor of Indiana, was in command of this district in 1864. He says:

"My headquarters were at Indianapolis, and Camp Morton, containing from 3500 to 4000 Confederate prisoners at that time, was under my command. I visited and inspected the camp once or twice each week. The food of the prisoners was ample, and I never heard any complaint of the scarcity of provisions or that the prisoners suffered from hunger. They fared better than our soldiers in the field."

The bakery at first furnished between 6000 and 7000 loaves daily, and it was finally increased to 12,000 per day. Reports reaching Governor Morton that certain Southern sympathizers were circulating reports against Camp Morton, he invited both the Senate and House of Representatives to visit and make an inspection in a body, and a report was made by the President of the Indiana Board of Agriculture, who was a member of the Legislature, that the hospitals and sleeping quarters were inspected, also quantity and quality of provisions, and not a member had censure or criticism.

General H. B. Carrington, U. S. Army, a part of whose duty it was to inspect and report on the camps and hospitals at Indianapolis says:

"There never was a time when a complaint as to rations or treatment was disregarded. There never was a time when the rations were insufficient or unwholesome. The bread was of the best."

Many other officers who were stationed at the camps testified to the same full supply of provisions and to the shelter

of all prisoners. It can well be understood that in time of war, in such large collections of men of all classes, some of whom were at times turbulent, there may have been cases of severe treatment by irresponsible guards, on which reports of ill-treatment were based and magnified, and there is no question but that Southern prisoners suffered with sickness and a great many died in Northern prisons; but there is no question as to the full supply of *food* of the same quality as was furnished our own troops; of the existence of *barracks* for shelter and of *hospitals*, and the lack of these in Southern prisons was the cause of the great mortality among Northern prisoners.

Another large camp in the North where Southern prisoners were confined was at Elmira, N. Y., but here were twenty long barrack buildings and at times several hundred tents. The rations were the same as furnished by our Government at Camp Morton.

Nearly 30,000 Northern men died in Southern prisons, and the greatest mortality was in the camps where there was no shelter, as at Andersonville, Salisbury, Millen, Ga., and the Texas open stockades.

Andersonville was an open stockade prison, enclosing twenty-three acres, and here at one time were confined 35,000 Northern prisoners. The trees had been cut to make the palisade, leaving none for shade, and there was no protection from the sun's rays of hot summer or from the storms. Holes were dug in the ground by the prisoners for shelter, but most were entirely unprotected and it was this exposure mainly, and also the scanty food, which caused the fearful loss.

In a little over one year 13,000 died. In August, 1864, the average each day was 99 bodies carried out! Over 1000 were from Massachusetts. One from Massachusetts died here for every five from Massachusetts killed in battle during the whole war. Imagine the loss in one year of 13,000 inhabitants of any town of 35,000 population! Such could not happen unless by a visitation of the plague or some epidemic. And this certified loss in figures at Andersonville

proves the suffering which was too great for physical endurance. But at Andersonville a record was kept so that the 13,000 graves were marked and headstones have been placed, and these men now lie in consecrated ground of this National Cemetery.

At Salisbury, N. C., there was another large prison camp, and 12,174 Northern men died there from the same causes of exposure and scanty food. Of this great number 12,084 are in unknown graves, only 90 are known dead.

While there have been accounts of some of the Southern prisons, as Andersonville, Libby, Belle Isle, and others, I do not remember having seen or read any description of the Texas prisons where men, as at Andersonville, waited for release from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, with no diversion of mind, with death stalking in their midst, with increasing weakness from lack of food, from sickness, exposure, and despair, until their minds gradually gave way and, unable to longer bear the physical strain, they sank to their graves.

Camp Groce and Camp Ford were the prison stockades in Texas, and many Union prisoners were sent to them. Camp Groce, near the town of Hempstead, was an enclosure surrounded by a stockade about fifteen feet in height, made by piles driven into the ground, on the top of which at intervals of about fifty feet were sentry boxes of the guards. Inside the pen was one old barrack, not sufficient, however, for all the prisoners, and but little protection from the weather, as boards were off on roof and sides. Several thousand prisoners in all were confined here. In May, 1864, also entered a band of 111 strong, healthy naval men, captured at the time of General Banks's Red River campaign. The only well in the ground having caved in before their arrival, the supply of water was from a creek outside the camp, and as there were but few buckets and as but a few prisoners were allowed to go to the creek at a time under guard, the supply was entirely inadequate. At early morn there would be a rush to get what water had oozed into the old well at night, and this being but little, men suffered for water to

quench their thirst. No straw, no bedding, no clothing were furnished, and men lay upon the bare boards inside the barracks and outside on the ground. Each prisoner of this particular band had brought his own blanket when captured, and it was a studied art to so fold it that the greatest thickness could be gained, and a bed of a few inches in width was discovered to be possible, provided one did not move or roll over. At first there were diversions, such as whittling trinkets, games, conversation, and stories, but soon sickness came and the days grew longer and longer, spirits fell with the sad surroundings of sick and suffering comrades, conversation and stories ceased, and men sat under the burning sun of summer buried in their own thoughts. Each morning mule teams entered to collect the dead, and each morning was the depressing sight of bodies being carried out. Hounds were kept near the camp, and when any prisoners had escaped, the pack was brought for the scent and the pursuit began.

The large open sinks inside the camp often overflowed in heavy rains. Through May, June, July, and August in this pen, with little shade, the high stockade also being a barrier, the prisoners suffered more and more, with sickness constantly increasing and with strength decreasing. The hot sun beat down on men sick with chills and fever and dysentery, with no medical care, while little water could be obtained for their parched lips. Neither pen nor tongue can depict the pall which day by day grew heavier over the camp, and it was a time for men to resolve that they would *not* die, for to give way, as too many did, with homesickness and heart-sickness and faltering, was speedy death, many becoming insane before they died. Each month an exchange took place, and it can be understood how eagerly all looked forward through the month to that time, in the hope that their time might come next. The day came, the prisoners formed in line and, as the Confederate officer opened the book, you can imagine the anxious faces in that long line of sick, hungry, ragged men, who were thinking of home and praying that the sound of their names might fall from his lips. And when those who had been called stepped out of

the ranks with lightened faces and to whom a "Good-bye" was said, you can also imagine, perhaps, as the book closed and the officer turned away, with what sadness and despondency the rest broke ranks to return to another month's imprisonment before the next exchange. It is impossible to describe the dispiriting effect,—men sat upon the ground unnerved and in tears, for many realized that they could not hold out another month. So eight times during the eight months' imprisonment of this band did they look forward with hopes, and eight times were they disappointed, but saw others pass out of the gates for home, and each month the number lessened.

In contrast to the long list of different kinds of food which I have read as being furnished the Southern prisoners at Camp Morton, much of it cooked, as bread, soups, tea, coffee, potatoes, etc., the rations in Texas to Northern prisoners were as follows: 16 oz. uncooked, coarse ground corn meal daily, salt, a little bacon occasionally, and beef in carcass rarely, out of which pieces were cut with jack-knives and cooked on sharpened sticks before the fire. No coffee, no tea, no bread, not an ounce of cooked food, not a stick of wood was furnished. The prisoners in details under guard were taken out to the adjoining forest to cut their own wood and bring it to camp themselves, an irksome duty for sick men. Not an article of clothing was supplied and men were in rags,—no hospital or medical care. Through the hot months of summer this camp was crowded with prisoners, and dead from both Army and Navy were carried out each day.

In September the naval prisoners were moved from Camp Groce to an open camp on the prairie. Here there were no buildings or shelter. The ground was the prisoner's bed, with only the heavens above, and much new sickness was occasioned by the exposure to storms. In October they were again moved to another open camp in a forest near Chapel Hill. Chapel Hill had formerly been used for camp-meetings and there were large sheds on the top of the hill, but the guard occupied these while the prisoners were herded

at the foot of the hill in a piece of woods where there was no shelter, and as it was now autumn, with frequent storms, and the nights were cold, it can be understood why this exposure caused the great mortality it did, as the prisoners had become weakened by the heat and scanty food of the hot summer. They simply faded away as autumn leaves before the blast. Of the 111 of this band in May but thirty-two wasted men now sat by the camp-fire in the forest, with few words, and with the weird, long gray southern moss moving with the wind over their heads. It was a ragged brigade, with elbows and knees out, when the cold month of December came, and often they were obliged to rise from the ground and keep in motion on account of the cold, or crouch beside some tree, seeking a little shelter from the driving rain.

A night at this place cannot be described nor can it be forgotten, with sick and dying men lying upon the wet ground exposed to the storms. Long nights they were, and it seemed as though morning would never come! After three months in these open camps, they were moved in December back to Camp Groce. It was now deserted, as part of the army prisoners had been exchanged and the rest were dead. These few naval prisoners entered again through the great gates into this great vacant desolate pen, where there had been a thousand in summer—a place filled with terrible reminiscences—to begin another term of imprisonment. Death seemed near at hand. Finally, in December, as so few remained it was decided to close the prison, and on the 19th of that month a freight train stopped at the camp and the prisoners were placed on the rear open platform freight car. The train started and it being an up-grade the departure was slow, but joy was in every face at leaving the old pen not again to return, when suddenly the coupling of the rear car broke and the prisoners rolled back to the very gates of the prison. Truly, fate seemed against them. Another start was made, and the old camp of suffering and death was left behind, where the dreams for months had been of longing for the sight of the Stars and Stripes. After a day's journey, far off in the distance as we neared our lines,

a small object was seen; it grew larger and larger, then was seen to move in the wind, then from the squad of ragged and sick prisoners a voice shouted, "My God, boys, there's the old flag!"

Imagination can but faintly realize the emotions with which, after the long sad experience of weary months of waiting, with hope deferred that made the heart sick, and when heart-sickness and homesickness had become realities, our own flag was seen in the distance, the flag whose meaning was food, shelter, and care—home and life itself.

Thus far in my paper I have avoided personalities, but as reliance on memory alone of occurrences of forty years ago is not fully trustworthy, I think it will be more interesting when I state that my account is not one of after-study or research, but is one of experiences which came under my own eyes, and, in addition to memory, is based on the data of a daily record which I kept throughout the eight months. This is one of the little books with the pathetic pages, which I cut in narrow shape to conceal in my shoe at times of inspection. Though hundreds of the Army in these camps died from the same causes and at the same time, the summary of my paper is particularly of my own band, as of this I kept this record, but the description will apply to the whole number confined. Figures best tell the truth of the story of suffering and death and the percentage of loss:

In May there were	111	strong, healthy men
In June and July	6	died
August	9	more died
September	19	" " 34 now dead, 77 remained
October	12	" " 46 " " 65 "
November	21	" " 67 " " 44 "
December	12	" " 79 " " 32 "

A loss of 71 per cent., or nearly three out of every four!

This high percentage of loss was occasioned by the placing of these naval men in the open swamp camps, where there was no shelter.

Many Southern prisoners who suffered with sickness and with the same homesickness as did Northern prisoners, died in Northern prisons and we add our remembrance of their valor on many fields of battle and of their sacrifice. It is well known, however, that a very large number captured by our armies during the war were in broken health and many were sick when they entered our camps from their own armies. As an instance, 500 Confederates captured in the campaigns of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson went, on arrival at Camp Morton, at once to the hospital, but it is a fact that they had shelter and food, and that there were hospitals and medical care, while exposure to the weather and lack of shelter and food were the chief causes of the mortality in Texas and at Andersonville. There was reason for paucity of food supplies in the Confederacy, but the lack of shelter cannot be understood or explained.

At Andersonville and at other Southern camps commemorative services have been held and monuments have been erected by different Northern States in memory of prisoners who died there and whose graves are marked, but in Texas all graves are unmarked and unknown, and we now can pay but our tribute. And this account I give that the valor of these faithful followers of their nation's honor, who did not return, may be known and not allowed to fade from recognition.

For, as I have said, the offer was always open to be released, provided an agreement was signed not to serve again, but in our camp, so far as I know, not a man swerved in his allegiance to his flag.

So, Companions, let our desire for harmony and reconciliation overrule any harsh feeling of criticism, but, at the same time, let us preserve the memory of the brave men who died for the honor of their country.

[The following, taken from the *Congressional Record*, is placed here by the editor to preserve and complete the Record, and furthermore as of especial interest in connection with what Companion Read has written in the foregoing paper compared with his statement in 1865.]

STATEMENT TO CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO TAKE TESTIMONY ON TREAT- MENT OF UNION PRISONERS, 1865.

I JOHN READ, late Paymaster in the United States Navy, entered the service, Nov. 6, 1862; was attached to the turreted Ironclad Ram *Keokuk* until she was sunk in the first attack, by Admiral Dupont, on the Charleston forts in April, 1863. In that battle the *Keokuk* was struck ninety times in hull and turrets in less than thirty minutes. Nineteen shots pierced her at the water line. I then joined the gunboat *Granite City*, West Gulf Squadron, and, after a number of engagements in that Department in 1863 and 1864, was taken prisoner in the engagement at Calcasieu Pass, La., on May 6, 1864. After capture was taken to Camp Groce, near the town of Hempstead, sixty miles from Houston, Texas. This was an enclosure surrounded by a stockade about fifteen feet in height, made of piles driven into the ground, on the top of which, at intervals of about fifty feet, were sentry boxes for the guards, who were instructed to shoot any one coming within an imaginary line of ten feet of the fence. Inside the pen were old barracks, not sufficient, however, for the accommodation of all the prisoners, and but very little protection from the weather. At this camp we remained through the hot months till September 23d, the heat being excessive, while the only well in the grounds having caved in before our arrival, our only supply of water was from a muddy creek outside the camp, and as we were provided with but few buckets, and but a few prisoners allowed to go to the creek under guard at a time, the demand became so constant that this privilege was often denied to many, the officers saying that it occasioned

the guards who accompanied, *too much work*. At early morn there would be a rush to get what water had oozed into the old well through the night, and this being but very little, many sick men suffered for water even to cool their parched lips. We afterwards dug this anew, the rebels telling us, "if we wanted water we could repair the well!" The camp was under the command of a Colonel Gillespie, a clergyman who openly avowed his intention to maltreat prisoners, as proved by the confession of his own subordinate officers, who, on several occasions, stated that they would alleviate the sufferings, but that the Colonel wished to *retaliate* upon us for alleged maltreatment of Confederates in Northern prisons. Thus, when the inhabitants around came to sell milk, eggs, etc., to the prisoners, Gillespie ordered that nothing should be allowed to go into the grounds! One of the prisoners, a naval surgeon, was allowed by the subordinate officers for some time, on his parole, to go into the neighboring woods to collect astringent and medicinal herbs for cases of diarrhoea, but Gillespie, as soon as he found it out, forbade his going outside the bounds of the prison. On one occasion, a few prisoners effecting their escape, unknown to the rest, and for which they were not accountable, Gillespie, being enraged, ordered all the remaining prisoners to be driven out of the barracks, and herded in the open air. This order was carried into effect, sick and well being forced into as small a compass as possible, not even allowed to go to the sinks, and the night being rainy and cold much suffering and new sickness were occasioned. The camp becoming filthy, the Union officers organized squads of the prisoners for cleaning the grounds, but the authorities ordered them not to obey their officers, and openly urged them to desert and join their cause. But not a man faltered in his allegiance! Those who escaped, if captured, were punished with ball and chain, and also *bucked*—that is, their hands when ironed were drawn down over the knees and a stick running under them kept the hands in place and the men doubled up. A pack of hounds was kept near the camp, and the most active in their use

was a *Parson Scott*, who was considered the best "nigger hunter" in the county. When it was discovered that any of the prisoners had escaped, the hounds were brought to the camp and led around the outside until they took the scent, and then the pursuit commenced. The camp through the hot season was in the most filthy condition, and in heavy rains the sinks overflowed, causing the most intolerable stench. The condition of the prisoners at this time was terrible. The hot sun beat down upon men sick with fever, the high stockade keeping air from entering—little water, and that thick and muddy—the prisoners wasted to the appearance of death itself, and without clothes sufficient to cover them—while many hugged pieces of blankets around them to cover their nakedness. The sickest prisoners were finally carried to the attic of an old church. This room, packed closely with men low with diarrhoea and other diseases, lying in their own filth, soon became a place of corruption. Those who died were carried out in mule carts, which came into camp each morning to collect the dead, and were buried uncoffined on the prairie by the negroes.

In the latter part of September the prisoners were moved west of the Brazos River, to the low land, near the town of Bellville. Here was no shelter whatever, and the mortality was great. The cavalry guard encamped *above* the prisoners on the creek, and we had to drink the water as it came from them to us. Often were to be seen horses bathing in the water, which, when it reached us, was slimy and offensive. In October, we were crowded into mule carts, for few could walk, and moved to Camp Felder, near Chapel Hill, where also no shelter was given to us. At this camp there were the greatest amount of sickness and the largest number of deaths. It was located on low, swampy ground at the foot of a hill, the top of which had formerly been used for camp-meetings, and on which were many large sheds, ample for all. But no!—the guard and their horses enjoyed the shelter, while dying prisoners even were not given this little protection from the winter storms. All were herded on the muddy ground, in a small compass. The suffering and mortality

at this place surpassed the others. It may be said that the ground was covered with sick and dying, and these, too, with no shelter—lying on the wet ground with chills and dysentery, exposed to the winter heavy rains and chilling “norther” (the cold, stormy, winter wind which blows with the fierceness of a tornado), with not enough clothing to cover them, several being chilled to death. The dead were buried uncoffined, and often a corpse lay for several days unburied in the camp, in the midst of its late messmates,—a cheerless companion, with its wan face and sunken eyes, through the dark and stormy night in the forest, to the prisoner, heartsick, homesick, and suffering! No endeavor was made to cleanse the camp, which soon became filthy in the extreme.

The reminiscences of a night at this place cannot be forgotten. The coughs, the cries of the insane, for a great number lost their reason before death came, the groans of the sick and dying—all exposed to the pitiless rain and cold “norther”—while many were too weak to rise from the ground to escape the flood which at every storm washed down the hillside, and yet not a hundred yards off were sheds sufficient for twice our number.

The last of October we were moved back to Camp Groce, when, the weather being rainy and the mud deep for wagons, men were forced to march, until they fell exhausted. On this march the wayside was lined with those unable to walk farther; at every step was to be seen some poor fellow sitting in the mud, shaking with chills, unable to proceed, with sunken cheeks and eyes, and looks of complete despondency and despair, while the cavalry guard was urging all to proceed. In November and December, at Camp Groce, deaths occurred from the cold, the constitutions of all having lost their vitality by poor and scanty food, during a long summer of sickness and exposure to storms and the changing climate. Neglect and abuse characterized the treatment of the Union prisoners. Supplied with insufficient food and water, we were herded and crowded together merely to save the number of the guards, while the camps were allowed to remain in filthy condition, and the

efforts of the prisoners themselves to cleanse were thwarted. The ration consisted of a half pound of tough meat, half an ounce of coarse salt, sixteen ounces of corn-meal, coarsely ground, pieces of husk often being found, which latter food aggravated the diarrhoea and complaints of the prisoners. The principal articles of food, in fact the regular diet, three times daily for seven and one-half months, was the corn-meal which we mixed with water and boiled over the camp-fire as a "mush." Neither coffee nor tea was served. Very few cooking utensils being supplied, the prisoners were obliged to borrow, one mess from another, so that it was often far into the night before many were able to procure means for cooking their mush. The commandant of the camps, Gillespie, caused all the suffering in his power. He kept prisoners, sick and dying, in the open air through winter storms, when shelter was at hand. He prevented any alleviation of prisoners' sufferings; he punished all, sick and well, for the escape of a few.

The long march from Chapel Hill to Camp Groce, in winter storms, when all were sick, was characterized by barbarous cruelty, as none were fit to march and many were low with sickness. The largest number of prisoners at a time at the camp was about seven hundred, both from the Union Army and Navy. The number of naval prisoners captured on May 6, 1864, and taken to Camp Groce, was one hundred and eleven strong, healthy men. In December but *thirty-two of these were alive*. *Seventy-nine* had succumbed to the mental and physical strain and to exposure. Only thirty-two sick and wasted men now remained in this desolate and deserted stockade, which had contained over seven hundred, a part of whom we had seen from time to time go out for exchange and liberty, and a large proportion we had buried. The prospect now, in the winter season, was, indeed, a gloomy one, and despondency and despair settled on all. Finally, as so few of us remained, and were not able to care for ourselves—in fact, a short time longer in this cold and wet weather would have obliterated the entire band—the authorities decided to close the camp, and so sent

us on an open platform freight car sixty miles to Houston, on December 19, 1864, where we were locked in the court-house over night, and the next day were taken to Galveston, and sent out on parole to the Federal blockading fleet.

Imagination can but faintly realize the emotions with which, after our long, sad experience of weary months of waiting, with hope deferred, which made the heart sick and when heartsickness and homesickness had become realities, we saw our own flag in the distance across the lines!

The surviving naval prisoners were thus released December 19, 1864, having been confined seven and one-half months and having lost of the original number seventy-one per cent., in deaths, a loss of nearly three out of every four, caused by neglect, insufficient and poor food, and exposure without shelter.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY
BY COMPANION LIEUT. THOMAS STURGIS, FEBRUARY I, 1911.

*Commander and Companions of the New York Commandery
Loyal Legion:*

OUR Commander has asked me to address you on the subject of "Prisoners of War." Remembering my youth at the time of the War of the Rebellion, and the modest rank I attained as a soldier, I should hesitate to obtrude my experiences in the presence of the many older officers of high rank and distinguished service who sit around us, were it not for the fact that my army life included a duality of events connected with the topic of the evening, which taken together form, if not a unique, at least an unusual combination.

In 1864, the regiment of which I was adjutant was placed on guard over Camp Morton near Indianapolis, Indiana, then one of the largest prisons for rebels in the North, and in the winter of 1865 I was made a prisoner at the battle of Fort Stedman in front of Petersburg, Virginia, and was confined in the well-known Libby Prison at Richmond. I thus had the opportunity of seeing at first hand both sides of this much mooted question, the treatment of prisoners. The facts as I saw and experienced them, and the conclusions I reached, I shall try to give you.

I listened with great interest to the addresses on this subject delivered to us last December, to Companion Read's eloquent tribute to our martyred comrades, and to Compan-

ion Putnam's humorous and pathetic story. But I confess to a depression of spirit as I listened. When Read selected Camp Morton as his illustration of Northern prisons, and quoted its statistics from the records (though not as a personal experience), and when Putnam landed at Libby Prison, I felt that what I had to offer had been in some degree anticipated. You will understand why when you recall that my only apology for accepting our Commander's suggestion that I should prepare a paper on "Prisoners of War" was the fact, previously stated, that I had seen and known both sides of prison life, coupled with which was the further fact that my recollections centred around the two prisons already described. Yet as there is always some interest in a personal experience, I trust you will bear with fortitude any repetition that may appear in my accounts of Camp Morton and the Libby and follow me into the wider field which I have tried to analyze and illustrate.

Both the earlier speakers disavowed the intention of going deeper into the question than a recital of the suffering of themselves and comrades, but I think the occasion is fitting for an unimpassioned and judicial review of the facts as they tend to show the attitude of the Southern people upon this question, and the intent, purpose, and policy of their leaders as shown by the Confederate records now in our possession. I speak in no spirit of present animosity. I do not seek to place upon present generations responsibility for the acts of their fathers. Edmund Burke said: "I should not know how to draw an indictment against an entire people," and I do not intend to do so, nor is it needed here. But we helped to make history. We are the living witnesses. We are rapidly passing away from this scene, and it is fitting, in the interest of history, in justice to the way our people conducted the war, and to the contrast presented by the actions of our antagonists, that we should leave our testimony before we go.

At that time Indianapolis was a crude Western town, giving little promise of its present importance, except to the far-seeing ones who appreciated its value as a railroad junc-

tion. The country was as level as a table, the streams flowed sluggishly with hardly fall enough to move their waters; the streets were wide, unpaved, and dusty, and the buildings of wood, low and insignificant. The soil was rich with Nature's centuries of fertilization, and the timber of white oak, walnut, and beech was magnificent. Even then, before conservation had become a "progressive" gospel, it seemed shocking to my Yankee sense of thrift to see our men felling and splitting this grand timber for firewood.

In 1864, Indianapolis was a live wire. Vallandigham was openly making vehement treasonable speeches in the adjoining State of Ohio. He had organized two secret orders of very militant Southern sympathizers, with a large membership in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Kentucky was debatable ground overrun alternately by both armies. The plan of making a military movement northward in force through Ohio and Indiana to free the rebel prisoners at Camp Johnson, Ohio, and Camp Morton, Indiana, was long cherished by the Confederacy. These secret orders were called the "Knights of the Golden Circle" and the "American Knights," and the former had their headquarters and were in great force in Indianapolis. Oliver P. Morton, the famous war governor, was in office, and General Alvin P. Hovey was in command of our troops. Under him Brigadier General Henry B. Carrington commanded the recruiting and draft (or conscript) camp, named for him, and General A. A. Stevens commanded Camp Morton, the rebel prison adjoining. Carrington became well-known subsequently when, as Colonel of the 18th Regular Infantry, he commanded at the time of the "Fetterman Massacre" by the Sioux Indians in Wyoming in 1866. Stevens was an invalid though still doing duty.

We had relieved an active regiment upon our arrival and found that the only troops remaining were part of a regiment of men who had been incapacitated for active service by wounds or disease and were organized for guard and garrison duty. The Government had designated the troops of this character as the "Invalid Corps," and they wore the insignia

"I. C." on the light blue uniforms that distinguished them from active service regiments. These letters are those placed by our government quartermasters upon useless animals and property and mean simply "inspected and condemned." The rebels soon got hold of the identity of lettering and promptly christened our Invalid Corps "Condemned Yanks." The epithet was used so publicly and offensively that these gallant veterans resented the stigma, and the Government changed the title to "Veteran Reserves," by which they were afterward known. Upon the departure of our predecessors my regiment was placed on guard over the prison, and I was detailed as post-adjutant.

Camp Morton was originally established for the custody of wounded prisoners, but was later used for all classes of enlisted men. Its site had a slightly rolling surface, as well selected as the topography of the country permitted. Colonel Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners at Washington, reported of it on April, 23, 1863: "It is a very favorable place for a prison, but occupies a large area. It has a stream of water running through it, and many shade trees standing." It was enclosed by a wooden stockade. Surrounding this on the outside, and at a suitable level to enable them to watch the interior, was the platform upon which the guards were stationed. Inside the stockade, and about twenty feet from it, was a low fence which the prisoners were forbidden to cross, as doing so would have brought them to the foot of the wall. This was not difficult to scale by active men using either a rude ladder or a long plank torn from their barracks. Such attempts were made several times during our stay. They were made at night and by a small number of men, probably not over a dozen at a time. In at least one case the outbreak was successful. The wall was scaled, the guard overpowered, and several men escaped. The surrounding country was well timbered, and the occupants of the small farms were, without exception, sympathizers with the rebel cause. Concealment and subsequent escape across the Ohio River were therefore easy. We never used bloodhounds to track fugitives as was done

in the South, and in the midst of a population friendly to them the fugitives could not have been identified. *Our* men escaping from Southern prisons picked their way at night for weeks together through a hostile country where every man and woman was an enemy, except possibly some timid negro. Swamps were their beds and raw corn and berries their food. The prisoners escaping from Camp Morton found food, clothing, shelter, and sympathy at every farm they approached. I have spoken of the inner fence which the prisoners could not cross. There was no need of their crossing it, as will appear later, for their necessities were otherwise cared for, but it was not a "dead line" in the sense commonly used. In these instances where determined attempts to break out were made, the guards of course used their guns, but I do not recall an instance at Camp Morton where a prisoner was shot, in cold blood, for a real or fancied infringement of this rule. The records of the adjutant-general's office show several such cases as having occurred at other prison camps in the North, perhaps a half dozen in all. Each was made a matter of close inquiry by a duly appointed Board, and in each instance the act of the soldier was found justified by the orders he had received. It is clearly established that there was no desire on the part of our men anywhere or at any time wantonly to take a prisoner's life. That the reverse was often the case in the Southern prisons is unfortunately well attested, but these facts and the feeling that led to them will be given and analyzed farther on.

Within the enclosure wooden barracks had been erected for the prisoners. They were substantial buildings from 100 to 120 feet long by 20 wide, fully enclosed on the sides, and well roofed. There were two places devoted to sinks. Both were wooden buildings, one of them a large structure in the centre of the camp, and both had seats for the use of the men. By filling in with earth, and at intervals changing the location, a good degree of decency and an approach to hygienic conditions were preserved, but the large number of men confined, in my time about 7000, and the constant

use of various parts of the enclosure for this purpose for a year, undoubtedly infiltrated the ground with an amount of poisonous matter dangerous to health. These conditions, which prevailed to a greater or less degree in the other Northern prison camps, were fully recognized by the authorities. The records show that these prisons were frequently and minutely inspected by officers under orders of the Commissary General of Prisons at Washington, and that everything was done to minimize any unsanitary conditions. The only radical cure, removal of the entire prison to a new location, was impossible, but the enclosure was much enlarged in 1864. What could be done to mitigate trouble was done. The hospital accommodations, which from the outset had been fair, were extended, ample medical supplies were kept on hand, the barracks were kept as cleanly as possible, sufficient clothing was supplied, and the food, which was regularly and frequently inspected, was of good quality and ample in amount. Under standing orders from Washington the daily ration was as follows:

Hard bread or Soft bread or Corn meal Fresh beef or Pork or bacon Beans or Rice Sugar Coffee, ground or raw or Tea Soap Salt Vinegar	per man " " " " " " " " " " " " per 100 men " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	14 ounces " " 16 " " 16 ounces 14 " " 10 " " 6 quarts 8 pounds 12 " " 5 " " 7 " " 1 pound 4 pounds 2 quarts 3 "
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Molasses	per 100 men	I quart
Potatoes	" " "	15 pounds

During the summer of 1864, it was ordered that sugar, coffee, and tea should be issued only to the sick and wounded, the amounts remaining the same. The unused part of all rations was sold and from it was formed a "prison fund." This was applied to the purchase of green vegetables and other articles conducive to the health of the prisoners, and was administered with scrupulous fidelity.

On August 6, 1864, C. T. Alexander, Surgeon, U. S. A., reported to the Commissary-General of Prisons that the "prison fund" at Camp Morton was \$36,215.52; that it was well managed; that the individual accounts of prisoners were satisfactory to them; that the prisoners fully understood their privileges and traded with the sutler by cheques.

The ration above described is identical with that then prescribed by law for the United States soldier. It was ample in amount and sufficiently varied in character to keep men in sound physical condition, but also, on account of the unusually large saving, due to the fact that these men consumed much less than men in active service, it permitted the purchase through the "prison fund" of many varieties of food and delicacies particularly useful and welcome to the sick and wounded.

At the time of which I write the cooking at Camp Morton was done by my details. We baked daily from 5000 to 7000 loaves, about six inches cube, of good white bread, which gave to each prisoner a loaf, appetizing and healthful. Our own men were then drawing only hard tack as an equivalent. On their arrival the prisoners were given necessary clothing and blankets. Each man received one of the latter, and as two usually bunked together, they joined forces. As the cold weather of the autumn approached we made a further issue of a blanket apiece, and some of the men fashioned the old ones into capes or cloaks, and the sight of a sturdy Confederate strolling about with Uncle Sam's U. S. branded between his shoulders was not uncommon.

As before stated, the distressing but unavoidable feature of all such prisons, idleness, with its accompanying nostalgia and depression, was present of course. To relieve this in some degree the prisoners practised many small trades, of which I recall especially jewelry making and carving. Bone and rubber or gutta-percha coat buttons and small silver coins, dimes, and quarters, were supplied by our men, and from these were made rings, shirt studs, collar buttons, sleeve links, and Masonic and Odd Fellows insignia, very neatly finished, with the designs set in silver. These trinkets found a ready market among our men, or were sold by them in town and the proceeds faithfully turned over to the manufacturer.

One distressing feature of all the Southern prisons was happily lacking here. The area enclosed afforded room for the inhabitants. This is shown by the fact that at night when the men were in barracks the grounds were empty, and in the day time the men could stroll about with ample room for air, exercise, and health. The terrible contrast to this afforded by Southern prison conditions will appear when we reach the reverse of the picture.

As official corroboration of the foregoing account given from memory of the conditions at Camp Morton, I quote briefly from the following documents.

On March 23, 1863, Capt. H. W. Freedley, 3d Regt., U. S. Infantry, reported to Colonel Wm. Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisons, Washington, as follows:

"Camp Morton contains accommodations for a large number of prisoners. They are well provided with quarters and fuel and have ample space for exercise. All are well provided for; every care has been taken of the wounded and all appear as cheerful and happy as could be expected of men in their circumstances. The policing of the camp is good and space allotted to prisoners for exercise kept neat and clean. The barracks are in good order, floors cleanly scoured and swept, bedding well aired and clean. They indulge in games of amusement and exhibit life and activity. The ration was found to be good and wholesome in all its parts."

On August 28, 1864, Lieutenant J. W. Davidson, Veteran Reserve Corps, Inspector of Camps, reported through Colonel Stevens to Captain Harz, Asst. Adjutant-General, Washington:

"The kitchens are in good condition and kept clean. The grounds undergo a thorough policing each day. Drainage as perfect as locality will permit. The prisoners will require the following to make them comfortable for winter, viz.: 530 woollen blankets, 835 pair trousers, 1250 pair shoes, 850 shirts, 350 coats. Rations furnished daily in compliance with circular order, (already quoted). Rations of soap large, but not more than required."

The records show that these supplies were furnished within two months.

On September 4, 1864, the same officer reports:

"Sanitary condition good. Rations issued as per circular, and antiscorbutics, potatoes, and onions three times a week."

Further reporting, October 16th, he says:

"General health of prisoners greatly benefited by thorough policing and exercising. Clothing and bedding have been issued to all destitute men. Potatoes issued every day at rate of eight ounces per man."

I close with his report of November 6th, when my regiment was ordered away:

"Conduct: prisoners quiet; no attempts to escape. Cleanliness, clothing, bedding all good. Quarters good, thoroughly policed daily. Kitchen good. Food first-class. Quantity sufficient. Water sufficient and good. Sinks sufficient and kept thoroughly clean. Drainage complete. Police of hospital thorough. Attendance of sick good. Hospital diet first-class. General health of prisoners good."

Let us glance briefly at other Northern prisons. The

report of Surgeon A. M. Clark, Medical Inspector of Prisoners of War, dated April 8, 1864, and applying to the prison at Rock Island, Ill., gives a fair idea of conditions existing at all the Northern prisons named below. From this I abstract as follows:

"Barracks well warmed by stoves. Cooking done by detail. Kitchens and utensils generally clean and in good order. Rations sufficient in quantity and of good quality. All prisoners (6950) well supplied with blankets, and in general well clothed. Policing of barracks and grounds not satisfactory, must be improved. Drainage ordered but not completed. Sinks well arranged. Laundry. Caldrons provided but not enough used by prisoners. Hospital—560 beds—17 surgeons."

Lieutenant-Colonel S. Eastman, U. S. A., commanding depot, reports as follows regarding the Elmira (N. Y.) prison May 23, 1864:

"The barracks will comfortably accommodate 4000 prisoners without crowding; buildings in excellent condition, well ventilated; Mess room will seat 1200 to 1500. Kitchen can cook daily for 5000; excellent bakery; daily capacity 6000 rations."

Colonel B. J. Sweet, 8th Reg. Veteran Reserve Corps, commanding post, reports as follows regarding Camp Douglas, rebel prison near Chicago, on June 1, 1864:

"The grounds of Camp Douglas are thoroughly policed and drained. Barracks arranged on streets fifty feet wide, twenty-five feet between ends; whitewashed inside and out and raised four feet above ground. The present thirty-two barracks, each ninety feet long, will hold comfortably 165 men each. Recommends thirty-nine more barracks giving capacity for 12,000 prisoners at a cost of \$19,000."

Certainly our Government dealt with its prisoners with conscientious regard for life, and in no niggardly spirit.

In lighter vein let these extracts made by D. B. Tiffany, U. S. Prison Provost Marshall, from the letters of rebel

prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, to their friends in the South speak for themselves:

"I want nothing; I have everything that heart could wish except my freedom. I am doing well and living fine and fat."—Jonathan Musgrave (Virginia).

"We get plenty to eat and are treated very well by the officers."—W. A. Womack (Kentucky).

"Bill of fare at the Virginia House, Christmas day: Bean soup, hog and corn, pork and hominy, roast beef, turkey, duck, chicken, oysters, apple dumplings, cakes, peach pie,"—M. E. Russell and Ed. (Virginia).

"We have nothing to do but eat and sleep. We have plenty to eat and to drink, and a very good bed. We have no reason to complain."—John A. Carson (Virginia).

"We are doing very well. The officers are very pleasant, and agreeable men about the prison."—F. P. M. Estis (Missouri).

"I received a letter from you dated the 18th of this month. You express a great deal of uneasiness about my sufferings here. I have a good husk mattress, a parcel of cotton comforts, and two pillows, so I can sleep quite comfortably. The good Being has blest me in my afflictions."—D. D. Davidson (Virginia).

From Post Hospital, Cape Girardeau (Missouri) comes this: "Col. J. O. Shelby, C. S. A., Commanding Mo. Cavalry Division. Colonel, We, the wounded officers of your brigade, take pleasure in testifying that our treatment by the Federal authorities here has been kind, gentlemanly, generous, and disinterested. All our wants have been supplied, and our wishes gratified, and General McNeil and officers have shown by constant and repeated kindnesses that they have no enmity beyond the hot blood and the excitement of the battlefield, and that Confederate prisoners deserve and do receive every attention which courtesy requires. Three of us at present are unable to be moved."—Y. H. Blackwell (Major), H. M. Woodsmall (Capt.), W. H. Ferrill (Lieut.), J. N. Edwards (Adj't.)

In this connection I wish to call attention to the fact that

the above official reports, with one exception, which is necessary to complete the sequence, relate to and treat of the conditions existing during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1864. This period is selected for several reasons. It was the year during which the greatest accumulation of prisoners occurred on both sides, and it was the year when the greatest mortality occurred in the Southern prisons, and when the inhumanity and barbarity of the treatment of our men by the rebel authorities reached its maximum. The comparison therefore, which is made between conditions in the two sections, evidenced by the above reports and by those from Confederate sources given later on, must be recognized by every one as eminently fair. No attempt has been made to select a period of the best Northern conditions and contrast it with the worst Southern period. In 1864 the war had been in progress for three years. Sectional animosity was at its height. No truce or settlement was contemplated by any one other than might come from the exhaustion of one belligerent or the other, and the consequent abandonment of the conflict. All the embittering elements that entered into and exasperated the feelings upon either side to the highest pitch had done their work. The forts and arsenals of the Government had been seized by the rebels, and hundreds of army officers had foresworn their allegiance to the United States and had joined the Rebellion. The slaves had been freed and armed as soldiers. Their death, and that of their officers in case of capture, had been proclaimed, and was being generally practised. Exchanges upon equal terms had been refused and had ceased. The sufferings of Union soldiers in Southern prisons and the frightful mortality there were known at the North and testified to abundantly by the appearance and the words of those who returned alive. The time selected is, therefore, in all respects the fittest for comparison. The people of either side felt the wrongs they believed inflicted upon them with an intensity far greater than existed earlier in the war, before the loss of kindred, friends, and property had been felt at every fireside, North and South, and had converted the impulses

of loyalty to country, state, or party into that concentrated, deadly purpose which accompanies a struggle for the "survival of the fittest." If, under these circumstances, we find one combatant increasing and elaborating its care for the prisoners' wants, and its tenderness for the sick and wounded, and find the other, confessedly and "with malice aforethought," maintaining and intensifying conditions of suffering, exposure and starvation, which it was in its power to remedy, or at least to alleviate; intensifying them until brutality merged into inhumanity and neglect became crime; if, I say, we find this to have been the case, we have a fair measure of the spirit that actuated each of the contending parties. To draw that comparison without extenuation and also without malice, to present the true picture without deepening the shadows or heightening the sunlight, is the object sought by me in quoting the official reports just given and those from Confederate sources which will follow.¹

In concluding these sketches of prison camps in the Union States I wish to make clear one salient point. From it arose the chief, though not the only, cause of the appalling difference between the treatment of prisoners in the North and of those in the South. *Our men did not regard their prisoners as enemies.* No inherited or imbibed enmity, no deep-seated grudge, no hatred because of the locality from which they came, nor any trace of it, existed in their minds or hearts toward their rebel prisoners. The ideas and conceptions of our army deliberately and persistently taught to the Southern soldiers by the rebel leaders and press, which found expression in the thousands of printed records of the war, the scornful contempt as toward an inferior race, the imputation of innate inhumanity and love of cruelty, joined with cowardice, formed no part of the creed of our men. The latter felt that their antagonists were brave men who had fought fairly and gallantly and were prisoners by the fortune of war. Abusive language or abusive treatment of them did not enter into the code of the Union soldier. In their rough way they were sorry for the prisoner and wanted his

¹ On this important subject, see note, page 326.

needs supplied, from clothing to tobacco, and were ready to contribute from their own stores. How this compares with the feeling that met them when the situation was reversed, our story will tell. It is worth noting here that our Government did not swerve from its humane policy for purposes of general retaliation. Special instances there were when the acts of the rebel authorities, such as the killing of the white officers of colored regiments in cold blood after surrender, the confining of them in dark and wet dungeons below ground, heavily manacled, and on a scanty diet of raw meal and water, and the placing of them in shackles under the fire of guns, necessitated similar action by us to compel redress and save the lives of our men, but these were exceptional. When the statements of our released soldiers, corroborated by their emaciated and pitiful condition, convinced our officers charged with the exchanges, that great cruelty was being practised by the Confederate authorities, Mr. Lincoln was repeatedly urged by officials and officers of high rank to treat all rebel prisoners as our men were being treated. But this he steadily declined to do, saying that he would observe the usages of civilized warfare whatever our antagonists might do.

And this was also the attitude of Congress. Those prisoners who, after exchange, appeared before the United States Senate Committee on Prisoners of War, were asked what was best to be done to secure good treatment for our captive soldiers in the South. The ready answer was, "Retaliation in kind." But the chairman, bluff Senator Ben Wade, truly said that no government could stand the odium of such an act; that it would become accursed of God and man and would perish from the earth.

The facts I have given are intended to establish the humane purpose and acts of our Government toward its prisoners, but I do not wish to convey the idea that the utmost effort can do more than minimize the sad condition of all prisoners of war. The hardships that have preceded, and the wounds and sickness often existing at the time of capture, form predisposing causes to which must be added

nostalgia, or homesickness, constantly mentioned in our surgeons' reports as an active evil. When you add to this the lack of regularly enforced exercise, and the ignorance or recklessness as to personal cleanliness and hygiene of the average rebel prisoners, you have bad conditions to face.

In confirmation of my analysis of the attitude of the Union soldier toward his antagonists, I give one illustration (space will not permit more) taken, like most of my quotations, from Confederate records. Writing from Lee Hospital, Columbus, Ga., May 10, 1864, Surgeon-in-Charge Wm. A. Robertson, C. S. A., addresses Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A.:

"I notice among the captives General T. Seymour, U. S. A., and think it my duty to inform the Government of his conduct toward the wounded, taken prisoners at the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), September, 1862. I was brigade surgeon and was left in charge of 117 wounded. We were very destitute, but were visited on the next day by General Seymour. He immediately ordered the chief surgeon of his division to turn over to me any and all articles in his possession that I might need for our wounded. During our stay he visited the hospital daily, and whenever any men were pointed out by me as needing a change, he visited General McClellan in person and procured paroles for them to visit Baltimore until exchanged. He supplied those dangerously wounded with delicacies from his own table and a sufficiency of tobacco for all, thereby mitigating the sufferings of our wounded and exhibiting a most commendable spirit. I refer for further evidence to Captain Harper, Lieutenant Knox, and Surgeon Davis, 7th Louisiana, to Surgeon Aiken, 15th Alabama, and Brigade Surgeon Howard."

It is a sad commentary on this that on June 1, 1864, less than one month later we find an official recommendation made by Ribly, Assistant Adjutant-General, C. S. A., to the Secretary of War, "that General Seymour (on account of his rank) and fifty others be confined under the enemy's fire in the city of Charleston." Of his own prison experience General Seymour writes, August 10, 1864, to Colonel Hoffman, U. S. A., Commissary of Prisoners:

"To us who have personally experienced the attentions of Southern jailers, the subject is one of bitter remembrance. For our rebel prisoners we construct elegant accommodations and admit luxuries, while our people rot with dirt and scurvy. At Andersonville, the scene would disgrace a race of cannibal barbarians. Scores die daily from sheer neglect and with less care than a rotten sheep would receive from a brutal owner. . . . I have written fully for the benefit of the thousands who will starve and die in Southern bondage. Had you, like us, been locked in felon cells, and been treated, like us, as outlaws and felons, or worse, there would be no need to pray you to show them (rebel prisoners) [the same treatment, and this in pure mercy toward those (our men) still in their hands.]"

As it has been often and falsely stated that the deaths in our prisons closely approximated those of Belle Isle, Andersonville, and Salisbury, I give here an extract from the report of Charles J. Kipp, Surgeon-in-Charge, dated Camp Morton, July 30, 1864. He reports that in the preceding twelve months 558 deaths had occurred from all causes and adds:

"Most of the diseases show malarial poisoning, and are complicated with nostalgia, scurvy, bronchitis, pneumonia, and dysentery. The malarial character of Central Indiana then and now is well known, our regimental sick list was large, and for the reason above given the prisoners undoubtedly felt its effects in a greater degree."

Similarly on June 12, 1864, Major E. A. Scoville 128th Ohio, Superintendent of the Prisons, Johnson's Island, Ohio:

"The sanitary condition of prisoners is good. Whole number of prisoners 2145; number in hospital 34; deaths last week *none*."

When, however, we compare these records, covering an average prison population of 6000 to 7000 men in a prison,—perhaps the most sickly one in the North by reason of its location in a miasmatic region with rich alluvial soil,—regrettable as they are, with the wagon loads of dead approximating one hundred corpses a day (by Confederate official reports) hauled out of the Andersonville stockade *at this*

same period (15,000 during 1864 alone), words are not needed to emphasize the mendacity and the absurdity of any attempt by Southern or sympathetic Northern writers to claim or establish a similarity of treatment or any approximation of numerical equality in the death record.

Nor were these striking contrasts and wide dissimilarity in death-rates confined to the stockade or open air-camps. One citation is sufficient, and it is taken from the Richmond prisons, a locality where, it being the seat of the Confederate Government, the best medical ability and the largest amount and variety of medical supplies were concentrated. On April 1, 1864, Surgeon G. Wm. Semple, C. S. A., rendered to the Surgeon-General, C. S. A., his "quarterly report of General Hospital No. 21—for Federal prisoners at Richmond Va." He states:

"Total cases for three months, 2779; total deaths same period, 1396, fifty per cent." It follows that the death-rate was two hundred per cent. per annum of the number of men that the hospital could contain at any one time. Further comment is unnecessary.

In his *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, Gen. John B. Gordon, of the Confederate service, describes his plan for an attack on Grant's lines in front of Petersburg during March, 1865. This plan, which was approved by Lee, contemplated the capture of Fort Stedman in our main line, the turning of our flank, a rush to City Point, only ten miles distant, and the capture of the vast quantity of supplies there, on land and on the transports, and as a sequence, the creation of such confusion among our troops as would enable Lee safely to evacuate Petersburg. While this plan was being matured by our antagonists, an incident occurred on our side to which was due in large measure the temporary success of their attack when it was made later on. Desertsions from the rebel army were very numerous at this time, and at least fifty men came in to our lines nightly, along the front of our division. This steady depletion of their fighting strength was valuable to us, and General Grant conceived the idea of increasing it and at the same time diminish-

ing their supply of guns by offering additional inducements. He, therefore, had printed a large number of leaflets in which the rebel soldiers were told that if when deserting to our lines, they brought in their guns, they would be paid a fair value for them and upon reaching City Point would be transported without charge to New York, or any seaboard city in the North. Accompanying these leaflets were orders to distribute them among our pickets with instructions to get the papers into the hands of the rebel pickets by any convenient means. These orders came to us under the written authority of Colonel T. S. Bowers, Assistant Adjutant-General on General Grant's staff at City Point. I well remember the substance of the comment made by General McLaughlen, upon whose staff I was serving as aide-de-camp, when he received these unusual orders. He was an officer of the old school and a thorough soldier. He had been with Kearny and the Second Dragoons in Mexico, in 1848, and his language was not always tempered for a drawing-room. Turning to me he said: "Lieutenant, by God, sir, that is the first time in my life, from sergeant-major to brigadier, that I was ever ordered to let an enemy approach my post with a gun in his hand!" Those leaflets, no doubt, suggested to Gordon a justifiable ruse, and when, later on, he made his attack, his men approached our pickets calling out, "Don't shoot, we're coming in!" It was the dark hour before dawn, and they took our picket line practically without firing a shot. The distance between the lines was very short, not over a hundred yards, and in the daytime not a head could be shown on either side without bringing a shot.

This is well illustrated by another extract from Gordon's *Memoirs*, which richly deserves quotation also as showing the truth of what I have asserted regarding our men. Gordon says that he had standing by him on top of their works a single soldier with his musket, who was to fire the attacking signal.

"My men in cutting away our own *cheveaux de frise* to allow the column passage were heard by a Union picket, who was on

guard *a few rods from me*. ‘What are you doing, Johnny? Answer quick or I ’ll shoot,’ came the challenge. ‘Never mind, Yank,’ was the answer, ‘lie down and go to sleep; we are just gathering a little corn’—[there were some stalks between the lines]; ‘you know rations are mighty short here.’ To which the Union picket promptly replied: ‘All right, Johnny, go ahead and get your corn, I ’ll not shoot at you while you ’re drawing your rations.’ ”

Let me give the end of the little story; again I quote the rebel general:

“I ordered the private to fire the signal. He hesitated. His conscience seemed to get hold of him. He was going into a fearful charge with the lie on his lips which had thrown the Union picket off his guard. He felt it was not fair to take advantage of the soldierly sympathy of his foe, and when I again ordered: ‘Fire your gun, sir,’ he shouted, ‘Hello, Yank! Wake up, we are going to shell! Look out, we are coming!’ and with that fired the shot that launched the attack.”

Here, Companions, is that “touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin.” We ought not to miss such incidents, for they stand out against the dark background of war’s brutality as stars peep through the breaks in the black clouds of a stormy night.

In an article entitled *Glimpses of the Confederate Army*, by Randolph H. McKim, published in the April number of *Review of Reviews*, the writer narrates the following incident referring to General Gordon’s attack above described:

“When the order to advance was given, a big Texan stepped out and said: ‘General Gordon, this column can’t move before I A.M. The men have a truce with the Yanks, and it ain ’t up till one o’clock.’ The column did not move till that hour. The private in the ranks had taken command.”

This is in keeping with the somewhat sentimental character of the article and its idealized Southern soldier, but it is not history, though much history is made in this way. It is apochryphal. On page 401, of Gordon’s *Memoirs*, he quotes

his statement to Lee three days before the attack, naming, 4 A.M. as the hour. On page 407, he quotes Lee's letter of the 24th, which said, "The cavalry is ordered to report to you at 3 A.M. to-morrow" (the 25th), and on the same page he says, "All things ready at 4 A.M. I stood on the top of the breastworks." The attack from its inception was intended for the "hour before dawn," the well-known favorite time with officers of both sides for attempting a surprise, and it was made as intended.

To return to the attack. It failed, but the rebels occupied temporarily a mile of our line extending northward from Fort Haskell, and retreating, swept away with them about 1500 prisoners, of whom I was one. Having carried some orders for the general, I was returning to report, and had reached the entrenchments, when I met one of our officers running and stumbling to the rear, with a white face and fear written all over him. Without stopping he shouted, "All's lost!" and plunged on. (It is interesting to note that I met him two months later in Washington in the glory of a new double-breasted uniform, having been promoted two grades to the rank of major for "gallant services at the battle of Fort Stedman!") I went on, and quickly found myself with a group which, in the darkness, I took for my own men, and for a few moments I gave them orders about repelling the next attack from without. They moved about rather sullenly, and as the light brightened I saw a man climbing through a gun embrasure, who wore a soft felt hat. The conviction that they were rebels flashed through me, and telling them I would return, I turned away, and got out of their sight among the bomb-proof huts. Still trying to reach my general, however, of whose earlier capture I was ignorant, I walked into another body of the rebel gentry, was recognized and, with a musket at my breast to ensure promptness, and the assurance from the holder thereof that he would rather kill me than not, was stripped of sabre and overcoat. I was then sent under guard the short distance to Petersburg, where, in a warehouse, I found my companions in misfortune. Just within the rebel lines I passed close to

General Lee, who was awaiting the result of Gordon's attack. He wore on his head a broad-brimmed gray sombrero, and over his shoulders an army cape. The white horse he rode was, I presume, the well-known "Traveller." In Petersburg we were stripped of our small personal belongings, such as pocket-knives, pocket combs, etc., and were then marched several miles toward Richmond under guard. At a point beyond the reach of Union shells we found box-cars, and by 5 P.M., we were unloaded in Richmond.

Our route to our hotel, the famous, or infamous Libby Prison, lay down Main Street, and I was impressed by the fact that every man we saw of fighting age was in uniform. The "crowd" consisted of old men, boys, and women, and it was evident that the saying that the Confederacy had "robbed the cradle and the grave" for soldiers, lacked little of reality. The boys welcomed us with shouts of "Here come the Yanks!" and "Here are the blue bellies!" but no violence was offered. At the Libby, a brick and stone prison, we were received by Dick Turner, who, with his brother Major Thomas P. Turner, and Gen. John H. Winder, gained a reputation for causeless brutality to prisoners during the war that was second only to that of Wirz of Andersonville, and the keepers of the other open-air, or "stockade" prisons, as they were called, at Salisbury and elsewhere.

[At this point in the address was exhibited on the wall the original garrison flag, the "Stars and Bars" which floated over Libby Prison when we entered it, and which was captured by Gen. Edward H. Ripley when he entered at the head of the first Union troops after the evacuation of Richmond by the rebels.]

At our entrance our money was taken away, the officers were separated from the enlisted men, and we were installed for permanent detention in a room on the second floor of the old tobacco warehouse, our men being placed in other parts of the building. No blankets or food were given us, and each, picking out the softest board he could find, lay down for the night.

The room we occupied was a rectangle 100 feet by 45. One end looked upon the street, and one upon the James River. There were three windows openings at each end, grated with iron bars, but having no sashes or shutters, and entirely open to the wind and cold. At one end was a rough toilet sink and a water faucet with an iron basin. The furniture consisted of a medium-sized iron stove and a table of rough boards,—no chairs, stools, or benches.

Life here quickly assumed a monotonous routine in which, of course, the first thought in my mind was the preservation of health, physical and mental. I realized that it was going to be a question of endurance, and planned accordingly. I was young and unusually strong and vigorous, and the idea that death was imminent did not impress me. I was the first up every morning, and going to the water faucet I would strip to the buff and wash all over with the cold yellow water, using my single handkerchief very cautiously to dry my face. I would then hang the handkerchief up to dry, and dressing, would walk the floor for exercise. Under such circumstances men seek a chum, and I found one in a young Swiss officer who had obtained a long furlough from home and enlisted with us for practical experience. This I am sure he got. He had been well educated at a military school in Europe, and I determined at once to go to school to him and pump as much information out of him as possible. His readiest asset was his knowledge of French, and hour after hour, in the days that followed, we paced the room, he talking fluently and I patching sentences together in response. Another of his possessions was a knowledge of fencing. Borrowing a knife that had escaped confiscation, we split some long strips off the table with infinite labor, and equipped with these rapiers passed many an hour in tierce and carte.

The overpowering anxiety, however, was the question of food, of which it was immediately apparent that we should not get enough to maintain strength or possibly life. It was sent to us twice a day, viz., at 10 and 4, and consisted of corn bread, baked in the prison ovens. In substance it

was a composite of the inner leaf or shuck of the plant, together with the cob and the grain coarsely ground together. The exterior was generally burned black through carelessness or indifference. This came to us in round cakes twelve or fourteen inches across, and about three inches thick in the centre. These cakes were measured with mathematical accuracy, and divided by our house committee into as many pieces as there were mouths to feed. The proportion to each, however, was painfully small. I brought away with me the last half-day ration. It was between three and four inches long, two inches high, and one inch thick. Rare variations occurred by way of substitution. On one occasion several pails of so-called bean soup were sent up. These were the usual horse buckets used in stables and contained a black water, bitter, without nutrition and undrinkable, and at the bottom about a half pint of beans. Hungry as we were, we threw away the water and carefully collected the beans, dried them in the sun, and although they were half raw, gladly chewed up our teaspoonful apiece. Confirmation of my recollection of this appetizing (?) dish is found in the writings of Lieut. Asa B. Isham, 7th Michigan Cavalry, who was also in the Libby and says of the soup: "It was made up of brown beans, black bugs, and long brown worms in about equal proportions, suspended in a liquor having the color and flavor of tan-vat water." Another day a smoked shoulder of ham was supplied, but on trying to lift it by the knuckle the whole bone pulled out revealing the interior a mass of wriggling maggots. So we turned down the poisonous mess preferring to go decently hungry to bed. I do not recall any material deviation or addition furnished us by our rebel hosts from their supplies. We did not see either fresh or smoked meat, or any vegetable, during our imprisonment. The diet was cob-meal solely, ground with the shuck and in the amounts described. In many official communications sent to our exchange officers, in many official reports (now accessible) which passed between Confederate authorities, and in many histories and memoirs written from a Southern standpoint since the war,

it is asserted that Union prisoners were given the same rations as the Confederate troops. No troops could have lived and fought on what we received. Nor was the statement true of any Southern prison. An exhaustive examination of the records shows conclusively that our food and treatment were as good as, if not better than, any other, and that in many prisons the conditions were infinitely worse. That this was a regular condition is shown by the letter of General Neal Dow to Secretary Stanton, dated Richmond, November 13, 1863, when the rebellion was yet prosperous.

One or two rays of sunlight reached us from our own people later on; we did not know whether they came from our own Government or the Sanitary Commission. We each received a half blanket, and a small amount of white flour and molasses, about one meal apiece, was given to us in bulk. The flour was uncooked, and we had no cooking utensils, nor, during all this time, any fire. But on this festive occasion we begged some fuel, lighted the stove, mixed the flour with James River water from the pipe, moulded it into dough with our hands, and spread it as thinly as possible on the lid of the stove. When it had gained all that heat would accomplish it was cut into strips, and each man got one. They were not unlike bits of whitish gutta-percha. We dipped these sticks into the molasses and then laboriously chewed off a chunk devoting such a time to its mastication as would have made the most ardent disciple of Fletcherism green with envy. Of course during all this time belts were being drawn tighter daily, and the fearful possibilities of the future, the "coming events that cast their shadows before," were having their effect on the minds of the men.

We had been there but a short time when other prisoners were brought in. They usually arrived in the evening and were always greeted with the cry, "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" which was a prison slogan that I then heard for the first time. These additions brought the number in this room to ninety-three, and we were pretty closely packed on the floor at night. The new men were indeed objects for the deepest sympathy. They came from other Southern prisons and had been in

confinement for one or two years. Clothing they had none; what hung about their persons was a mass of rags. A gunny-sack, a piece of blanket or carpet, or a fragment of a woollen shirt or shelter tent, was variously worn about the body or tied around the feet if the latter were not entirely bare. They were emaciated, and tottered as they walked. Most of them had chronic dysentery, scurvy, or malarial fever. Their hair and beards had not been combed for months, and all were infested with vermin to a degree that was strange and horrible to us. Their eyes seemed vacant, their faces hopeless. They talked little and sat against the wall or lay on the floor, hardly able to comprehend or to respond to a friendly greeting or a word of cheer. And these men, then at the lowest ebb of physical and mental power, had been vigorous, athletic, intelligent officers when the fortune of war made them prisoners of the South.

Above and beyond these definable ills was that intense mental depression, born of present suffering and apprehension for the future, which the strongest minded does not escape, and which only one who has been a prisoner can understand. To know that you are absolutely at the mercy of an enemy embittered by personal resentment (hatred would not be too strong a word) and made desperate by the knowledge of the approaching failure of the cause he had fought for; to know that iron bars guard all windows and doors, and to see comrades weakening and dying day by day in increasing ratio, forms a combination which, by paralyzing the mind, destroys the body. The words of the dear old hackneyed song, *Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching*, have a very vital meaning to us. We have known what is meant by

"In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the dear and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
As I try to cheer my comrades and be gay."

"In the dreary prison cell, we are waiting for the day
Which shall come to open wide the prison door,

And the careworn eye grows bright and the poor heart almost
gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more!"

That the mind may realize what the eye hath not seen, I quote again from Lieutenant Isham, who was exchanged at Charleston, S. C., in December, 1864.

"Six hundred men who had been at Andersonville were exchanged with us. Many were entirely destitute of clothing and shivering in the piercing wind from the sea, and such rags as were possessed by others were covered with masses of lice. A large number were mere skeletons. In many instances the bones of hips, spine, and shoulders projected bare through the skin. Not less than a dozen gaping and grinning idiots were among them with vacant eyes, sunk deep in their bony sockets. The skin was like black parchment from the ravages of scurvy, and bleeding, spongy bones, from which the flesh had rotted away appeared at the feet. Over one-half of these men died on the way, and probably less than one hundred ever regained health. Of these men a Confederate officer, who had been a prisoner, said to Major George B. Cox of the 75th Ohio, 'If I had been the Confederate Exchange Commissioner my regard for the reputation of the people of the South would never have permitted me to turn over such physical wrecks as your men are to proclaim to the world the infamous barbarity of the Confederate Government.'"

Of Belle Island, Colonel W. Hoffman 3d U. S. Infantry, and Commissary-General of Prisoners, reports to Secretary Stanton, May 3, 1864:

"The enlisted men who had endured so many privations at Belle Isle were, with few exceptions, in very sad plight mentally and physically, having for months been exposed to all the changes of the weather, with an allowance of food scarcely sufficient to prevent starvation, even if of wholesome quality, but as it was . . . if it did not kill by starvation it was sure to do it by the disease it created. Some of these poor fellows were wasted to mere skeletons and had scarcely life enough remaining to appreciate that they were now in the hands of their friends. Many faces showed that there was scarcely a ray of intelligence left.

That our soldiers, when in the hands of the rebels, are starved to death, cannot be denied. Every returning flag-of-truce boat brings too many living and dying witnesses to admit of a doubt of this terrible fact. . . . While a practice so shocking to humanity is persisted in by the rebel authorities, I would respectfully urge that retaliatory measures be at once instituted."

Let us turn to a brighter scene. The day did come when the door opened to some of us. It was a Sunday morning when we saw the rebel troops with the star and bar battle flags marching through the city toward the southwest, and we knew that they were withdrawing from the front of our troops advancing up the James. Then we heard cannon to the southward all day, and finally came word that we were to go down by flag-of-truce boat to be exchanged. We left Richmond at 5 P.M. Going down the river I stood with General McLaughlen and Colonel Robert Ould, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange, near the pilot house. This Colonel Ould deserves notice in this connection. Throughout the war he filled this position and was the chief medium on their side, as Colonel Mulford was on ours, through whom the two governments communicated regarding prisoners. His letters to Mulford are often long and argumentative. They are filled with the high flown expressions common to many Southerners, and with repeated denunciation of our (asserted) brutal treatment of their men. Of their sincerity, and of the spirit that actuated him let his own letters speak.

On March 17, 1863, he writes from City Point, Va., to General Winder at Richmond:

"I wish you to send me Wednesday morning all the military prisoners you have. . . . The arrangement I have made works largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches and receive some of the best material I ever saw."

On March 21, 1863, he writes from Richmond to their Commissary-General, Colonel A. C. Myers, as follows:

"If the exigencies of our army require the use of trains for

the transportation of corn, pay no regard to the Yankee prisoners. I would rather they should starve than our own people suffer. I suppose I can safely put it in writing 'Let them suffer.' The words are memorable, and it is fortunate in this case they can be applied properly. Your friend, Robt. Ould."

And on May 2, 1864, he writes to James A. Sedden, Secretary of War, C. S. A.:

"The chief difficulty (in exchanges) is the inadmissible claim of the enemy that recaptured slaves shall be treated as prisoners of war. As yet the Federals do not appear to have found any well-authenticated case of the retention of a negro prisoner. They have made several specific inquiries, but in each case *there was no record of such a party*, and I so responded. *Having no especial desire to find any such case it is more than probable the same answer will be returned to every such inquiry.* Respectfully, Robt. Ould, Agent of Exchange."

Finding the river dangerous from torpedoes, which the pilot said had been shifted by spring floods, we did not attempt to reach Varina Landing but were put ashore at a bend two miles above. Our general gave his parole for all, and we started to march overland to the point where lay the U. S. vessel. The ground was rolling and our progress slow, as some of the long-time prisoners could hardly walk, even with our assistance. At last, however, we mounted a low eminence and saw before us a sight, the meaning of which to us no words of mine can convey to you. On the summit of the next hill, with the setting sun shining fair upon it, floated the Stars and Stripes, and around it were clustered the blue uniforms and the gleaming gun-barrels of the black troops of the Army of the James! The flag was there to protect us. The sturdy arms of the men were there to fight for us. Behind them lay God's country, and for a moment the sufferings of the past were forgotten. What it meant to those enfeebled men, who had lost nearly all that manhood values in their two years of prison life, I will not attempt to express, but the words of thankfulness that came from their

trembling lips and the tears that rolled down from eyes unused to weep, told the story. Companions, we have heard and sometimes still hear of "drawing the color line," but I say to you that we saw the "color line" drawn that day, and for those who can conceive the picture of those colored soldiers interposing their sturdy frames as a bulwark between that body of enfeebled white men and the brutal enemies whom they had left, the "color line" can never again be drawn in any other way.

We went down the river that night on Mulford's boat, and an hour after sunset passed three small rebel gunboats. On the after-deck of one sat the rebel Admiral Semmes, formerly the commander of the well-known piratical cruiser the *Alabama*, which had been earlier sunk by the *Kearsarge*. He probably realized at this moment that his career was ended. About midnight the sound of a heavy explosion reached us, and we learned at Fort Monroe next day that he had blown up his three vessels, and so disappeared from history and from our story.

In the morning we touched at Fort Monroe where we were told that Richmond was captured, and another day found us at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Maryland. Our experiences there need no comment, but they afforded an opportunity to confirm our impressions of Southern prisons. Many hundreds of exchanged men were being received by steamer from Wilmington, North Carolina, and from Savannah and Charleston. These men had been brought from the Andersonville, Salisbury, and Columbia stockades, and words fail to express the sad condition of many of them. In these cases all flesh had disappeared, and the parchment-like skin was tightly drawn over the bony frame. The legs were not larger than a man's forearm, and the arms were the size of a child's. These men weighed only about fifty to sixty pounds, and the hospital stewards brought them from the boat two at a time, easily carrying one on each arm. Our hospitals gave them every care, but few survived to reach their homes and families, and of those who did, helpless invalidism was, in many cases, their lot.

In taking a broad survey of the question of "Prisoners of War," one is at once impressed with the complications introduced by the unique conditions existing in our War of the Rebellion which would not have applied in a war with a foreign nation. For instance, both sides claimed the border State of Kentucky, and parts of it were alternately within our lines and within theirs. Southern officers would return to their former homes there and in civilian dress visit friends, obtain military information, and recruit for the rebel army. Captured by us and treated as spies, they appealed to President Davis at Richmond, who invariably sustained their claims for immunity and placed an equal number of our officers in dark cells upon bread and water and under sentence of death. Again, a favorable form of warfare with them was guerilla or bushwhacking. These parties directed their raids into the sections where they had formerly lived. As a rule, they knew no mercy, but killed the non-combatant, the old and young indiscriminately, venting, under the guise of war, the private grudges and personal quarrels that had previously existed. They were without uniform, and when pursued were difficult to identify from the rest of the population. Mosby's guerillas in Virginia and a large part of General Sterling Price's army in Missouri were of this class, and our uniformed officers and men were on repeated occasions shot by them in cold blood after surrender. When we captured these guerilla murderers and condemned them by court-martial, Mr. Davis again came to their rescue, declaring them to be of his regular forces and threatening retaliation. These bodies of men owed their existence to the regular action of the Confederate Congress. April 21, 1862, that body duly authorized President Davis "to commission such officers as he may deem proper with authority to form bands of partizan rangers, in companies, battalions, or regiments, either as infantry or cavalry"; and on May 17, 1862, the Virginia Legislature further enacted:

"Whereas, this Assembly places a high estimate upon the value

of ranger or partisan service, and regards it as perfectly legitimate; and it being understood that a Federal Commander has intimated his purpose, if such service is not discontinued, to lay waste by fire a portion of our territory, be it resolved, that the policy of employing such rangers or partisans ought to be carried out energetically without the slightest regard to such threats."

A conspicuous instance occurred in October, 1864, in Missouri. General Price turned over to Tim Reeves, a well-known guerilla, Major James Wilson and six enlisted men of the 3d Missouri Cavalry who had been captured by his command. Reeves caused the seven men to be shot. In retaliation an equal number of rebel prisoners were executed in St. Louis as soon as the facts had been fully verified.

But the greatest difficulty arose from the different status of the negro soldier in the two sections; viz., in the South, assumed to be a slave, and in the North, a uniformed soldier of the U. S. Army and entitled to be treated as a prisoner of war.

Early in the conflict, Francis Lieber, LL.D., a high authority in international law and usage, compiled for our Government in great detail a war code covering all military and naval subjects. This was issued as general instructions to our troops everywhere, and formed the basis upon which we fought the war. This Code deserves more than a passing notice. It was so broad, just, humane, and altogether admirable that it has elicited most favorable comments from European jurists on international law. One of the most distinguished of these, Ernest Nys, Professor of the University, Counsellor of the Court of Appeals of Brussels, and Member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, has recently paid it a high tribute. In a pamphlet on the subject of a "Permanent International Tribunal," he says, "Another service rendered by the United States is not sufficiently appreciated, namely the promulgation by President Lincoln of 'The Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field,' drawn up by Francis

Lieber. They have exercised a powerful influence upon the entire world, for they were the basis of the work of the Conference of Brussels in 1874, and through this conference became the fundamental text of the conventions concerning the laws of war adopted by The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907." But the Confederate Government claimed the right to construe international usage in its application to their affairs, and to make such departures from it as seemed best to them, and as their situation became more desperate we find, by their official records, that they sanctioned many acts which at other times they would probably not have attempted to justify. For instance, we find Mr. Davis telling John Surratt in Richmond that to kill President Lincoln did not differ from killing any Union soldier in arms; that the seizing of steamers on Lake Erie and killing the crew, and the attempted burning of New York were justifiable acts of war.

But to return to the colored troops. In 1862, the United States began the enlistment of colored troops, and in December, President Davis addressed the Confederate Congress on the subject. That Congress at once enacted a law. Upon this Davis, on December 23, 1862, issued a proclamation, from which I abstract the following:

"Finally the African slaves have not only been incited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war—a war in its nature far exceeding in horrors the most merciless atrocities of the savages. . . . Now, therefore, I issue this proclamation and do order . . . That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of those States, and, that the like orders, be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with armed slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy."

On January 12, 1863, he addressed the following to the Confederate Congress:

" . . . So far as regards the action of this Government on such criminals as may attempt its execution (leading colored troops) I confine myself to saying . . . that I shall deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in my proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in inciting servile insurrection.'

May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted resolutions from which I quote:

"That every white person being a commissioned officer . . . who shall command negroes or mulattoes in arms against the Confederate States . . . shall be deemed as inciting servile insurrection, and if captured, shall be put to death . . . at the discretion of the Court."

The United States stood loyally by its colored troops. It first demonstrated by the laws and practice of all nations, and from the Roman code to those of modern times, that slaves once freed in war received the status of freemen, and could not again be relegated to their former condition. It then notified the Confederate Government that we should retaliate strictly and in kind if Davis's threat was executed. As a consequence of this, and as the rebels refused thereafter to exchange colored soldiers or their officers, exchanges ceased and were not generally resumed until the spring of 1864. The first exchange of officers of colored troops occurred October 9th of that year.

To avoid the complications and publicity which must have resulted from court trials and the condemnation of our men as criminals, our antagonists resorted to a shorter, but not less effective, method. The charge of killing prisoners after capture is a very serious one to bring against the men of any civilized nation, and the writer fully realizes the gravity of it. But it is impossible to read the correspondence between the Confederate officials and consider simul-

taneously the evidence of the acts committed, without reaching the conclusion that the rebel troops, officers and men, understood that such acts would not be investigated, criticised or condemned by their authorities, but, on the contrary, would afford the easiest solution of a vexing problem. The record also shows that the enlisted men (colored) when not killed were, in many instances, sold as slaves.

The inconsistency and insincerity, to use no stronger words, of the attitude of the rebel government, are shown by the letter of Colonel Ludlow, U. S. A., exchange agent to Colonel Ould, the rebel commissioner, June 14, 1863. Ludlow says:

“ . . . Before a single negro was mustered into the U. S. service you had Indians and negroes organized in arms under Albert Pike, in Arkansas, and . . . subsequently negroes were captured (by us) at Antietam and delivered as prisoners of war to you at Aiken’s Landing and receipted for and counted in the exchange. More recently the Tennessee Legislature passed an act forcing into military service all free male persons of color between the ages of fifteen and fifty.”

*Sabot
Battal
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soldie*

In support of what I have said as to killing prisoners, the slaughter of a large number by the command under the rebel General Forrest, at Fort Pillow, calls for especial comment, as the facts are well established and to my knowledge have never been successfully denied. I quote from the Congressional report “On the Conduct of the War,” which adds that all the statements are supported by abundant and unimpeachable evidence:

“ General Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow sixty-five miles above Memphis, on April 12, 1864. The garrison consisted of nineteen officers and 538 men, of whom 262 were negroes. Major L. F. Booth was in command and after his death Major W. F. Bradford succeeded him. After an engagement of some hours, a flag of truce was sent in by Forrest, demanding unconditional surrender. The rebel troops, in violation of the flag and while

protected by it, followed it closely and obtained positions within one hundred yards of the fort. The demand for surrender upon these terms was declined by Major Bradford, whereupon the rebels stormed the fortifications shouting, 'No quarter!' There followed a scene of cruelty and murder without a parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The rebels began an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white nor black, soldier nor civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the work; men, women, and even children were deliberately shot down, beaten and hacked with sabres. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand and face their murderers while being shot; the sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels entering the hospital and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay unable to offer resistance. Numbers of our men were collected in lines or groups and deliberately shot; some were shot in the river; some on the bank, and the bodies of the latter, many yet living, were kicked into the river. The huts and tents where the wounded had sought shelter were set on fire, both that night and the next morning, while the wounded were still in them, and those who tried to get out were shot. One man was fastened to the floor of a tent by nails through his clothing and then burned, and one was similarly nailed to the side of a building and then burned. These deeds were renewed the next morning when any wounded who still lived were sought out and shot. Of the 400 known to have been killed, at least 300 were murdered in cold blood after the post was in possession of the rebels and our men had surrendered. Major Bradford was held until the following day, and then on the march to Jackson was taken from the ranks by a rebel officer and five soldiers, and shot in the presence of the command."

Forrest states that he "buried 228 Federals the evening of the assault." Colonel Chalmere, his second in command, was conspicuous for urging on his men and personally participating in the murder of the prisoners.

The following are also typical. I shall give but few instances in the West and in the East to show that the enforcement of this policy was not limited to one locality,

but was of general application; they could be multiplied indefinitely.

On June 13, 1863, at Shreveport, Louisiana, Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith, C. S. A., wrote to Major-General Tayler, C. S. A., as follows:

"I have been informed that some of your troops have captured negroes in arms. I hope this may not be so, and that your subordinates in command of capturing parties may have recognized the propriety of giving no quarter to armed negroes and their officers; in this way we may be relieved from a disagreeable dilemma."

On the same day his Adjutant-General writes:

"Referring to what disposition should be made of negro slaves taken in arms, I am directed by Lieutenant-General Smith to say no quarter should be shown to them."

On the 16th, General Smith clinches the matter and leaves no doubt in the minds of the rebel leaders by sending copies of his letter (as above) to S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General at Richmond.

July 11, 1864, Samuel Johnson, Orderly Sergeant, Co. D, 2d U. S. Colored Cavalry, testified before John Cassels, Captain U. S. A., and Provost Marshal:

"I was captured at Plymouth, N. C. I pulled off my uniform and got a citizen's suit. Upon the capture of the town all negroes found in blue uniform were killed. I saw some taken to the woods and hung; others stood on the banks of the river and were shot and others had their brains beat out with the butts of muskets."

On February 16, 1864 at Port Hudson, La., General George L. Andrews, U. S. A., writes to General Wirt Adams, C. S. A.:

"It is reported to me that several of the U. S. colored troops have been shot by the Confederate soldiers after capture, and a

citizen of Jackson has made oath that he saw Lieutenant Shattuck of Scott's Cavalry dismount and deliberately shoot dead a wounded U. S. colored soldier lying on the ground; also that he heard Shattuck say he had shot thirteen negro prisoners that day. There was no fighting on the day referred to. Also that he saw Confederate soldiers take negro soldiers out of town to shoot them, as they said, and he afterward saw the bodies a mile and a half distant from any battlefield. I can no longer doubt that U. S. colored soldiers have been deliberately murdered by your men after capture."

On December 20, 1864, Lieutenant Geo. W. Fitch, 12th U. S. Colored Infantry, with Lieutenant Cooke, same regiment, and Captain Penfield, 44th U. S. Colored Infantry, were captured near Murfreesboro by a detachment of General Forrest's command (C. S. A.). They were robbed of everything of value, including much of their clothing. Two days after, while riding under guard along the pike road from Lewisburg to Mooresville, all three were shot through the head by their guards and left for dead. Fitch alone survived, being concealed and saved by compassionate people of the neighborhood. The facts, which are well established, were made the subject of correspondence between the commanding generals, and were not denied by Forrest. General George H. Thomas, addressing General Hood, C. S. A., closes his letter thus:

"Should my troops, exasperated by such acts, take no prisoners of war in future, I shall in no manner interfere. Your army and not mine is responsible for the inauguration of this dreadful policy of extermination."

On March 14, 1865, General Grant wrote General Lee calling his attention to the murder of these officers and adds:

"Of the skirmish at Milliken's Bend, La., reliable information has been received which convinces me that all the white officers (U. S.) captured were put to death."

Further confirmation of a high character is found as early as May 23, 1863, in a letter from Major-General D. Hunter, U. S. A., at Hilton Head to President Lincoln,

asking that certain rebel prisoners be delivered to him as hostages for the lives of his men. He says:

"The retaliation resolutions, announced by the Charleston *Mercury* as having been passed by the rebel Congress, condemn to death, if captured, all white officers acting with colored troops, thus condemning to death every officer of my command. This declaration would seem to be only a formal announcement of what has for some time been the practice in the Western departments."

In November of the same year General Halleck then General-in-Chief, U. S. A., writes to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, as follows:

"On the 22d of July, 1862, General Dix and General Hill (C. S. A.), entered into a cartel for the exchange of prisoners during the existing war, defining the meaning of a parole, the rights and obligations of prisoners, and how they should be released from these obligations. Special agreements of this kind (duly authorized as in this case), explaining the general laws of war, furnish the rules of conduct for the contracting parties. . . . Finding that the rebel authorities were . . . extorting by threats and ill-treatment unauthorized paroles from our men, and they refusing to exchange colored prisoners or their officers, and it being stated that the former were being sold into slavery and the latter sentenced to imprisonment and death, the rebel authorities were notified (of these violations) and all exchanges ceased. In further violation of good faith and engagements solemnly entered into, the rebel commissioner then declared *as exchanged all his own paroled men and ordered them to their regiments then in the field.*

"Rebel prisoners held by the United States have been uniformly treated with kindness. They have been furnished with clothing and the same quality and amount of food as our own soldiers, while our men, when captured, have been stripped of blankets, clothes, and shoes even in the winter season. They have been confined in loathsome prisons, half fed on damaged provisions, or actually starved to death, hundreds ending their existence loaded with irons. In fine, the treatment of our prisoners by the rebel authorities has been more barbarous than that

which Christian captives suffered from the pirates of Algiers; and the horrors of 'Belle Isle' and 'Libby Prison' exceed even those of the 'British Hulks' or the 'Black Hole of Calcutta.' This atrocious conduct is applauded by the people and commended by the *Richmond Press* 'as a means of reducing the Yankee ranks.'"

In this connection the following is illuminating. Governor Bonham, of South Carolina, writes on August 23, 1864, to Sedden, Secretary of War, C. S. A.:

"I have your reply recommending that captured free negroes be not brought to trial, and have suspended *further* action. I may add that in the cases of slaves of this State so offending, which have occurred before similar courts, *the offending have been executed.*"

It should also be noted that the rebels did not hesitate to force captured negro soldiers to work on their entrenchments, under fire, an act forbidden by the rules of civilized warfare. Finding this to be the case, in some hundred instances, General Butler advised General Grant who replied October 12, 1864, approving of the employment of rebel prisoners in the same way, and sent to Butler a number for that purpose. This had the effect expected. October 19th, General Lee withdrew the colored soldiers from labor in the trenches.

I do not wish to-night to lead you through a "chamber of horrors," but this brief résumé would be incomplete without some notice of the notorious "stockade" prisons of the South; but I shall be brief, and my authorities will be chiefly from rebel sources. "Out of their own mouths shall ye condemn them."

The best known of these prisons were Andersonville and Millen, Georgia; Columbia (Camp Sorghum) and Florence, South Carolina; Salisbury, North Carolina; Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Belle Island in the James River, Virginia; and Camp Ford, Texas. The conditions were much the same in all. There were no barracks in most

cases, even for the sick and wounded. Often the prisoners were not allowed to build cabins, even where, as at Andersonville, timber was plentiful. They erected small huts of boughs, put a piece of a shelter tent on sticks, or dug holes in the ground. They were densely crowded. In 1864, Andersonville contained in its sixteen acres 35,000 men, by their official report, which allowed a space of three feet by two to each man. Very few cooking utensils were provided, and the food was furnished usually in a raw condition. Fuel was so scarce that the prisoners dug up the earth for roots, and what cooking they did was to warm the coarse meal on a stone or a piece of a tin can. The amount given was very small and inadequate, as the result showed, to maintain life. No blankets or clothing were supplied. Often no sinks were provided. The water was often impure. The sickness and mortality were appalling. Prisoners were frequently shot without cause by the rebel officers and guard, in a spirit of malice or as a vindictive display of power, and often the act was accompanied by the language of hatred and sometimes, strange as it may seem, of levity.

Let us call the witnesses. H. C. Trumbull, Chaplain, 10th Conn. Vols., writes November 17, 1863, to Colonel Hoffman, Commissary of Prisoners, Washington:

"At Belle Isle a large proportion of our privates are without tents, barracks, or any shelter, herded like cattle on the cold, wet sand, lacking blankets, clothing, and sufficient food. Men are dying at the rate of ten a day. Of 14 brought in one evening 9 died before morning. The day's ration was a piece of coarse bread 5 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches. A Confederate official said to me: 'It is a hard thing to say to you, but your men on Belle Isle are dying of starvation.' Another Confederate officer said to me, 'The Island is a perfect slaughter pen for your men.'"

G. Wm. Semple, Surgeon, C. S. A., previously quoted in another connection, reports about Belle Isle, March 6, 1864:

"An area sufficient for 3000 has now from 6000 to 10,000 men in it. The whole surface of the camp is saturated with

putrid animal matter. The bread is corn-meal, unsifted or bolted, and greatly increases disease."

On May 5, 1864, Gen. Howell Cobb, C. S. A., writes of Andersonville, to Adjutant-General Cooper, Richmond:

"The prison is already too much crowded; the effect of increasing the number within the present area must be a terrible increase of sickness and death during the summer." There were then 12,000 imprisoned. During the summer it was increased to 35,000!

On June 6, 1864, the same officer reports on the subject of prisoners to James A. Sedden, Secretary of War, Richmond, asking orders. The communication was endorsed by Sedden, June 13th, and a part of the endorsement reads:

"As to the white officers serving with negro troops, we ought never to be inconvenienced with such prisoners."

May 6, 1864, E. J. Eldridge, Chief Surgeon, C. S. A., writes of Andersonville: "Their shelters consist of such as they can make of boughs of trees, poles, etc., covered with dirt. . . . Few would attempt to escape . . . and would be readily caught by the dogs, always at hand for that purpose."

In May, 1864, Isaiah H. White, Chief Surgeon, C. S. A., whose name appears frequently in the records of Andersonville, writes:

"The total number of cases treated here to date is 4588, of which 1026 (about 25%) have died. The month of April exhibits a ratio of 316 cases and 57 deaths to each 1000."

In August, he adds:

"The prisoners are without barracks or tents, 30,000 men being densely crowded together. They are exposed to the sun by day and the dew at night, and entirely unprotected during rains. The hospital (small tents) is utterly inadequate (in number and size) to accommodate the large number of sick."

This being a monthly estimate means that 68% of the entire population would die in twelve months.

That conditions became not better, but worse, as time went by, is shown by the report of Walter Bowie, Captain

and Inspector, C. S. A., to Brigadier-General Chilton, Richmond, May 10, 1864. Confirming the above he writes:

"The number of deaths during the week ending May 8th was 131, or 18 per day . . . a considerable increase . . . which will continue unless a decided improvement is made."

May 25, 1864, Major Turner writes from Andersonville to General Winder:

"Buildings . . . or tents should be furnished. Without this they will die by hundreds *and be a dead loss to us in the way of exchange.*"

The expression, "We now have them where, with the severity of the climate and harsh treatment, nature will do its work faster than the bullet," is found more than once, in varying phrase, in the mouths of Confederate officials, and Winder's (the son of the General) remark to Ambrose Spencer, a Confederate gentleman from Americus, Ga., "that he would make of Andersonville a pen that would kill more d—d Yankees than could be killed at the front," is typical of a large class.

In refreshing contrast to the spirit of callous calculating cruelty, that forms the staple of these records, are the occasional gleams of pity and humanity that appear among them. Of such is the following. On June 23, 1864, a rebel private, James E. Anderson, on guard at Andersonville wrote to Jefferson Davis:

"I am a private in the ranks at this place. . . . I would inform you of things I know you are ignorant of. . . . I have no cause to love the Yankees. . . . Twelve feet inside the walls is a dead line. . . . We have many thoughtless boys who think the killing of a Yankee will make them great men. . . . Every day or two there are prisoners shot. When the officer of the guard comes there is a dead or badly wounded man invariably with their own lines. The sentry is told he did exactly right and is a good sentry. Last Sabbath two were shot in their tents at one shot. Let a good man come and mix with the prisoners, and he will find things revolting to humanity." [Endorsed] "Referred by the President to the Secretary of War. Referred by him to General Winder."

Meantime the increased number of prisoners more than kept pace with the inroads of disease, and conditions grew steadily worse. June 26, 1864, Surgeon White reports 25,000 prisoners, 3,000 sick, only five surgeons, and begs for ten additional doctors. In August, 1864, Captain H. Wirz, commanding prison, reports deaths during July, 1742; prisoners on hand, 31,678. In September, he reports deaths in August, 2993.

But most conclusive, because of the high rank of the writers, are the following. August 5, 1864, Colonel D. T. Chandler, Inspector-General, C. S. A., reports to Colonel R. H. Chilton, Inspector-General, C. S. A., Richmond, from Andersonville:

"The acreage gives somewhat less than six square feet to each prisoner (that is, 2 feet by 3). Many (bodies) are carted out daily. . . . whom the medical officers have never seen. . . . The dead are hauled out daily by wagon loads and buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an axe in the removal of any finger rings they may have. It is impossible to state the number of sick, many dying whom the medical officers neither see nor hear of until the remains are brought out for burial. . . . Raw rations have been issued to a large proportion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils and have so limited a supply of fuel that they dig with their hands in the filthy marsh for roots. No soap or clothing has ever been issued. I am confident that by slight exertions green corn and other antiscorbutics could readily be obtained. My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command (over Captain Wirz), Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution of some one who unites energy and good judgment with some feelings of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as consistent with safe-keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control. Some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangements suffice for their accommodation, and who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting, that he has never been inside the stockade, the

horrors of which it is difficult to describe, which is a disgrace to civilization, and the condition of which, by a little energy, and even with the limited means at his command, he might have considerably improved."

This report is approved in all particulars under date of November 22, 1864, by W. Carvel Hall, Major, C. S. A., who accompanied Chandler. It is endorsed: "The condition of this prison is a reproach to us as a nation.—R. H. Chilton, Inspector-General." And: "The sufferings of the prisoners seem almost incredible. The frightful percentage of mortality appears a consequence of the criminal indifference of the authorities. . . . These reports show a condition which calls loudly for the interposition of the Department.—J. A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, C. S. A."

During the trial of Wirz in Washington at the close of the war, Colonel Chandler appeared before the Board of Officers constituting the court and corroborated the above with many additional details. He was an officer who had been educated at West Point and his testimony, given in a frank, straightforward way, made a deep impression on the Court. He swore that he wrote the report quoted above, and that the statements embodied in it were true of his own knowledge.

The other witnesses of equal importance, and the last I shall summon are Drs. Joseph Jones and J. C. Bates, of the Medical Department, C. S. A. Of Dr. Jones, Jefferson Davis writing to *Bedford's Magazine* in January, 1870, says he was "eminent in his profession and of great learning and probity." In August, 1864, Dr. Jones was sent to Andersonville to investigate and report to Surgeon-General Moore. He did so. At the Wirz trial he was a witness, and under oath corroborated his report, which was in evidence. From this report I quote briefly:

"I visited two thousand sick within the stockade lying under some long sheds. . . . At this time only one medical officer was in attendance, whereas at least twenty should have been employed.

. . . The sick lay upon bare boards or upon such ragged blankets as they possessed without . . . any bedding or even straw. The haggard distressed countenances of those miserable, complaining, dejected, living skeletons, crying for medical aid and food . . . and the ghastly corpses, with their glazed eyeballs staring up into vacant space, with the flies swarming down their open and grinning mouths and all over their ragged clothes, infested with numerous lice, as they lay amongst the sick and dying, formed a picture of helpless, hopeless, misery which it would be impossible to portray by words or by the brush. Millions of flies swarmed over everything and covered the faces of the sleeping patients and crawled down their open mouths and deposited their maggots in the gangrenous wounds of the living. . . . Where hospital gangrene was prevailing it was impossible for any wound to escape contagion under these circumstances."

Surgeon Bates, C. S. A., who was on duty for a number of months at Andersonville, gave the Court his professional opinion as follows:

"I feel myself safe in saying that seventy-five per cent. of those who died might have been saved, had those unfortunate men been properly cared for as to food, clothing, bedding, etc."

General Winder, whose removal as Superintendent of Military Prisons was thus recommended by Colonel Chandler, was an especial friend and protégé of Jefferson Davis. He was never given command of troops in the field, but in the above capacity made himself notorious by his brutal treatment of prisoners. No words of mine can more fittingly describe his character than his own language employed in his celebrated Order No. 13, issued when General Kilpatrick's (U. S. A.) command moved in the direction of Andersonville. I give it without further comment:

"ORDER NO. 13

"Headquarters, Confederate States Military Prison,
Andersonville, July 27, 1864.

"The officer on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida

artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of this Post, open fire upon the stockade, *i. e.*, the prison containing 25,000 to 35,000 defenceless men, with grape-shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defence. It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do if allowed to make their escape from the prison.

"By order of,

"JOHN H. WINDER,
"Brigadier-General.

"W. S. Winder,
"Asst. Adj.-Gen."

Before leaving Andersonville, it may be well to allude to the fate of its jailer, Captain Wirz, who was perhaps the most notorious for personal brutality among the many of his class who commanded Southern prisons. I am led to speak of it because many of our younger generation are ignorant of the facts, and because the women of Georgia recently erected a statue to him as a martyr. Confirming my belief above expressed, so well informed a man as President Roosevelt said to me at the White House in the winter of 1908: "Did the United States execute any of the rebels after the war?" My reply was that we hung one, but not for treason. Wirz was tried upon the charge of murder, and was convicted of having killed with his own hand, at various times in the Andersonville prison, and in cold blood, twelve unarmed and inoffensive Union soldiers, and for these crimes was sentenced and hung. Every opportunity for defence was given him, his lawyer and witnesses being paid by the United States.

In treating of these matters a conscientious writer must often hesitate between the inadequacy of a general phrase to convey the real facts and the apprehension that the full and perhaps loathsome detail will expose him to the charge of bias, exaggeration, or denunciation. To illustrate I give one instance. It has been previously said that in these

prisons "the water was often impure." What may this mean? Let Dr. R. H. Whitfield, surgeon, C. S. A., in charge of the prison at Cahaba, Ala., tell us. On March 31, 1864, he reports to his superior, Surgeon P. B. Scott, C. S. A., Medical Director:

"When you know the sanitary conditions you cannot be surprised at the large number of cases reported. The prisoners sleep on the earth or on boards, without straw or bedding of any kind. The wood (less than half the regulations allow) is green pine or decayed oak. The water for drinking, cooking, and bathing comes along an open street gutter for 200 yards. In its course, it has been subjected to the washing of the persons of soldiers, citizens, and negroes, and has received the contents of buckets, tubs, and spittoons from offices and hospital; the refuse of hogs, dogs, cows, and horses, and filth of all kinds from the streets and other sources."

Of the prison at Florence, S. C., Colonel W. D. Pickett, Inspector-General, C. S. A., reports to General Hardee, October 12, 1864:

"The condition of these prisoners has not been misrepresented. They are emaciated and sickly and filthy in the extreme. Three-fourths are without blankets, and almost without clothing. They have only the temporary shelters they have erected."

Of Columbia, Lieutenant-Colonel Iverson, C. S. A., reports, January 26, 1865, to Colonel H. Forno, Inspector Military Prisons, C. S. A.: "The rations are, in my judgment, totally insufficient for the sustenance of the prisoners."

And Colonel Forno reporting to General Winder, C. S. A., says: "The subsistence department is entirely deficient, and the ration issued daily amounts almost to starvation."

Of Salisbury, Governor Vance of North Carolina, writes to the Secretary of War, C. S. A., February 1, 1865: "Accounts reach me of the most distressing character in regard to the suffering and destitution of Federal prisoners

at Salisbury;" and to General Bradley T. Johnson, C. S. A., he writes: "If the half be true, it is disgraceful to our humanity."

General Johnson replies, February 12, 1865: "It is disgraceful to our country. A large per cent. live in holes in the ground. I have pressed upon our authorities (at Richmond) the terrible suffering and mortality among them."

Of all the prisons of this type we get the same sad pictures, all drawn from Confederate sources and presenting a thousand gruesome details of privation, suffering, and death, which I shall not distress you by repeating.

Such a discussion cannot be left, however, without an attempt to answer two questions: First, was the action of the South deliberate, intentional, preconceived? And if so, who was responsible? After all these years we can surely weigh the question judicially and with fairness. Second, were there mitigating circumstances to be urged on behalf of the South which would render less vivid this panoramic picture of cruelty? In answer to this it should be freely admitted that something can be urged for the defence; that few professional surgeons could be spared from the rebel armies; that surgical implements and medical supplies were very scarce; that blankets and clothing were scarce; that all supplies of manufactured articles, tools, cooking utensils, etc., were drained for their armies; that fewer crops were planted and railroad communications between the interior and the battle lines were cut off; that many of their army officers protested indignantly, but uselessly, against the cruelty they saw practised, and that many Southern citizens joined in those protests.

But on the other hand, what of the pine forests surrounding these prisons which our men were not allowed to cut for fuel or for shelter? What of the abundant corn fields of Georgia, untouched by war, through which Sherman marched while our men at Andersonville, a few miles away, were starving? Is nothing to be said of those vast supplies from which at Salisbury alone, April 12, 1865, Sherman's commissary took 100,000

bushels of corn, 50,000 bushels of wheat, 27,000 pounds of rice, 20,000 pounds of sugar, and 60,000 pounds of bacon, and of those in the neighborhood of Andersonville, about which General J. H. Wilson states, "My command found supplies in great abundance." What of the sutlers who kept for sale near these prisons, corn-meal, bacon, beef, sweet potatoes, beans, onions, pumpkins, salt and soda, for which, at enormous cost, the prisoner's remaining clothing or other things of value, was exchanged until he was naked, destitute, and helpless? What of the Confederate Inspector-General's report that "necessary food could be obtained with slight effort"? What of the using for their own troops of the food, the blankets and the clothing sent by our Government, under solemn stipulation to be used for its captured soldiers, and so accepted by the Confederate Government? What of the report of Surgeon Wm. A. Carrington, C. S. A., March 23, 1864, to the Surgeon-General, C. S. A., regarding hospitals in Richmond? It ends with these words:

"Large, well-ventilated, and completely organized hospitals near the city have been empty during the whole of this time. They were offered (for the use of prisoners) and refused by the (rebel) authorities. They contained 750 beds."

On this point General John H. Stibbs, one of the two surviving members of the Court which tried Wirz, says, May 30, 1910:

"Could these horrors have been averted? I reply yes—scarcely having patience to answer the question. This prison was located in one of the richest sections of Georgia. Supplies were abundant, the prison was surrounded with a forest, and yet some of our men froze to death for lack of fuel which they would gladly have gathered had they been permitted to do so. Among those confined in that stockade were men possessed of all the training and ability necessary to construct anything, from a log cabin to a war ship; and they would have considered it a privilege to have done all the work necessary to enlarge the stockade, build barracks, and provide a supply of pure water,

had they been provided with tools and materials and given the opportunity."

In such a situation the opinion of an eminent and impartial spectator is of peculiar value. Such we find in Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences of the American Civil War*, written at the time. He was an Englishman of the highest standing, public and private, literary and social. He was known and respected in two continents. He approached the subject, like most Englishmen of his day, prepossessed in favor of the South. Upon the point I have raised he says:

"It seemed to me at the North, generally, there was a remarkable absence of truculence. Prisoners of war were well-treated. I visited the prison camp at Chicago and saw that the inmates were well-fed and suffering no hardship beyond that of confinement. I visited the prisoners' hospital, Baltimore, and satisfied myself that the treatment was good. My visit was unannounced. I record this as an answer to the charges of cruelty rife at the time in England. It was the more notable as the treatment of Federal prisoners in some of the Confederate prisons was known to be most inhuman. In the Andersonville prison camp it was devilish and such as no want of resources on the part of the captor could excuse. No laws of war can warrant the retention of prisoners whom a captor cannot feed. I saw at Annapolis, the first batch of prisoners exchanged from Andersonville; they were living skeletons."

The question is often asked, What was General Lee's attitude toward prisoners of war? The answer is simple. The prisoners, taken by the troops under his immediate command, were treated with consideration and humanity while in his charge. But when they passed into the hands of the Richmond authorities he ceased to concern himself about them. There is no evidence discoverable that he ever interested himself in the general question of the treatment of prisoners in the South, and at a time when his influence with the Confederate authorities was paramount, and when his views would have compelled appropriate action, and when the sufferings of the Federal prisoners were at their maximum,

we fail to find any protest from his pen, or the record of any effort on his part to ameliorate their condition. That he was aware of it appears from his correspondence, but he seems to have regarded it as outside his province. In his correspondence with General Grant he stands for negro slavery and distinctly approves the Confederate policy of refusing to exchange our negro soldiers, saying in substance that in agreeing to an exchange cartel he *had omitted to say* that it could not include former slaves, who would not be regarded by him as soldiers; and he approved the suspension of exchanges, with all its horrible consequences to both sides, rather than to yield on this issue. How far he felt himself bound in this regard by the action of the Confederate Congress and Davis's proclamation, and whether these were in accord or conflict with his own convictions, we can only surmise. So far as we can learn from his official record, he acquiesced and approved. The fact that he was the one conspicuous military figure in the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and in his subsequent execution, throws a side light upon his view of slavery, and in a measure is corroborative of the opinion above expressed.

To the much-mooted question, What were the total losses by death among prisoners North and South? it must be answered that no even approximate estimate has been or ever can be truthfully made. The necessary data is lacking. The records of the Northern prisons were regularly kept, have been preserved, and are accessible. But in the South no regular systematic records were kept in most instances, and such reports as were made covered irregular and widely separated periods. Even of these, few have been preserved. Andersonville, Ga., forms, apparently, the one exception to this. The records of this, the most notorious of the stockade or open-air prisons, were kept during 1864 (the year of greatest congestion of numbers and maximum deaths), by a Federal prisoner detailed for that purpose, and were recovered from the rebel archives at Richmond. Yet while they present continuity and system, they fall far short of accuracy. Surgeon White, C. S. A., in charge, and the

inspector-generals who, from time to time, visited and reported upon the condition of the prisoners, all repeat the statement that of the hundred and odd bodies, amounting in August, 1864, to an average of 130 a day, which were carried out each morning for burial in a common trench, "hundreds had never been seen by any surgeon or recorded in any way." An attempt has been made by counting graves, and again by deducting the number released from the number supposed to have been received, to establish a balance representing the dead; but in the absence of any approximately reliable record of those received, and in view of the method employed, viz., the hasty interment of hundreds of bodies, piled one upon another in a common trench, it is clearly apparent that such efforts and calculations, made after a long lapse of time, are utterly futile for the purpose of affording any reliable basis of calculation. When we join to this the fact that, after eliminating the smaller places, there were thirty-four principal prisons in the South, located all the way from Richmond, Va., to the southern confines of Texas, that these were abandoned and broken up and their inhabitants sent elsewhere as our troops swept over one part of the South after another during the last months of the war, that the rebel authorities were seeking their own safety and had no interest in the preservation of records which would be self-condemnatory, it needs no argument to establish the fact that the number of deaths of Union soldiers in Southern prisons can never be known, and that any estimate based upon the fragmentary data accessible must be many thousands below the reality.

The careful historian, analyzing the records of those times, is forced to the conclusion that a wide difference existed between the feeling of the South toward the Northern soldier, and that of the North toward the Southern one. To this difference was due in large measure the marked contrast in the treatment of prisoners by the two contending parties, the facts of which are now established beyond controversy.

As no reasonable man would claim that the Southern portion of our people were inherently vindictive and cruel,

it follows that some especial and powerful influences had been and were, at the beginning of the war, at work, to engender among them the characteristics alluded to, which were so constantly and generally displayed toward those of our men who were placed helpless in their hands, during the four years that followed. To ascertain what these influences were, to lay bare the cause behind the fact, is manifestly germane to this whole subject, and necessary to a complete understanding of it. In what follows, therefore, I have tried to outline briefly the source and character of these influences which poisoned the otherwise generous natures of a whole people; the methods adopted by the Southern leaders to carry out their purposes; and something of the effect produced by these efforts.

It is difficult at all times to analyze thought in others and to define motive, and it is unsafe to generalize decidedly or dogmatically as to the impulse that has moved great masses of men toward a common object, but referring to the Northern soldier, it is entirely safe to say that in a vast majority of cases he enlisted to help "save the Union" or "to put down the rebellion," as he phrased it, *i. e.*, to re-establish the national supremacy, to recover its forts and dockyards, and to make its flag once more respected. His impulse was impersonal, a sentiment, if you please, and even during the period before described in this paper, when the events of three years of bloody and indecisive war had excited antagonisms to the highest possible pitch, his feeling never degenerated into a personal animosity toward his Southern foe. His enemy, the "Johnny Reb," continued to be the brave soldier, the gallant antagonist, to the end of the chapter. While he attacked the defenders of Secession with a crusader's zeal, it was the Cause they advocated which he sought to destroy, and no racial hatred, no personal antipathy, added its bitterness to the blows he dealt.

On the other hand, the Union soldier was regarded by the South as an invader, as one come to free the slaves, as a destroyer of homes and property, and as a ravisher of women. The leaders and makers of public opinion in the South, the

Confederate Congress, President Davis, and the public press, used every influence of spoken and printed argument to force and impress this conviction indelibly upon the minds of their people, and so, in their own apt phrase, to "fire the Southern heart."

To escape the responsibility of their own initiative in beginning hostilities, and seizing the properties of the United States, the Confederate leaders planted and sedulously cultivated in the minds of the Southern people the belief, growing to a conviction, that the North meant conquest and subjugation. This accounts in a great degree for the brutality of expression toward our officers and men so constantly found in these records and for the approval with which the South as a whole acquiesced in the treatment of prisoners that I have described.

My personal experience leads me to say gladly that this perverted view of the Union soldier was held in far less degree by the Confederate soldier at the front than by the politician, the editor, and the civilian, male and female, in the rear.

To show that this picture is not overdrawn, a few illustrations, selected at random from a mass of material, will suffice.

Typical of this purpose is the speech of Roger A. Pryor in Richmond, April 10, 1861. He said:

"Gentlemen, I thank you especially that you have at last annihilated this accursed Union, reeking with corruption and insolent with excess of tyranny. Not only is it gone, but gone forever. For my part if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to-morrow were to abdicate their offices and were to give me a sheet of blank paper to write the conditions of re-annexation to the defunct Union, I would scornfully spurn the overture. Do not distrust Virginia. As sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, just so sure will Virginia be a member of this Southern Confederation. And I will tell you, gentlemen, what will put her there in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock, *strike a blow*. The very moment that blood is shed Old Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South."

And this,—Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, U. S. Senator from

Alabama, when the State seceded, said to the convention at Huntsville, Ala., March 13, 1864:

"I will tell you how your State was got out of the Union. In 1861, when the seat of the Confederate Government was in Montgomery, I met in the office of General Walker, then Confederate Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis with Memminger and Benjamin, of his cabinet, Gilchrist, a member of our State Legislature, and a number of other prominent gentlemen. They were discussing the propriety of immediately opening fire on Fort Sumter, to which General Walker was opposed. Mr. Gilchrist said to him: 'Sir, unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama, they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days.' The next day, the 12th of April (though Major Anderson had agreed to surrender on the 15th) Beauregard was ordered to open his batteries on Sumter, and Alabama was saved to the Confederacy."

Lying before me as I write is a copy of the Richmond *Dispatch* of Friday, March 31, 1865. I obtained it in Richmond while a prisoner and brought it away with me, its only interest to me at that time being the account of a recent battle near Petersburg. The *Dispatch* and the *Examiner* were the two leading dailies of that city. Coming from the seat of government, they were widely circulated and read throughout the South, and their editorials carried all the weight of official inspiration. From the editorial columns on the front page of the *Dispatch* I quote:

"The object of the Yankees in waging the kind of war they are now engaged in carrying on against us, could not be mistaken. It is no longer a restoration of the Union that they seek. That was from the first a mere pretense, used to cover designs which, at one time, it might not have been quite so prudent to expose as they believe it to be now. The universal belief among them is, that they are on the point of completing our subjugation, and that it is, therefore, no longer required by prudence to make a mystery of the fate they design for us. That fate is simply the utmost degree of degradation which their ingenuity, prompted by their malice, can devise. They will not be content with merely beating us into surrender. We must suffer all the horrors of

conquest ever heretofore put in practice against a defeated foe, with the addition of new ones, devised for the especial gratification of their hatred. That hatred is a passion universal among the whole Yankee nation. There are so few bosoms not agitated by it that they scarcely serve for an exception to the general rule. It began long before this war, and any one who attributes the unheard-of enormities which have marked its progress to the disposition on the part of all armies to commit excesses will be very much mistaken. It arises from the long, deep-rooted hatred, to which we have alluded, and which is now presented with an opportunity of gratifying itself. Our cities are wantonly burnt, and our population insulted and murdered, upon *principle*. It is the result of cold-blooded calculation, not of military passions, stimulated by resistance. These soldiers are turned loose upon a population which they hate, and they are told to do their worst, for they will rather be applauded than punished for any crime they may perpetrate.

"Such being the treatment our people receive while we have large armies still in the field, what are we to expect when resistance shall have ceased altogether? The Yankees themselves tell us a part of what we are to look for, but they do not tell us all. We must look for it in their acts. In Charleston, they have not only set the negroes free, but, as far as they have been able, have compelled the whites to associate with them. They do this because they know that the whites consider such association as degrading to them; and they are determined to make them drink the cup to the dregs. There are probably among us Southern people who are tired of the war, and who hope that, by submission, they may obtain a little mercy at the hands of their masters. Never were people more woefully deceived. The Yankee will have no mercy upon them. He is only forbearing when he finds his proposed victim in a condition and disposition to resist. Let him but once be at his mercy—completely in his power—incapable of further resistance—and he might as well hope for mercy from a tiger, or compassion from a wolf, or forbearance from any other cruel and cowardly wild beast of the forest. The Yankee will not only strip his victim of everything he has in the world, down to the very clothes upon his back, but he will take every other means to make him feel his situation. Is it not better to continue to resist even unto death than to accept such a peace as this?"

as always

"Our 'Northern brethren' of the Puritan persuasion are happily endowed with the felicitous quality of always looking at the bright side of their own character and actions. For example, we suppose that between them and the rest of the Christian world there would not be one moment's dispute about the practical duties of Christianity. They would not deny that forgiveness of enemies is the peculiar and cardinal virtue of the Christian religion; that the man who does not show mercy to others can expect no mercy from God. They will argue that the rules of civilization, let alone Christianity, do not permit any barbarities in warfare not essential to the end for which war is waged. And yet, the community which holds these excellent principles is not aware of any inconsistency between their faith and practice when they exult in the deadly hate that they bear the South as if it were a first-class virtue; when they pant for our extermination; when they rejoice to read accounts in their daily papers of the Southern farmhouses and towns that have been burned to the ground; of the defenceless women and children that have been turned out-of-doors, and exposed to destruction, and sometimes worse; of the prospect of starving to death whole communities of innocent people; of prisoners dying miserably of cruel treatment, or cold, or famine. Nay, their very preachers get up in the pulpit, and, Sunday after Sunday, invoke their hearers to rain fire and brimstone upon the accursed rebels, and to spare none of the infernal crew."

Within two weeks after this publication, Grant had received Lee's surrender, had simultaneously issued 20,000 rations to the nearly starving soldiers of the Confederate army, and had announced the order which has become historic for its magnanimity, granting them their horses and guaranteeing them peace and protection in their homes. Shortly before this our troops had entered Richmond, extinguished the fires lighted by the evacuating rebels among the hospitals holding their wounded, and the houses of the inhabitants, had issued rations to women and children, and had assured protection from want and from insult to all the defenceless people of the city.

On the 18th of July, 1863, Colonel Robert G. Shaw was killed while leading his men of the 54th Massachusetts in an

attack on Fort Wagner, near Charleston, South Carolina. The 54th was the first "colored" regiment that entered the United States service and was recruited from among the citizens of negro lineage residing in the Bay State. Colonel Shaw's parents, advanced in years, and whom I knew well, lived on Staten Island, N. Y. Hearing of their son's death and wishing to recover his body, they communicated with the authorities at Washington to learn what disposition had been made of it after the battle. Our Government forwarded the inquiry through the official Confederate channels, and in due time came a refusal from the authorities at Charleston to attempt to identify or return the body, and this explanatory message: "We buried him in the ditch with his niggers." The reply of Colonel Shaw's parents, as published in the press of that day, was simply that their son's body could not have a nobler burial than among those of his devoted men, and an eminent writer has said: "What was intended as a disgrace will, in the light of history, be regarded as a monumental honor."

*Beneath
this w*

Contrast this attitude of the Southern civil authorities with that of the Southern soldier. On the evening of September 1, 1862, General Philip Kearny, U. S. A., was killed in the battle of Chantilly, Virginia. On the following morning General Lee sent the body under an escort and flag of truce into the Union lines. It was fully accoutred with uniform and sabre, as at the time of Kearny's death, and was accompanied by the horse he had been riding, also fully accoutred. In his letter to the Union general, General Lee said in substance, that it gave him pleasure to send at once and with great respect the body and the horse of General Kearny, a very gallant soldier, feeling that the possession of them might be some consolation to General Kearny's widow with whom he sympathized in her great loss.

I have more than once before this audience opposed the erection of a statue to General Lee in the Statuary Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, on the broad grounds that he was not a patriot, was not true to his oath and his country at the crucial moment, and that no other

than loyal men should receive national commemoration. I still hold this view and holding it feel an especial pleasure in recording this tribute to General Lee's gallantry and courtesy as a soldier, and his humanity and sympathy as a man. Probably no man among the millions, North and South, was more torn by conflicting emotions, or more undecided as to his course up to the last moment, than Robert E. Lee. He wrote his son that he did not believe in a constitutional right of secession, and saw nothing on the part of the North that justified it; and, on the other hand, he told General Scott, that his lands and his slaves were all he had to leave his children, and if his State seceded and he did not join it, he would lose all. The latter influence unhappily prevailed.

These leaders studiously concealed from the Southern people the conciliatory attitude of President Lincoln, as shown by his first inaugural and by his speeches, and the real intent, the preservation of the "Union as it was," with which the North took up arms. Lest this be questioned let Lincoln speak for himself,—and in speaking for himself he speaks for the North as a whole.

In his first inaugural he says to the South:

"In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in *mine* is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors."

Such were his sentiments in 1861. What were they in 1865? In February of that year three Confederate commissioners, Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and R. M. T. Hunter and Campbell of Virginia, members of the Confederate Congress, entered the lines of the 1st Division of the 9th Army Corps (upon whose headquarters staff I was serving) in front of Petersburg under flag of truce. They were escorted to City Point, where Mr. Lincoln received them at General Grant's headquarters. The conference was long and, as it proved, fruitless, but as it was about to close, Lincoln, unwilling to believe

that peace was impossible, drew toward him a sheet of paper and said, "Stephens, let me write the word 'Union' at the top of that paper and you may fill in as you please the terms of peace that are to follow."

The foregoing quotations and incidents are not recited for the purpose of again arousing, at this late day, indignant comment or denunciation of the acts and thoughts they reveal. They are introduced here simply for their historical value and are submitted as incontrovertible evidence of what has been asserted above in regard to the view of the Union soldier propagated by the Southern leaders and press, and the feeling that existed toward him on the part of the great mass of the Southern people fifty years ago. I hazard little in asserting that no parallel can be found for them upon the Union side of the controversy. The simple facts are that the Confederate leaders brought on the secession movement to perpetuate human slavery, which they believed to be threatened by the increasing voting power in national affairs of the Northern States. The difference of constitutional interpretation was in no sense a cause, but was appealed to by them as a partial justification of what, for the above reason, they had determined to do, as shown by scores of their letters prior to the war and now public property. They did not intend war, but prepared for it, and finding they could not carry their States with them otherwise, they declared and began it, persuading their people that in so doing, they only anticipated what the North intended. It is true, as often asserted by Southern writers, that the bulk of the Southern army did not knowingly fight to perpetuate slavery, and supposed they were defending their threatened liberties, but it is equally certain that they were deceived by their trusted leaders at the outset and throughout the war. The sowing and cultivating of that feeling by deliberate misrepresentation of the attitude of the North, of President Lincoln and of the Union soldier, with the great war it engendered, constitute a crime against humanity, unequalled for its magnitude and the suffering involved, and for this the Southern leaders must answer at the bar of history.

Equally certain is it that the chief responsibility for their prison policy must finally rest with the political leaders of the Rebellion, Jefferson Davis, and his associates, and upon the Confederate Congress, a Congress which approved the placing of a mine charged with gunpowder under Libby Prison, as stated in the report of their joint select committee of the two Houses, March 3, 1865. These political authorities unquestionably favored a policy which depleted the Union forces by the death of their men and the return of helpless invalids in the exchanges. I say 'unquestionably' because the Confederate State papers avow it. They found isolated instances of army officers and civilians willing to be their tools in carrying out this policy, and the general feeling of the South, already described, sustained them in the results attained, while, perhaps, not chargeable with knowledge of the full measure of the crimes they perpetrated. The contrasts that have been thus presented have been offered, not to arouse sectional feeling and not in a vindictive spirit, but in the belief that the truth should be made a matter of record; that justice should be done to the North for the way she played her part and, that those to whom these great wrongs were due should, with equal justice, be placed face to face with the record they created.

NOTE

Since this address was made, the subject has been somewhat elaborately treated in the publication entitled *The Photographic History of the Civil War*. The seventh volume of this work is devoted to "Prisoners and Hospitals." It has been edited by Professor Holland Thompson of the College of the City of New York, and much of the material was collected and many of the chapters written by him.

I have carefully examined his work and gladly testify that it bears evidence throughout of an earnest effort, quoting his own words, "to be absolutely just and impartial." That it fails in my judgment, in some essential points to be so, is due chiefly to inherent conditions, which I pointed out to him, but of the force of which he was, and probably still is, unaware. This Note

is not the place to refute with detailed evidence the conclusions and generalizations which I believe to be erroneous, but their general line may be indicated.

Professor Thompson undertook, with high motives, what was for him an impossible task. He labored, at the outset, under two practically insurmountable difficulties. He is less than forty years of age, and he is a native of North Carolina. His knowledge of the war is therefore derived entirely at second-hand, and his viewpoint, both from inheritance and environment is the Southern one, the only one in fact which he could hold or make public without being ostracized by relations and friends and by the community to which he belonged.

He started, perhaps unconsciously to himself, with certain pre-conceived theories, and his labors have been in great measure directed toward finding evidence to sustain them. These theories were, briefly, that there was no striking dissimilarity between the treatment of prisoners in the North and in the South; that such favorable difference as existed in the North was due to its greater resources; and that nothing which could be characterized, truly, as inhumanity or barbarity was shown by the South.

He further tries by the misleading method of percentages to prove that the ratio of deaths in certain northern prisons exceeded the ratio in *any* Southern prison. The fallacy of this argument is twofold. Percentages to be valuable require equal numbers of men and equal continuity of death rate, two conditions not met by his illustration. For example, the fact that of two men, in any prison, one died the first week, thereby producing a death rate of fifty per cent. per week, is worthless statistically, if contrasted with the fact that in another prison out of a total of 30,000 prisoners, 15,000 died during a period of from six months to a year. Again, no records worth naming exist of the great majority of Southern prisons, even the Andersonville 1864 record of deaths being admittedly far short of the real mortality, hence his conclusion is unwarranted for lack of data to substantiate it.

In laboring thus to sustain a theory, apparent in his writing to any thoughtful reader, he is led into the further error, unwillingly no doubt, of omitting or minimizing the incriminating evidence and enlarging on that which favors his conception. For instance, on page 80, he mentions the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, C. S. A., upon conditions at Andersonville as clear and dispassionate, but he fails to quote any part of it.

Extracts from this famous report of the Confederate Inspector-General are to be found in my address. It is moderate in tone and merits the characterization of trustworthiness which Professor Thompson has given to it. But its substance is a description of the horrible conditions which this officer saw, and it closes with a very severe criticism, almost denunciation, of the executive officers in charge, and of the Confederate officials of high rank who permitted such conditions to exist. It would seem, in the interest of fairness and partiality, that Professor Thompson should have quoted the salient features of this report, as it has a marked bearing upon the mooted question of whether inhumanity and barbarism were exhibited toward Union prisoners in the South.

Again, the killing of Union prisoners after surrender he dismisses in six lines on page 174, with slight comment, indicating incredulity, in the face of much confirmatory evidence and official Confederate documents authorizing and approving the practice under specified conditions.

The official correspondence of those in charge of Northern prisons is complete and accessible and their criticisms of defects and earnest efforts at improvement are made the basis for a somewhat general condemnation by him of conditions in Northern prisons; but such records are generally lacking with regard to Southern prisons, and therefore, with a few notable exceptions, these are spared criticism.

Many more instances could be adduced, indicating the unconscious bias I have alluded to above, which pervades the work of Professor Thompson, but enough has been said to register a protest against the acceptance, as history, of many of his conclusions, while every effort has been made to express this honest difference of opinion in language which would in no way reflect upon his entire sincerity of purpose.

SERMON

BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE
UNITED STATES, AT THEIR ANNUAL CHURCH SERVICE,
APRIL 9, 1911, IN THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION
NEW YORK, BY REV. JOHN P. PETERS, D.D.

"And he shall judge between the nations, and arbitrate for many peoples: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—ISAIAH ii., 4.

O N this Palm Sunday, April 9, 1911, we commemorate in our national history the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox and the triumphant close of the Civil War, a war undertaken primarily to preserve and assure the unity of this nation, but involving in its issue the abolition of human slavery. Forty-six years ago, on Palm Sunday, April 9th, the long struggle involving the two great issues of national unity and human freedom was consummated by a surrender, which, in its very terms, marked the mutual recognition of conqueror and conquered as fellow citizens in one commonwealth, interested in promoting the peace and prosperity of the whole community. Under the terms of that surrender it was understood, among other things, that all horses or mules claimed by men on the Confederate side should be left in their possession, to afford them the means of entering again upon the pursuits of peace. To use the terms of the old prophet, whose words I have taken for my text, the intention was to turn the swords of the conquered "into plowshares and their spears into pruning-

hooks," that they might have the means and the interest to enter at once upon the industries of peace.

You have doubtless been impressed with the coincidence by which in this year, forty-six years after the surrender at Appomattox, the civil and ecclesiastical calendars are again in precise accord. Now, as then, Palm Sunday falls on the 9th of April, the day of the surrender, Good Friday on the 14th of April, the day of Lincoln's assassination, and Saturday the 15th, Easter-Even, coincides with that Easter-Even, forty-six years ago, when a little group of ex-officers of the Federal Army held in Philadelphia the meeting out of which grew the Loyal Legion.

It is very rarely that the civil and ecclesiastical dates do thus correspond. Once only (in 1876) has this occurred between 1865 and the present year, and it will occur only twice again in this century. But there is something more impressive than the mere coincidence of dates, and that is the coincidence in principle, if, with all reverence, I may so express it, of the events which we at this time commemorate in our national history with the events which we commemorate in the history of our religion.

On Palm Sunday Jesus entered Jerusalem in triumph. To the national enthusiasts it seemed as though the victory had been won. He was recognized by the multitudes as the King whom they expected, who should usher in the kingdom of God in their land. They spread their garments in His way; they tore off branches of the palms and strewed them before Him in the path. They acclaimed Him with Hosannas as the King of Israel. All opposition seemed overborne; the leaders of the people ventured to offer no obstacle to His triumphant entry into the temple, and even when He assumed the right to cleanse that temple by driving out them who bought and them who sold there, no one opposed his authority.

A few short days later, on Good Friday, He hung upon the Cross, betrayed by His own followers, put to death by the Roman power at the instigation and request of the Jewish leaders and the Jewish people as an enemy to his country

and a common malefactor. His triumph had turned to failure. The righteousness and good will, the brotherly love and divine justice which He had aimed to establish, had given place to an orgy of wrath and hate.

In the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox on the terms of kindness and courtesy there offered, the whole country rejoiced. The new era of brotherly love and divine justice, of peace and good will among the people of this land, seemed to have been ushered in; and he who, above all, represented this to our country, Abraham Lincoln, our beloved President, seemed to have triumphed. A few short days passed, and on Good Friday he was struck down by the hand of the assassin, a martyr in the struggle which had unchained men's worst passions and deranged their reason; and with his fall fell the great pillar of peace and love. New passions of hate were engendered on both sides of the line, and the peace which had been won at Appomattox degenerated into the sectional discord which characterized the period of Reconstruction. Hatred and distrust took the place of brotherly love and divine justice. New prejudices sprang up, the fruit of peace was turned into an apple of discord; and to-day, after almost half a century, we are still faced by unsolved problems of the war.

That war was caused by slavery. It was the result of the sins of our forefathers, as well as of our own sins, which were economic and social and at the same time ethical and moral. Our ancestors, like their ancestors before them, regarded material prosperity, material ease, as more important than the welfare of individual souls. When they founded a republic, they vitiated its democracy by providing for special privilege; that some should be permitted to live in ease and comfort, supported by the toil of others. That unbrotherly spirit of special privilege is the foundation principle of all slavery. As little by little the Christian principle of brotherly love began to prevail in the world, special privilege disappeared, as represented in legal and formal slavery, until at length it was confined to slavery of the alien and supposedly inferior race of negroes. Our ancestors brought over

negroes from Africa to save themselves the necessity of performing menial and fatiguing manual labor. They thought to promote their own industrial welfare by compelling others to labor for them. Our Civil War was a result of this endeavor to benefit ourselves at the expense of others; to provide for ourselves special privilege; to sit in the shade and enjoy ourselves, while others toiled in the sun, bearing the burden and heat of the day, that we might have comforts, luxuries, opportunities of culture and enjoyment, of which they were deprived. The war set free those negro slaves and left us with the tremendous problem on our hands of fitting them into our body political, economical, and social. The most serious part of that problem had, of course, to be faced in the South. It was very difficult for Southern men, who had counted the negroes as their inferiors by nature, who had known them only in a condition of servitude, to overcome at once their prejudices, to forego their conceptions of special privilege for themselves at the expense of the negro and to devise ways and means to fit him into the system of a free republic. It was difficult for the men of the North, in the heat of their new moral enthusiasm for human freedom, engendered by the mighty struggle of the Civil War, unacquainted by experience with the conditions of the South, to trust in or sympathize with their Southern brothers in the immensely difficult problem which both together should have solved; and so it came to pass that, in those cruel days of Reconstruction, section was pitted against section and race against race. New bitterness and hatred were engendered. The political life of the whole nation was endangered in a new direction. Party politics developed themselves along the lines of the Civil War cleavage. The North was Republican and the South Democratic. Corrupt leaders, on the one side, achieved and maintained power and patronage by flaunting the bloody shirt and denouncing their Southern brothers as men unworthy of trust, rebels and traitors at heart, to whom the government of the commonwealth might not be committed; while the men of the South, forgetting everything else, banded together in one party to

resist the aggression of those Northern leaders, whose voices seemed to them to represent the whole feeling of the Northern States, and to keep down the poor negro, the victim of their controversy.

We have not yet altogether passed out of those conditions. We have not solved that great negro problem, and our party lines are still, so far, particularly, as the South is concerned, drawn largely, to the great injury of our country, along the old line of the color question.

It must be sad for the men who gave the best years of their lives to the struggle to unite the nation and free the colored man, looking back over the history of the period since Appomattox, to think that the sacrifice of themselves which they offered in the sincerity and honesty of patriotic conviction has been so far frustrated by the folly and the greed of their fellow countrymen.

That surrender of Appomattox, to the terms of which I have referred, looked forward also to a return of the soldiers on both sides to the ordinary duties of civil life. The provision that was made for the Confederates to carry off such property as they possessed, more particularly in horses and mules, that they might resume the tillage of the ground, meant the conception for both sides of the return of the vast armies of the war to the ordinary pursuits of peace. The burden upon the country industrially of supporting that great number of men in economic idleness, the tremendous loss involved in the withdrawal of the very kernel of the manhood of the land from profitable industry—these things were now come to an end. Each soldier was to become again a producer. These were men who, for the most part, had volunteered, at risk and sacrifice, to serve their country, with no thought of personal gain, and they returned to their civil life with no thought of personal gain.

But here again the noble spirit of service and sacrifice was belied and betrayed by a group which sought to utilize for its own political ends, or for its own personal profit, that great army of men who had thus served their country. Little by little they developed our present iniquitous pension

system, devised and used largely by designing men to corrupt the community for their own profit or advantage.

I might go on recalling to your minds evil after evil which has grown out of the war, the perversion of the good desires of the noble and patriotic men who, by much service and sacrifice, triumphed at Appomattox, in the triumph of Palm Sunday, and whose Good Friday began on that Good Friday, April 14th, in 1865, when Lincoln was assassinated.

But were I to do so, it might seem as though I were holding up failure and not triumph as the meaning of the victory of the armies of freedom and unity. I mean to give no such picture; but only to remind you that, in this world's history, the good triumphs, not at once, but very slowly. Palm Sunday in the economy of this universe is regularly followed by Good Friday, with its train of woe and shame. But the very name which we have given to that great day suggests also its meaning of ultimate good to the world. And so the sacrifices and the deaths of those days were not in vain. To-day no name is loved and honored in this nation, from South to North, from East to West, like the name of Abraham Lincoln. In less than a half century he has come to his own, so far as honor and love for his name are concerned; and that means also that the spirit of the man is beginning to triumph. And what is true of him is true of all who died for the cause. Not one died in vain. He who has died or who has suffered for a good cause has never died or suffered in vain. The result of such suffering will be felt sooner or later. That is the lesson of the triumph of Jesus in His death on Good Friday and that is why Good Friday is greater far than Palm Sunday. Betrayed, crucified as a malefactor, Jesus has conquered or is conquering the world. But the victory of sacrifice will not always be won picturesquely. After-generations will not always hear the name of the man who wins triumph by failure; but his victory is assured, nevertheless. This man's death or suffering for righteousness impresses itself upon the minds and imaginations of some who can narrate it, and so it becomes effective in future genera-

tions. This other man's death and suffering is never told, yet it has impressed itself upon some life, and from that is again passed down in ways which we cannot always follow. Only this we know, that in God's good time and God's good way it also shall win its victory.

There is a tendency of some of us who have passed middle age to look back longingly on the things of the past, and to adopt a somewhat pessimistic view of the present and the future. Some of us looking back say: Good things were done then, but now, alas! there are none to do them. See how at the call of the country the men of the '60's responded so valiantly, throwing aside everything to serve under the flag. Would the men of to-day do as much? Yes, I think that in the same need you would have the same service, and you would have it because there were men half a century ago who were ready to give such service, and whose service has propagated the spirit of service in the community. I believe to-day is a very much better age than that time forty-six years ago when peace was brought to the nation by the surrender at Appomattox. But it is better precisely because of the service and sacrifice of those men. Let us understand, when we recall the service unto death of the heroes of the civil strife, that precisely herein lay their triumph: in the resurrection to new life of their spirit in the generations that succeeded them. It is ours to share in that spiritual regeneration, full of faith in the immortality both of the righteous and of righteousness.

I would have you all optimists. I would have you all confident of the final victory of right, but I would have every man remember also that there is a war being fought to-day, as there was half a century ago, and that it is harder to get men to enlist for this war than for that; because that war was outward and visible; this war is not in the same manner visible to the ordinary man. It is easier to get men to risk their lives in fighting for their country in a crisis occasioned by the attack of an outward foe, or the still more dangerous uprising of an armed foe within, than to get men to cast away selfishness and live for their country in the ordinary every-

day affairs of life. Men will play the patriot under arms, supporting the flag, who will prove traitors or recreants where the every-day service of ordinary civil life is concerned.

To make effective the service and the sacrifice of the patriots of the war, we must arouse the spirit of service and of sacrifice in the present-day political, industrial, and social life of this people. We want men who, in their ordinary business transactions, will be supported with that same spirit of patriotism which inspired the men of the Civil War to conflict; who will count service to their country, to their fellow citizens, as the first obligation, superior to all selfish and personal demands. We must use the example of our civil conflict, the lessons of our heroes, to support this spirit in the present and the future generations, else we shall not reap, as we ought, the fruits of the sacrifice of the heroes of the past. This is but the lesson of Christianity applied in particular to the story of our national life.

And you men of the Loyal Legion, either through your own experience or the records that have come down to you, know how evil a thing war is. To you the nation may look for advocacy of peace, because you know that "war is hell," with its destruction and its passions, its hatreds and its bereavements. And yet, if this nation ever lost that stern spirit of duty and of sacrifice which made the heroes of the past fight with arms in their hands for the righting of wrongs, it would be a sad day in the nation's history. Better that we should be stirred again by actual war than ever so settle on our lees as to lose moral fibre. To prevent that, let us cultivate with all our might the spirit of civil discipline, the sense of civil obligation and duty; training and encouraging our youth to devote themselves to fields which offer opportunity for service to others more than emolument for self; to count achievement in the service of their fellow men higher than all success in the accumulation of wealth. Let us promote with all our might that stern sense of duty and of obligation which shall discipline the character of the nation, maintaining its moral muscles hard and firm; let us seek and inspire

others to seek for opportunities to serve our country in the daily service of our life.

Let me remind you once more of the conditions of that surrender at Appomattox, of that trustfulness in the honor of their brethren which led to the parole of the Confederate officers and the acceptance from all company or regimental commanders of a similar parole for the men of their commands, of that regard for the honor and the dignity of their defeated brothers as for their own which led Grant and his advisers to provide that the side arms should not be surrendered; and of that care for the future welfare of their common community which gave the Southern brothers their equipment and their cattle to help in restoring their lands to prosperity.

And may the day soon dawn when we shall regard men of other nations with a similar trust, and treat them with a like consideration. What need of war between men who are animated with the spirit of justice! The time has come when we people, who call ourselves Christians, should sheathe the sword and submit our disputes to arbitration, trusting each the other, willing that the right shall prevail, even to our own selfish loss. In the old days might made right. In the kingdom of God right makes might.

Thinking of the way in which, at Appomattox, the effort was honestly made to turn the swords into plowshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, I have turned for my text to the old prophecy of the Hebrew prophet, in which he foretold the coming of the kingdom of God on earth, where nation should no more lift up sword against nation, where the Lord should judge between the nations and arbitrate for many peoples.

THE ARMY CHAPLAIN OF 1863.

READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY, DECEMBER
13, 1911, BY COMPANION CHAPLAIN,
WILLIAM R. EASTMAN.

THE army chaplain is recognized the world over as having a place in any well-ordered military establishment. This is not because the soldier is, by reason of his trade, any more devout than another man or more desirous of spiritual counsel or given to observances. It is rather the church holding out a hand to the army. The nation accepts it and the soldier, whatever his religious attitude, finds certain emergencies in his career, such as sickness, wounds, and death, in view of which a friend is not only tolerated but desired.

One Sunday afternoon in May, 1861, I was at a recruiting station in this city at the Assembly Rooms, so called, on Broadway near Grand Street. Men were being enrolled for the first two regiments of the Excelsior Brigade and some five hundred were paraded by companies. Their commander, General Sickles, said to them, "Men, I have called you up to present your chaplains who now stand before you, the Rev. Dr. Buckley of the first regiment and the Rev. Dr. Twichell of the second. They represent," he said, "the great Commander. Respect them. They are good men and they will do you good. You will do well to heed their teachings." Each chaplain, thus introduced, spoke in a few short ringing sentences holding up the fear of God as presenting a soldierly ideal which, when attained, would make it quite unnecessary to fear either man or devil.

The name chaplain is significant. He is the *chapel* man. He does not need a church. Gothic arches, pulpits, robes, high altars, choirs, responses are without meaning in his work. He is a man who can take with him a great consciousness of the divine presence and speak and act in view of that in any place and in any emergency. It is of the essence of his service that he is always there and always ready. Moving with the column, exposed to heat and storm, sharing every privation, not very far from the battle line, wherever a man, with hurt or pain, may chance to need his help, that spot is his chapel and there he must minister.

In the first order issued by the Adjutant-General of New York, April 18, 1861, naming the officers of volunteers, chaplains are not mentioned. An order of May 1st says that a chaplain shall be appointed for each regiment by the Commander-in-Chief, that is, by the governor, on nomination by the field-officers. An order of the United States War Department, May 4, 1861, gives the full plan for organizing the volunteer force. The chaplain is not named among the regimental officers, but in a memorandum dealing with miscellaneous matters such as musicians and a sutler, etc., the order adds, "There shall be allowed to each regiment one chaplain appointed by the regimental commander on vote of the field-officers and company commanders . . . who shall be a regularly ordained minister of some Christian denomination." This language, for substance, was copied afterwards in state orders. It fixes the standing of the chaplain as an "allowance." The War Department, July 13, 1861, ordered that "Chaplains of volunteers be duly mustered into the service in the same manner as prescribed for commissioned officers." This implies that they were not officers and might not be commissioned; although they certainly were commissioned afterward.

An Act of Congress, approved July 22, 1861, repeats the above provisions for appointment, provides that a chaplain's pay shall be that of a captain of cavalry, bringing then about \$1400 a year, and adds this as to his duties. "He shall be required to report to the Colonel commanding, at the end

of each quarter, the moral and religious condition of the regiment" (a truly serious task) "and such suggestions as may conduce to the social happiness and moral improvement of the troops." This provision of the law explains, with reasonable clearness, the popular impression of the purpose of a chaplain to promote "social happiness and moral improvement."

The chaplain's uniform of plain black "without ornament" was prescribed by an order of November 25, 1861. The appointment of hospital chaplains by the President was authorized by Act of May 20, 1862. After July 17, 1862, a chaplain could not be mustered without credentials and recommendation from an ecclesiastical body or from five ministers in good standing. In an order of July 26, 1862, we read this: "The principle being recognized that chaplains should not be held as prisoners of war, it is hereby ordered that all chaplains so held be immediately and unconditionally discharged." This defines the character of a chaplain as a non-combatant, entitled to the privileges and subject to the obligations of such a position.

It was not strange that in the general confusion of the first few months of recruiting, some regiments were accompanied to the field by theological students not yet ordained or even by nominal chaplains, friends of the colonel, who did not even profess to be religious men. But, with duties undefined it was left to each to make the most of his opportunity. And what more could any man ask?

Colonel Higginson, in writing a memorial of Chaplain Fuller, says that the position of chaplain is one in which "the majority of clergymen fail," and he adds, "In a little world of the most accurate order, where every man's duties and position are absolutely prescribed the chaplain alone has no definite position and no prescribed duties. In a sphere where everything is concentrated on one sole end, he alone finds himself of no direct use towards that end and apparently superfluous." He cannot succeed without both "moral energy and tact." And he puts it even more strongly in saying that "nine out of ten are useless."

Without regard to the regulations, there were certain qualifications for the chaplaincy of a most vital sort. It called for a *man*,—of a manly sort; of a kindly sympathetic spirit but not weak, of all things not weak, for that would be failure from the beginning; an intelligent man, but with an eye to read men as well as books, able to know a man when he saw him, whatever his clothes or his rank; a shrewd, discriminating, fair man; one to be trusted; having positive convictions but broad-minded, a man of faith with an enthusiasm for people in this world, laying more emphasis on life than doctrine; not lazy, but energetic and, withal, a man of an adventurous spirit, buoyant, cheerful, careless of hardship, a true comrade ready to stand by and to serve to the uttermost. For this is a place where personality alone will count.

The men who offered themselves for this service differed greatly in age, temperament, and power of adaptation as well as in church connections. Some were pastors expecting a short campaign; some I suppose were men out of a place seeking employment; some were students and some were assigned by their ecclesiastical superiors. Before many months had passed chaplains began to resign. The life was rough. The older men found it too hard. The tangible results were slight. In January, 1863, when I first knew the Army of the Potomac, half of the regiments had no chaplains and it was also true that nobody was very much concerned about it. As campaign followed campaign the regiments grew still smaller and one or two chaplains to a brigade were enough.

Now it was obviously impossible for any man to organize in any regiment a religious body who would look to him as their leader. A regiment with three fourths Roman Catholics was not unlikely to have a Protestant chaplain. A Methodist or a Baptist or an Episcopalian would be in camp with men who were decidedly not of his way of thinking. He might recite a collect on dress parade, but compulsory public worship was out of the question. He might invite the men to a Sunday service but who cared to come? He

might bring around him a handful of men for Bible study and occasional worship, but they were few. So he was obliged to fall back upon a common humanity broader than denomination and look about to do kindnesses to individual men. It was his business, as it was his pleasure, to be on terms of cordial sympathy with them all. Received among officers as an equal, he was no less a friend of the humblest private. Any one had the right to claim his attention. Sometimes they would try to take advantage of him. I remember one fellow of a rather hard reputation who took occasion for a week or two to visit my tent daily and there bewail his many sins, falling upon his knees and praying the Lord to forgive him, and, of course, I kept hoping that this was real until he finally revealed his true purpose by saying that he needed a furlough and he thought that I could help him—if properly approached.

The chaplain would frequent the hospital, talk with the sick and write letters for them and get them delicacies from the Sanitary or Christian Commissions. When the paymaster came, the chaplain had express envelopes in which to send money home for the men. Any such office of kindness naturally fell to him.

At the same time preaching and prayer were not forgotten. On Sunday mornings a few men, twenty or thirty sometimes, would come to the Cook tent for service. On Sunday evenings a crowd would gather around a fire to sing hymns.

In the winter of '63 to '64, the Christian Commission lent a large canvas to cover any log chapel that might be built and there were several brigade chapels that winter near Brandy Station, each seating more than a hundred men. The men of the New York Engineer regiment built an elaborate and artistic log church in the works before Pittsburgh. These chapels were occupied night after night not only for religious services, but also for lectures and entertainments. Visiting clergymen from the North often found sympathetic and deeply interested audiences.

The men who learned the church-going habit under camp conditions showed an uncommon earnestness. A church

fellowship that looked forward to certain decimation in the first week of the coming campaign took their religion seriously. I recall one evening on which our chapel service had been led by a pastor well known in New York. Half an hour later I took him with me to a prayer-meeting in one of the company streets. The men were living in huts under shelter tents. Six men crowded a hut. Twenty more were packed close around the entrance. We went behind the tent and listened. The language of the prayers betrayed a rather rude simplicity, but they fairly burned with a flame of blood earnestness and my companion said to me, "If I could hear my Fifth Avenue saints praying like that, I should know that a great revival was coming in New York."

Of course there were occasions of a public character such as a holiday celebration or a flag raising when the chaplain would come to the front to speak, but usually he was in the background with a small following, waiting for the time when he would be wanted. That time came when the army marched and the battle was on. He was distinctly not a fighter and his place was not on the firing line; although I knew a chaplain who once was caught unexpectedly by an attack of the enemy while visiting his men, and deemed it better to stay behind a good breastwork than to retire; and then so far forgot his place as to busy himself in loading rifles for the men, and singing "Rally round the flag, boys!" at the top of his voice.

But in battle, the chaplain had no orders and went where he could do the most good. He seemed naturally to belong with the doctors. He could render intelligent help in bandaging wounds and at the operating table, and his opportunity of service to individual sufferers was absolutely without limit. It was his hour of duty. Some of the surgeons were posted well up toward the front to give first aid. More of them were in the large field hospitals of division in more secure places at the rear. The chaplain might be at either place or at both by turns. Some made a point of watching for any wounded man who might come staggering back, who perhaps could be helped up into the saddle and ride back to

the hospital. When the demand for help became urgent the chaplains were nurses. As the rows of wounded men grew longer, chaplains went from man to man to see what could be done to relieve their pain, perhaps to take a message or write a letter. All day and far into the night this work would continue. A drink of water, a loosened bandage on a swollen limb, a question answered, a surgeon summoned, a whispered word of comfort marked their course. While surgeons and nurses were busy and weary, the chaplains gleaned after them. Each night at sundown the men who had died during the day were buried, with a short prayer, side by side in one shallow common grave, each in his uniform with canvas wrapped about his face and a strip of paper giving his name and regiment in a bottle buttoned under his blouse.

It was my fortune, one week after the fight at Chancellorsville, to go back to that field under a flag of truce with a considerable company of surgeons and nurses, taking a wagon load of medical stores. We had left 1200 wounded in the hands of the enemy who had no means to care for them properly. When each disabled prisoner had given his parole, the other army were as glad to give them back to us as we were to take them. Such a week as the wounded had passed had brought on that condition of neglect, suffering, and despair which gives to war one of its peculiar horrors. A few of our surgeons were among the prisoners, but they lacked supplies. One chaplain, Ambrose of the 12th New Hampshire, had chanced to be caught and left within the enemy's lines and had been busy, day and night, to the limit of his strength, in nursing, preparing food, comforting, and serving in every conceivable way. For six days we were all busy in the same fashion. At Dowdall's Tavern, where Colonel Stevens of my own regiment died, the floors of every room in the house were covered over with wounded men. They were as closely laid on the piazzas, in the barns, sheds and out-buildings and on the grass of the door yard. Raw corn meal and bacon were the only rations which had been furnished. They needed not only surgery and medicine,

but food and washing and clean shirts. The basin and towel became again the Christian symbol. At length a more decent degree of bodily comfort inspired new hope to some of them and our ambulances came to carry the survivors across the river to their friends.

Many names occur to me of individual chaplains of whom it would be pleasant to speak at length, did time permit: such as John Adams of Maine, Alonzo Quint of Massachusetts, Henry Hopkins, President of Williams College, Henry Clay Trumbull of Connecticut, who served his country in several Confederate prisons, Charles McCabe of Ohio, captured at Winchester and confined four months in Libby; who, to the end of his earnest life, wore the popular and honorable title of Chaplain McCabe and we must not forget John Ireland, the great archbishop of Minnesota.

But permit me to take a moment to speak of one who fell on the skirmish line. Arthur Buckminster Fuller, Chaplain of the 16th Massachusetts, came from a family distinguished in the literary circles of Cambridge and Concord, in which his older sister, Margaret Fuller, had been a brilliant light. He was a scholar as well as a preacher. His courage, enthusiasm, and sympathy for the men of his regiment had greatly endeared him to them.

He was older in years than the most of us, and the exposures of the field brought on a severe sickness which kept him three months at home in the summer of 1862. Twice he rejoined his regiment only to be sent back as an invalid. President Lincoln promised to appoint him chaplain of a hospital and he resigned his place in the regiment. Having received his discharge on the 10th of December and carrying the paper on his person he went down to the river where the first attempts to cross over into Fredericksburg were in progress. The sharpshooters were making it impossible to lay a bridge and a call was made for volunteers to cross in the pontoon boats. It came to him as one last chance to serve his country. True, he was no longer in the service. If taken prisoner, he was not liable to exchange; if he fell, his widow could claim no pension. He was unattached, but

he was free. He found a rifle and cartridges and stepped into the boat. He passed the river, joined in the rush up the farther bank, and took his place in the skirmish line on the third street from the river. Captain Dunn of the 19th Massachusetts, who was in command of the line says, "He saluted me saying, 'I must do something for my country, what shall I do?' I replied that there was never a better time than the present and assigned him a place on my left. I thought that he could render valuable aid because he was perfectly cool and collected. I have seldom seen a person on the field so calm and mild in his demeanor, evidently not acting from impulse or mortal rage." It was but a few minutes before the bullet found its mark and he fell lifeless. He had borne his testimony. When the line was forced back, his body was left, and when later recovered all his valuables had been stolen. Congress afterward gave a special pension to his widow.

There were chaplains of all denominations, and the spirit of oneness among them would have seemed rather remarkable at home. When there were revivals and men wanted to join the Church they were taken into a Christian Brotherhood, leaving out for the time the ordinance of baptism, but partaking of the Lord's Supper together. I have the register of our Brigade Brotherhood now where I read the roll of seventy-eight men, some of whom fell upon the field within a month after they had in their full vigor signed their names to that agreement. We, who were Protestants, used to think that the Roman Catholic chaplains had some advantage in the firm grip they had upon their men. While I was calling one day on Father O'Hagan of the 4th Excelsior (my regiment was the 3d), a couple of my men came to his door to arrange for confession. He made an appointment for the next morning and dismissed them with this plain message, "Tell your fellows in the 3d regiment that if they don't come over for their Easter I shall be after them with a stick." This vigorous way with men was used to good purpose by Father Corby of the 88th New York at Gettysburg when, just as the Irish brigade, what was left of them,

formed in six companies, was ordered into action, the good priest appeared before the line, motioned them to their knees and, in one tense moment of devotion, pronounced absolution and the blessing of the holy church upon such as should fall. Then they sprang to their feet and drove home their impetuous charge. Whenever a sick man in the regimental hospital asked for a priest, any chaplain would do his best to bring him, and often Catholic and Protestant rode side by side at funerals. During the battle at Spottsylvania I found in the field hospital a dying man who was anxious to see a priest. Father O'Hagan was not with us then and I rode two miles before I found Father Corby and urged him to return with me. "But," said he, "there are fifty right here whose souls may be passing. I cannot leave them." "Then what shall we do?" I asked. "Tell him to confess to you," was the priest's answer, "and tell him that I said so and that whatever you say to him or do for him is right." With this sacred commission I rode back in haste and was in time to give the message as I kneeled upon the grass beside the dying boy, listened to what he had to say, offered such comfort and hope as was given me, and commended him in prayer into the keeping of our gracious Lord. He seemed to be satisfied and presently the light faded from his eyes and he was gone.

One can hardly fail to hear in the memory of such times the echo of that fine classic of Miles O'Reilly:

"By communion of the banner
Battle scarred but victor banner
By the baptism of the banner
Brothers of one church are we."

Chaplain Twichell tells a story of Father O'Hagan and himself. During the first battle of Fredericksburg, when the wounded were being brought into hospital in great numbers, they had been occupied all day and far into the night in their hard and loving work. After midnight, when exhausted nature demanded an hour of rest, these two lay down to

sleep. It was December and bitter cold. Presently there came a call out of O'Hagan's blanket, "Joseph," and the answer was "Well, Joseph." Their first names were alike. "I'm cold," said one and "I'm cold," said the other. "Then let's put our two blankets together." And so they did, lying close with blankets doubled. Presently there was a movement as of one struggling with suppressed laughter. "What are you laughing at?" demanded Twichell. "At this condition of things," was the reply. "What? at all this horrible distress?" "No! No! but at you and me; a Jesuit priest and a New England Puritan minister—of the worst sort—spooned close together under the same blanket. I wonder what the angels think." And, a moment after, he added, "I think they like it."

On long winter evenings when other topics failed, a favorite point of controversy between these two inseparable Josephs was as to the religious views of their commander of brigade, and of division and of corps, for one man had been all three. This was General Sickles and both the chaplains claimed him. When the general was hurt at Gettysburg the news reached Twichell at the field hospital behind Round Top whither he had just conveyed a wounded man. Springing to the saddle, the chaplain put spurs to his horse and dashed out toward the Trostle house, to get to his commander. Meeting an ambulance on the road, he called out, "Where's the general?" And the driver answered, "Inside."

Instantly checking his horse and turning back as soon as he could, he overtook the ambulance at last and, without ceasing his trot, lifted the curtain. Inside, in fact, lay the prostrate form of the general and another man, a figure in black was also there, kneeling beside him. It was Father O'Hagan in the act of administering the last rites of the Church. Within the hour these friends stood side by side at the operating table, each with folded towel and by turns giving chloroform to the general while his leg was being cut away by the surgeons, and it was there that they noted from his lips the word that was thought at the time to be his

dying message, that "in such a conflict, one man's life is not very much to give."

One evening, not long after, we were resting from the engrossing labors of the field hospital and to while away the time Twichell, O'Hagan, and I fell to talking over our pipes of the bright days when the war should be over. "I 'll tell you," said Twichell, turning to me, "in about ten years from now you and I will step from the railway train, one bright summer afternoon, at a pretty village in central New York. Passing up the shady street we will ask where the Presbyterian minister lives, and will find a handsome cottage with a broad porch covered with vines and flowers and out on the lawn in front, two or three sweet little children will be playing. When we ring at the door there will come to meet us a tidy young woman with bright eyes, just the nicest that you can imagine, and I will say to her, "Good afternoon, Mrs. O'Hagan, is the Father at home?"

And O'Hagan cried out, "Tut, tut, boys, now you are tempting me."

He was a delightful companion and a true man. He held many positions of honor and importance after the war. Like another chaplain in the same brigade, he came to be a college president. He was at Holy Cross in Worcester. He has long since passed to his eternal reward.

But I must not dwell on personal recollections, though they may serve in one way or another to illustrate the lights and shadows of army life.

In one word, the significance of the chaplaincy was this: that the government offered to each regiment one man to be a friend to every man. While other officers might be good friends, this man was to make a business of kindness. Not a commander, not a fighter, not hemmed in by any rules or any rank; left to himself to reach men by their hearts if he touched them at all, and by their hearts to make them better soldiers; a man to be sought in the hour of need; to stand for truth, purity, and all righteousness; for honorable living and hopeful dying; and having done all to stand by, in the spirit of service, according to the pattern of

the Master. Many regiments did not understand and did not care; many commanders found it impossible to secure the man they would gladly have welcomed to such a post; many men who undertook the service fell short, perhaps far short of their opportunities; but many also gained for themselves much love and a good name and a share in the final triumph.

all prisoner of war camps
Produce this result North
or South & even in 1917 -
1941 -

THE ELMIRA PRISON CAMP.

READ BY CLAY W. HOLMES, OF ELMIRA, COMPANION BY
INHERITANCE, FEBRUARY 7, 1912.

IT seems a strange fact, but it is nevertheless true, that no history of any prison camp, either North or South, has ever been written, neither has any considerable account of the Elmira prison appeared, even in local history. There is a brief chapter in the *History of Chemung County* published in 1892 by the late Ausburn Towner, once a newspaper writer of considerable local fame. The account is brief and quite erroneous in vital particulars. The only recorded information of accuracy is that contained in official documents published in the official records of the War of the Rebellion and the daily papers of that time, but these combined do not contribute the most desired information. Early in my investigation I discovered that the personal recollection of participants and eye witnesses, both civilians, officers, and prisoners, would alone provide the pith of the story and establish as permanent a record of actual facts and conditions as might be hoped for at this late day. For six months I have labored to get into touch with those who could contribute facts. I have been able to reach many of the prisoners, and from them have obtained evidence of their personal experiences which will be of great historic value.

The subject assumed such large proportions as I proceeded in the investigation that I long ago discovered enough to fill a volume, and too much to present here in the limited time at your disposal. I, therefore, beg to present a condensed synopsis of the prison story, statistical and argumentative, as a performance of my duty to this Commandery,

and later I shall publish in book form a complete history of the prison camp, embellished with numerous illustrations, as my contribution to the archives of my home city.

The city of Elmira played an important part in the history of the Civil War, and was early stirred to patriotic action. President Lincoln's first call for troops, issued April 15, 1861, reached Elmira on the afternoon of that day, and on the evening of the same day Concert Hall was packed full of earnest citizens at the first war meeting, and the blood of the people was up. A full company was enrolled at that meeting, which became Co. K of the 23d Regiment. Elmira immediately became a military rendezvous. The first regiments to be mustered in were the 12th on May 13th, the 13th Regiment on May 14th, and the 23d Regiment, on May 16th, which latter was largely composed of Elmira citizens. On July 30th, by order of Governor Morgan, Elmira was made one of the three military depots of the State, the others being at Albany and New York City. Brigadier-General Van Valkenburg was appointed commanding officer and Col. Charles C. B. Walker, quartermaster. Elmira was at the same time made a depot of the general government, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman. From that time till May, 1864, Elmira was the scene of much military activity. Three large barracks were constructed in different parts of the city, where regiments of soldiers were mustered in and drilled before being sent to the front. Finally, in 1863, it became the draft rendezvous. In the early part of 1864, it was found that Barracks No. 3 were practically empty, and the Government grasped the opportunity of utilizing them for a prison camp.

The first official record of the birth of the Elmira Prison Camp was May 14, 1864, when Adjutant-General Townsend writes Colonel Hoffman that he is informed that there are unoccupied barracks at Elmira, which are fitted to hold Confederate prisoners of war. Colonel Hoffman writes the Secretary of War, May 19th, of the fact, also writes Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman at Elmira on same date, that he will receive orders from the Adjutant-General to set apart Bar-

racks No. 3, as a depot for prisoners of war. Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman writes Colonel Hoffman May 23d, that Barracks No. 3, will accommodate three thousand men comfortably, or four thousand if crowded, with ground room for tents to contain one thousand more, five thousand and in all if crowded. Colonel Hoffman writes Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman, June 22d: "By direction of the Secretary of War, Barracks No. 3, will be prepared to receive prisoners of war, according to instructions previously given, provisions to be made for 10,000 prisoners." Note that this is double the number which might be decently cared for in the space provided. Requests report of what will be necessary to put place in condition for this service. Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman writes Adjutant-General Townsend, June 30th, that barracks are ready to receive prisoners, enclosed by stockade twelve feet high, with sentry boxes and walk outside. No quarters inside for officers or guards, who must be housed in tents.

On July 6th, just fourteen days after official notice had been received to prepare the barracks as a prison camp, during which time nearly three thousand feet of stockade had been built and much other work done, the Elmira Prison Camp came into formal existence by the arrival of 399 prisoners from Point Lookout, one having escaped en route. During the remainder of the month over 3500 prisoners arrived, six lots from Point Lookout and one from Old Capitol Prison. August brought over 5000 more, giving a total on September 1st of 9400, or 4400 more than could be comfortably cared for. At this time more than half were quartered in tents, but let it be noted that, crowded as the camp was, everybody had shelter.

The best description of the camp ever printed was written by A. E. Keiley of Petersburg, Va., who, as a citizen, was captured in the trenches before Petersburg and sent to Point Lookout, and from there he came to Elmira with the first batch of prisoners. He was exchanged early in October, and soon after published a book entitled *In Vinculis*, a description of five months among the Yankees. He was a

writer of ability, and his statements seem to be those of a fair minded gentleman. I shall quote somewhat from his book in this paper.

The Elmira Prison Camp was located on West Water Street, about one mile from the centre of the city, and had been known as "Barracks No. 3." (Water Street runs East and West.) The Camp began at a point near the edge of a dry run known as "Hoffman Creek" on the south side of Water Street, and extended westward along the line of Water Street about 1200 feet. The line on the lower side followed the course of the creek for a distance of about one thousand feet to the river. On the west end, the line extended at a right angle with the front, direct to the river, about eight hundred feet. The plot contained approximately thirty acres. About five hundred feet from the front, and laying parallel with Water Street, was a stagnant body of water, from fifteen to thirty feet wide, beginning at a point about twenty feet from the west line fence and extending considerably below the stockade on the east end. This pond of water has always been known as "Foster's Pond," and remains there to-day as it appeared in prison times, and is probably the only thing which would be recognized by a visiting veteran, except possibly the old Foster homestead which stood directly opposite the main gate of the prison camp. It stands there to-day exactly as it appeared then. This pond divided the camp into two distinct sections. There is a sheer drop of fifteen feet on the north bank, the pond being practically on a level with the river. Between the pond and the river there are about two hundred feet of river bottom, perfectly dry, except when the river rises over six feet above low water mark. This area comprises about one-third of the entire camp and was known as the "flat," and will be so called in this paper. Two-thirds of the camp area lay between the road and the pond on high ground, at least twenty feet above low water mark, and this will be called the "camp." At the time of its occupation as a prison, Barracks No. 3 consisted of thirty-five wooden buildings, each about one hundred feet long,

sixteen feet wide; and high enough for two rows of bunks. The buildings stood side by side in a line parallel with Water Street, and occupied the centre of the camp. These barracks were constructed for the occupation of our own volunteers at a time when there was no thought of their ever being occupied by prisoners of war. They were built of good lumber, double boarded, with tight roofs and good floors. The floors were elevated nearly two feet from the ground to provide good circulation of air in summer and to prevent dampness in stormy weather. They were erected in 1861 and '62, when lumber was plenty and of better quality than it was possible to obtain in 1864, when the additional prison barracks were built, but Companion General B. F. Tracy testifies that he scoured the country round about for the best lumber to be had. Lumber of any kind was very scarce, and the difficulty in obtaining it caused serious delays in the construction of the additional barracks; in fact, it was about January 20th before all could be comfortably housed in barracks. Mr. Keiley describes the camp in these words:

"The whole site is a basin, surrounded by hills which rise several hundred feet, and are covered richly and thickly with a luxurious growth of hemlock, ash, poplar, and pine. This was a most gratifying relief from our Point Lookout experience, where nothing met the eye in any direction, except the sky, water, and prison fence. But a more available and practical improvement was in the drinking water, which is here pure, cool, and abundant, and the newcomers luxuriated in the delicious beverage with the gusto of a lost traveller in Sahara."

The first official order in connection with the prison camp was issued July 2, 1864, by Lieutenant-Colonel Eastman commanding, as special order No. 251. It directed the camp to be vacated by all troops or recruits then occupying it on July 5th. It appointed Colonel Chas. M. Provost (16th V. R. C.) as commander of the Guard Camp located outside the prison enclosure. It placed Major Henry V. Colt, 104th N. Y. V., in command of the prison camp, to receive and take charge of all prisoners as they arrive. It detailed six

captains and seven lieutenants for duty with prisoners of war, all to report to Major Colt for duty without delay. It directed that prisoners upon arrival be formed into companies, each company to be under charge of a commissioned officer, detailed for the purpose, and that one enlisted man be detailed to act as Orderly Sergeant for each company. It closed with the following instructions:

"The officer in charge of prisoners of war will comply strictly with the requirements of the circular from the office of the Commissary-General of Prisoners dated Washington, April 20, 1864."

On the same date the following general rule and instructions were promulgated:

Rule xxi.—Where prisoners are seriously ill, their nearest relatives, being loyal, may be permitted to make them short visits, but under no circumstances will visitors be admitted without authority of the Commissary-General of Prisons.

The hospital will be under charge of senior medical officer present, who will be held responsible for the good order and treatment of the sick, to the commanding officer.

A fund will be created as for other hospitals. It will be expended for additional delicacies and rarities, and when large enough can defray the expense of washing clothes, articles for policing purposes, and all articles indispensable to promote the health of the hospital.

The prison fund will be made up by the difference of the prisoner's ration given below and that allowed by law to soldiers of the U. S. Army.

Ration for Prisoners—Daily.

Pork or bacon	14 ozs.
Fresh beef	14 "
Flour or soft bread	16 "
Hard bread	14 "
Corn-meal	15 "

and to each 100 Rations.

Beans or peas	12½ lbs.
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Rice or hominy	8	lbs.
Soap	4	"
Vinegar	3	qts.
Salt	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	lbs.
Potatoes	15	"

Sugar and coffee or tea will be issued only to the sick or wounded, on the recommendation of the surgeon in charge, at the rate of

Sugar	12	lbs.
Coffee, ground	5	" or
Coffee, green	7	"
Tea	1	lb.

to each hundred rations—this being allowed every other day.

The regular prisoner's ration will be increased in quantity, and also include tea, coffee, sugar, and molasses, for those employed in public work about the camp. They will also be allowed compensation from the prison fund, mechanics 10 cents per day, and laborers 5 cents per day, the amount to be placed to their credit, or paid in tobacco to those who desire it. With the prison fund may be purchased such articles as may be needful for the health and proper condition of the prisoners. The sutler for the prisoners is allowed to furnish certain prescribed articles at reasonable rates, for which he pays a tax to the prison fund.

Prisoners will be allowed to write and receive letters, not exceeding one page of letter paper, on matters of private nature, to be examined by the proper officer.

Having given you a brief history of the origin and opening of the prison camp, the object of this paper would seem to be best accomplished by abandoning a detail of events in their sequence, and directing our attention to the presentation of proofs to combat the charges which have been made against this camp, as to its conduct and results. The starvation of prisoners and the apparently heavy mortality have been the two specific charges, made repeatedly by individuals, and on the floor of Congress in 1875, by Mr. Hill of Georgia, as a result of a letter written by a former surgeon

and published in the New York *World*. We will first take up the starvation theory, remembering that the word "starvation," like many other words in the English language, does not always mean the same thing. Often a man says he is "half-starved" when is simply very hungry. The word is sometimes so used as to convey an altogether erroneous impression, and this is true in the letter.

In order to determine the real facts in the case, personal testimony has been sought from those who took part. Citizens of Elmira who had to do with furnishing supplies have given their evidence, and correspondence with over thirty prisoners gives a fair average of inside experience. The facts as gathered are submitted. It is clearly shown that the quartermaster made every effort to furnish just as good supplies to the prison camp as were provided for U. S. troops, and to both as good as could be bought. As to fresh beef, thirty animals were slaughtered every day and brought to the prison camp for inspection. Very often the inspector rejected a considerable portion of the slaughtered beef. Every pound of rejected meat was at once taken to the city markets and sold to the citizens of Elmira at full prices, as the best meat which could be had, in fact, the citizens during the year practically lived upon the fresh beef which was rejected at the prison camp. To substantiate this I have the statements of some of the most prominent citizens. Under the second head reasons will be given for the poor quality of the beef.

All evidence from citizens tends to show that the Government supplied ample rations for the prisoners. I have received a very interesting letter from Major Hannibal D. Norton, who was adjutant of the camp from March, 1865, till the prison was abandoned. He inaugurated many improvements. Among them, an enlargement of the bakery, and the installation of large and improved soup kettles in the cook house. He says:

"They made a very fine quality of bread, which I ate every day. The prisoners were fed on this while our boys in the field

were eating wormy hardtack. A most excellent soup was served every day, which I sampled regularly. When the committee of six Southern governors visited the Elmira camp, by permission of the War Department, they were permitted to sample the bread and soup, and pronounced them all right, and one said 'better than we get down home at our hotels'."

Now, what do the prisoners say? It is a fact that the general statements of all the prisoners agree as to essential particulars. I have selected twenty-five of the letters and give a synopsis of their evidence. A series of questions were presented, so that their answers might cover the same points.

(1) What was your treatment in Elmira Prison?

Twenty-one reply, "As good as could be expected." Four say they might have been treated better.

(2) Were the barracks comfortable?

Nineteen say they were as comfortable as could be expected. Three say they were fairly good. Three complain of discomfort. All say they were cold in winter, in spite of good fires.

(3) How was the food as to quality and quantity?

Five say food was good and they had enough to satisfy them. Twenty say food was good in quality, but not half enough to satisfy their appetites. All agree on the question of meals and amount supplied. This is a general description:

There were two meals each day, the first at 7.30 A.M., when we received one piece of meat perhaps 4 ozs. in weight, and one slice of fresh baker's bread one inch thick. Dinner at 2.30 P.M., one piece of fresh baker's bread one inch thick, one pint of soup made from beans or vegetables. This constituted the day's rations.

One of the prisoners became a resident of Elmira at the close of the war. He has resided there, as a respected citizen ever since. From him I received the above information, which tallies closely with the others in all general particulars. All the prisoners are emphatic in their commendation of the drinking water. They say it was the best water they ever saw, and the only thing they had plenty of. I think you will agree with me that the ration furnished does not tally with

that prescribed in the official order previously read, also, that the amount would not satisfy the cravings of the average able-bodied man when in a condition of idleness. It would sustain life, and was doubtless better that the prisoners were underfed rather than overfed. The fact remains that the rank and file of the prisoners apparently did not get all that was supplied by the Government for their sustenance. Some got plenty and more than their share, while others suffered in consequence. Proof of this is given in the extracts I shall soon read. The prisoners who were employed in any labor about the camp were given three meals a day. They had plenty to eat and make no complaint. Much of that which was furnished for the idle men was stolen or "flanked," as they call it, and consumed or sold. Many of the idle prisoners occupied much of their time in making trinkets which were sold for them by obliging guards and others. The money received from such sales was expended for food, and provided enough to satisfy their appetite fairly, but those who had no money to buy extra food with, did suffer the pangs of hunger, but not of starvation. Many were in such physical condition that they could not eat, because their stomachs refused to assimilate the food. Those probably did die of starvation, like the shipwrecked mariner in a boat at sea dying of thirst, who cried "Water! Water everywhere! but not a drop to drink."

Now listen to the letters from prisoners.

Mr. Hewitt says:

"The food was good but not enough for the prisoners. We had every reason to believe that some of the higher officials speculated upon our food. The meals were good and the water fine."

Mr. Wade says:

"The food was well prepared, but my appetite was much better then than it is now. I cannot say I had enough, but I attribute a good deal of that to some of the 'cook-house rats,' as we called them, who were Confederates and in charge of the

cooks, also the Confederate sergeants, in charge of the wards, were as much to blame as the Yankees."

Mr. Hooper says:

"As to food, we drew at 9 A.M., what was supposed to be 4 ozs. of fresh baker's bread, and about 2 ozs. of meat. At 2 P.M., 4 ozs. of bread and a pint of soup, in which the meat had been boiled, with a little rice, Irish potatoes or beans. This comprised our day's ration. I think the Government furnished more rations than we really got. The cooks and waiters were prisoners. They carried out meat in their bosoms and sold it. I know this, because I bought it from them myself. As to wells, we had the finest water the State afforded."

Mr. Palmer says:

"We got an inch slice of fresh baker's bread and about 2 ozs. of meat for breakfast. For dinner we got another inch cut of bread and a pint of the liquor the beef was boiled in. No supper of any sort. I do think the Government made an honest effort to care for us, but there seemed to be some thieves in between us and what was due us, as prisoners of war."

Mr. Williams says:

"James M. Gilmore had a position in the dining-room and managed to flank from 20 to 30 rations a day, and, after eating all we wanted, I sold the remainder to other prisoners. We probably flanked an aggregate of ten thousand rations in this manner, so you see we cared but little how the Government issued rations. Some time before the surrender Gilmore was relieved of this position, but secured another as orderly for one Smythe of the 2d Miss. Regiment, who had been appointed clerk to issue shoes to the prisoners. I do not know whether the shoes were furnished by the Confederate or United States Government. At any rate there had been but about one pair issued to each ward when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and of course everything shut down when this became known. There were between three and five thousand pairs of shoes. Gilmore flanked them. I commenced selling them at \$1.00 per pair, then 75, 50, and 25 cents, and the last week I sold 1000 pairs for 10 cents each, so you can see we were *in the service*.

These extracts should give you more than an inkling of conditions which existed in the prison camp, and had an important bearing upon the poor prisoners who were not in the ring. Without carrying the subject farther it is clearly evident that so far as the United States Government was concerned, none starved except those who could not eat, and there are still people starving for the same reason. The most conclusive proof of the fact that the starvation idea was not a common sentiment, is contained in a communication received, after this paper was completed, from the Hon. Roswell R. Moss of Elmira. Judge Moss was a delegate of the United States Christian Commission, sent to Virginia in March, 1865. He spent some time at City Point. His diary of daily events notes that on March 27th there were 2700 Confederate prisoners at Camp Distribution, captured at Fort Stedman the previous day, waiting to be forwarded to Northern prisons. In passing freely among them, distributing writing material and other necessaries, he heard many of the prisoners express the hope that they would be sent to Elmira, as they had heard good accounts of the treatment of prisoners there, from those who had been exchanged.

I now desire to present a few official statistics of general interest in connection with this subject.

The army of the United States consisted of	2,335,951
Total number killed in action, $1\frac{9}{10}\%$	44,238
" " died of wounds, $1\frac{1}{2}\%$	33,227
" " died from disease, 8%	190,783
Total deaths from all causes, $11\frac{1}{2}\%$	268,248
Number prisoners taken by Confederates	213,381
" " paroled on the field	16,668
 Total number confined in Southern prisons	196,713
" " deaths, 15.3%	30,212
Of this number 13,705 died at Andersonville, Ga., and	
12,112 died at Salisbury, N. C.	
4,395 at 23 other Southern prisons.	
There are in the South 15,816 unknown graves.	

Number Confederate prisoners captured by our forces	476,169
Paroled on field	248,599

Confined in Northern prisons	227,570
Total number of deaths, 11.7%	26,774

There are in the North 726 unknown graves, shown in the official records.

The following is a record of the number of prisoners confined at various points in the North, with percentage of deaths reported:

Alton, Ill.	7,117 prisoners	2218 deaths	31%
Camp Chase, O.	14,227 "	2166 "	15%
" Douglas, Ill.	22,301 "	4039 "	18%
" Morton, Ind.	10,319 "	1556 "	15%
Elmira Prison Camp	12,123 "	2963 "	24%
Fort Delaware	22,723 "	2513 "	11%
Rock Island, Ill.	9,536 "	1960 "	20%
Point Lookout	38,053 "	3446 "	9%

It would appear from the table just given that the percentage of mortality at Elmira was higher than in any other prison camp, except Camp Alton, while that at Point Lookout was the lowest of all. An analysis of the situation will develop an intimate relation between these two facts, as will be shown later.

As the weather conditions have a very important bearing on the second topic, a condensed report will be of value. I find the following notations in the Elmira *Daily Advertiser* under dates given:

July 8—Very dry—water very low—city water works given out.

July 21—Great scarcity of water. All wells gone dry except the deepest ones.

July 26—Had a nice rain, first in a month. Reduced the drouth somewhat.

Aug. 1—The hottest day in twenty-eight years—very dry—soil void of moisture for a foot deep or more.

Aug. 3—Heavy rain. City water works again able to supply water to city.

Aug. 16—Have had long hot spell. Water again very scarce.

Aug. 29—Most copious rain of the season noted.

The mean temperature was higher during the entire season than usual, and the supply of water far below the average. A severe drouth prevailed all summer throughout the entire Chemung Valley, seriously affecting the growth of farm products. A farm near the city, which in 1863 yielded twenty loads of hay to the acre, produced barely one load in 1864. This shortage in the hay crop was so great that farmers did not have enough to feed stock and were obliged to sell. Much of it was not fit for market. The yield of potatoes and all vegetables was extremely light, while the demand was much greater than ever before, owing to the presence of about 15,000 soldiers and prisoners, in fact, the supply was not more than half enough to satisfy the demand, and yet history makes no record of the inconvenience to the citizens of Elmira because they could not buy half enough to eat for love or money. But to proceed with the weather: September was a fair average month.

Oct. 10—Cold weather set in—snow on the hills.

Oct. 29—Heavy rains—river rising.

Nov. 16—Cold winter weather and snow.

Dec. 30—Heavy snow, impeding railroad travel.

Jan. 6—Coldest night of season—18 below zero.

Jan. 9—Heaviest snow of winter—6 inches deep—Ice twelve to fourteen inches thick on river.

Jan. 11—Thaw and rain.

Feb. 7—Heaviest snow of season—eighteen inches deep in town, two and a half feet deep on hills.

Feb. 15—Coldest night of year—eighteen below zero.

Let me note here that in the succeeding twenty-five years the thermometer only reached sixteen degrees below zero on one occasion in 1867.

Mar. 2—Another big snow-storm.

Mar. 10—Warm weather, wind and rain, which continued for a week.

Mar. 15—River rising very fast. The flat overflowed and given up. Stockade fence taken down to give free course to the water.

Mar. 16—Most disastrous flood ever known in Elmira. The entire prison camp flooded except a strip about thirty feet wide next to Water Street.

These two seasons give a wider range of temperature and more severe conditions than were ever before experienced, and nothing to compare has been known since. The summer was the hottest and dryest ever known, and the winter was extremely cold, with snow almost constantly on the ground from October 15th to March 10th. The temperature averaged lower than for many succeeding years, and the great flood of March, 1865, is an epoch in local history. The water in the Chemung River never reached so high a point before or since, and only on one occasion has there been anything to compare with it. In 1889 occurred the only severe flood since the war, but it lacked more than three feet of reaching the high mark of 1865. Even the "flat" has not been covered more than three times since. I have detailed this flood situation, because without doubt it had a much greater bearing on the later death rate than is indicated in the records.

With these statistics and facts in mind, let us take up the second point—the mortality of the prison camp. I believe that among the Southern people this is the heaviest charge made against Elmira. One of the prisoners in his correspondence, calls it the "second Andersonville," which conveys a stigma little deserved.

Twenty-five batches of prisoners were received at Elmira, of which

13	were from Point Lookout,	total	8829
9	" " Old Capitol Prison,	"	2419
3	" " Fort Fisher,	"	875

As to those from Point Lookout all were men who had been confined from two months to one year, and at least fifty

per cent. were actually sick when they came. The testimony of citizens who saw them arrive day after day is to the effect that all appeared to be invalids. The *Advertiser* speaks of them as half-clad, ill-fed, and gaunt men and boys. Major Norton says: "They were in most instances wasted by disease, hunger, and exposure." Those coming from Old Capitol Prison were mostly wounded men, or those classed on the rolls as invalids. The 875 men who came from Fort Fisher in February were the only ones who were brought here directly from the field. They were fairly robust and stood the confinement with very little mortality. As for the 11,348 second-hand prisoners sent here from other and worse prisons it is my belief, founded on the knowledge of conditions, that if they had remained where they were first confined the number of deaths would have been even greater, while if the weather conditions in Elmira had been those of a normal year, without such violent extremes, and epidemics had not prevailed, the death rate in Elmira would not have been more than one-half what it was. In partial substantiation of this belief, permit me to read an extract from the *Daily Advertiser* of October 11th.

"About 1400 invalid Rebel prisoners left last night over the Northern Central Railroad for Point Lookout to be exchanged. Those unable to sit up were carefully taken in military wagons from the barracks to the cars on cots. The cars were covered with fresh hay, upon which the cots were placed. Each of the sick cars was well provided with attendants and pails of water, and every care taken to make the invalids as comfortable as possible, about 300 in number. The balance were able to walk the distance, and occupied cars similarly fitted up to those furnished for the transportation of our volunteers. All of the cars were abundantly provided with delicacies for the sick. The work of paroling the number occupied much of Monday night. One officer on going the rounds to obtain signatures to the rolls found one man just dead, and another walked the entire length of the barrack building, affixed his signature, and in his weakness the excitement proved too much for him, and he died about twenty minutes after. He had been a sufferer from the prevailing chronic diarrhoea."

Who can believe that within three months after the establishment of this camp, surrounded with all the care which could be extended to human beings anywhere, that 1400 men in such a diseased condition could have been produced, had they been healthy men when they came? Elmira had harbored anywhere from 1000 to 5000 soldiers for more than three years, with practically no deaths and very little sickness. At the time of the opening of the prison camp all the military hospitals in the city had less than two hundred patients, in fact, the Elmira soldiers had been so healthy, that the commanding officer had no thought about sick men. No provisions were made in the preliminary work for hospital accommodations, and no surgeon detailed for the post, so far as official records show. Just ten days from the opening of the camp came a sudden and startling awakening. The third batch of prisoners—eight hundred men—were on their way, when a railroad collision at Shohola killed seventy-eight prisoners and seventeen guards, and wounded one hundred, fifteen so badly that they were left at the scene of the wreck, while eighty-five prisoners and ten guards were brought on to Elmira. Surgeon Wm. C. Wey, who was in charge of the general military hospitals in the city, was detailed for emergency service. The train arrived at nine o'clock on Saturday evening. Colonel Eastman and Surgeon Wey went through the cars and carefully took out the wounded men and transported them to the camp. One of the barrack buildings was appropriated for hospital use. Surgeon Wey, with all the assistants he could secure, toiled all night to dress the wounds, but railroad wounds are not so quickly or easily dressed as gunshot wounds. When the flow of blood is stopped in the latter, a patient can be temporarily left to staunch the flow of blood in another, but a broken limb cannot be left half set. As a result morning came, and still there were those left not yet attended to.

Here is the first criticism from Mr. Keiley, who notes the fact in his book that at 9 o'clock the next morning, men were lying around still unattended, and thereby implies neglect. No man could have done more than Surgeon Wey, but the

hands were so few and the wounded so many, and it consumed nearly all day Sunday to complete the task.

This sudden creation of a large sick-list was the beginning of a hospital record little dreamed of at the time. The monthly death-rate gives reasonable proof of the poor condition of the prisoners. In July there were 11 deaths, in August, 115, September, 386, October, 274, November, 208, December, 266, January, 287, February, 427, March, 495, April, 265, May, 124, June, 54, July, 30. In the earlier months, chronic diarrhoea, pneumonia, measles, and scurvy were the prevailing diseases. An epidemic of measles broke out about July 29th. Chronic diarrhoea was very prevalent from the first. On September 1st, the surgeon reports 123 deaths to date, practically all from diarrhoea.

It has been noted that the prisoners were all delighted with the drinking water, of which they drank to excess during the first days of their captivity. This water was charged with lime, and would have been likely to affect a healthy person, as a change of water often does when taken too liberally. It certainly played sad havoc with the prisoners.

On August 26th, with 9300 prisoners in camp, the surgeon reports 793 cases of scurvy, and explains that most of those badly affected had been confined at Point Lookout for a long time and were affected when they arrived.

Now, what was the real condition of the prisoners? The South had two great staples—cotton and corn. The excess of corn was used to grow razor-back hogs. The chief articles of diet in the South were bacon and corn pone, and the Southern army was almost entirely fed on corn-meal and bacon. Whether the famous hook-worm disease of recent discovery existed then or not is a question, but something akin to it did exist, which sapped the vitality of these men and put them in condition to be easily affected by a change of diet. It must not be forgotten that these men went from the field to Point Lookout, and stayed there long enough to contract the disease, which was largely fostered by the very bad water of that camp, but they did not remain there long enough for the disease to finish its course, as is clearly in-

dicated by the very low death rate shown for Point Lookout. These half-dead men were transferred to Elmira to end their days, and this is why we are now called upon to give a reason for such heavy mortality.

The temperature at Point Lookout had but little effect on the prisoners, because they were accustomed to it, but when they reached Elmira it was different. Excessive heat in a Northern climate often prostrates people who are acclimated, but much more frequently those who are not. The low water and drouth then prevailing fostered a miasmatic condition which would tend to aggravate any disease and, give it a typhoid type. Such a condition is hard to combat in the case of anaemic patients in this day of sanitary science and was much more so then. In spite of the best efforts of the medical staff, death conquered in nearly every instance.

The rapid development of scurvy, showing in less than six weeks from the opening of the camp 793 cases, would indicate that a large proportion of the prisoners were actually suffering with it when they arrived. The great scarcity of vegetables, as before shown, made it impossible for the Government to give the prisoners sufficient vegetable diet to overcome the disorder. Facing two such foes as chronic diarrhoea and scurvy it is no wonder that 1260 deaths, nearly one-half the total mortality, occurred between July 6th and December 31st. By that time, nearly all the incurables had passed away, and had it not been for a severe epidemic of smallpox, and later of pneumonia in connection with the flood, Elmira would have been able to report a normal mortality thereafter. On December 18th the first case of smallpox was reported, a week later 63 cases, and on January 8th, 120 cases. The medical staff had ordered vaccine virus on the first appearance of the disease, but it was slow in arriving. It finally came, and about January 1st, the entire camp was vaccinated, but smallpox was on a rampage, and it had not yet been conquered at the time of the flood in March. An isolated hospital camp had been located on the flat, where all the cases were treated. The camp was still occupied when the flood drove them out, and

General Tracy's masterly transfer of those smallpox patients makes a splendid story.

Between January 1st and March 15th there were 1200 deaths, at least three-quarters of which were from smallpox. After the flood, pneumonia was quite prevalent, and the only wonder is that any one escaped it. To the credit of the pains-taking care of the medical staff be it said, that there were very few deaths resulting from the exposure of the sick in the hospital at the time of the flood. The official records show that the hospital was well kept during the entire existence of the camp, and the testimony of prisoners is that they received the best of care. It is my belief that the epidemics and imported diseases were responsible for at least fifteen per cent. of the deaths, and the remaining nine per cent. fairly represents the mortality honestly chargeable to the camp on general principles.

Referring to the surgeon's letter, as quoted by Mr. Hill on the floor of Congress. It says:

"The winter of 1864-5 was an unusually severe one, and the prisoners arriving from the Southern States during this season were mostly old men and lads, clothed in attire suitable only to the genial climate of the South. I need not state to you that this alone was ample cause for an unusual mortality among them. The surroundings were of the following nature, viz.: narrow, confined limits, but a few acres in extent. The tents and other shelter allotted to the camp were insufficient and crowded to the utmost, hence smallpox and other skin diseases raged through the camp."

Now, this is all true and no one would attempt to deny it, but why did the surgeon fail to explain the reasons? Colonel Eastman had in the beginning clearly indicated to the Commissary-General of Prisons that the Elmira camp could not accommodate more than 5000 decently. The Government may be open to censure for sending 10,000, but surely no blame should attach to the faithful officers who did the best they could when overwhelmed with numbers. The quotation belongs to that character of argument which

gives just enough of the truth to convey an erroneous impression.

He adds:

"I may note that owing to a general order from the Government to vaccinate the prisoners, my opportunities were ample to observe the effects of spurious and diseased matter, and there is no doubt in my mind but that syphilis was engrafted in many instances. Ugly and horrible ulcers and eruptions of a characteristic nature were, alas, too frequent and obvious to be mistaken. Smallpox cases were crowded in such a manner that it was a matter of impossibility to treat patients individually. They actually laid so adjacent that the simple movement of one would cause his neighbor to cry out in an agony of pain. The confluent and malignant type prevailed to such an extent, and of such a nature, that the body would frequently be found one continuous scab."

He closes this masterly effort at letter writing with the following: "The diet and other allowances by the Government for the use of prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed to starve."

The first case of smallpox was discovered December 18th, as before noted. Just four days later the aforesaid surgeon was relieved from duty at the Elmira Prison Camp, and on the same day, December 22d, another surgeon assumed the position and held it till the camp was abandoned. How he was able, being absent, to make such a positive report on the character of the vaccine virus and observe its effect on the prisoners, I leave for some more able mind to explain. The language of the letter implies his official presence in the camp, therefore, his second statement is misleading as was the first one. His final stab at the character of the camp with its starving prisoners indicates the animus which doubtless suggested the writing of such a letter. Incidental evidence makes it apparent that there was a reason for his sudden relief from duty, at so critical a period, and that his letter was written in retaliation for a fancied wrong.

The facts submitted would indicate that the Elmira

Prison Camp suffered from extraordinary contingencies, and that the excessive mortality was not produced by environment or neglect. Bad as the situation was, it compares favorably with modern times. Camp Alger, but a few miles removed from Washington, witnessed during the Spanish War, a condition quite as bad comparatively. For five months during the summer of 1898 men were congregated there in tents. These men were the cream of the National Guard of the United States, and robust volunteers, all in prime condition on arrival. During those five months there were 291 deaths, 239 of which were from typhoid fever.

Half a century had elapsed, medical science and sanitation had almost reached the acme of perfection. They had surgeons of unquestioned ability, with every remedy at the command of the wealthiest nation on earth, and yet such conditions existed as would hardly have been tolerated in the Elmira Prison Camp of 1864. The camp at Chickamauga was even worse.

Just a word more. I cannot close this paper without a brief mention of the dead. The history of Elmira Prison Camp is unique in one striking particular. The last sad rites paid to those unfortunate men who died in the prison camp were at the hands of a colored man, who was born a slave, lived to manhood under those conditions, and escaped. History does not record anything to controvert the assertion that at no prison, North or South, were the dead so tenderly cared for, or a more perfect record kept of those buried, all of which is due to the untiring efforts of this faithful man. To-day Woodlawn National Cemetery, where they lie sleeping, is as beautiful a spot as any cemetery in the land.

This paper is imperfect in many particulars, because the time allotted for reading is not sufficient to make proper enlargement on many important facts. A perfect account of the prison camp appears in the book entitled *The Elmira Prison Camp*. The statements in this paper are not to be considered as final, except in so far as they agree with the record shown in that book.

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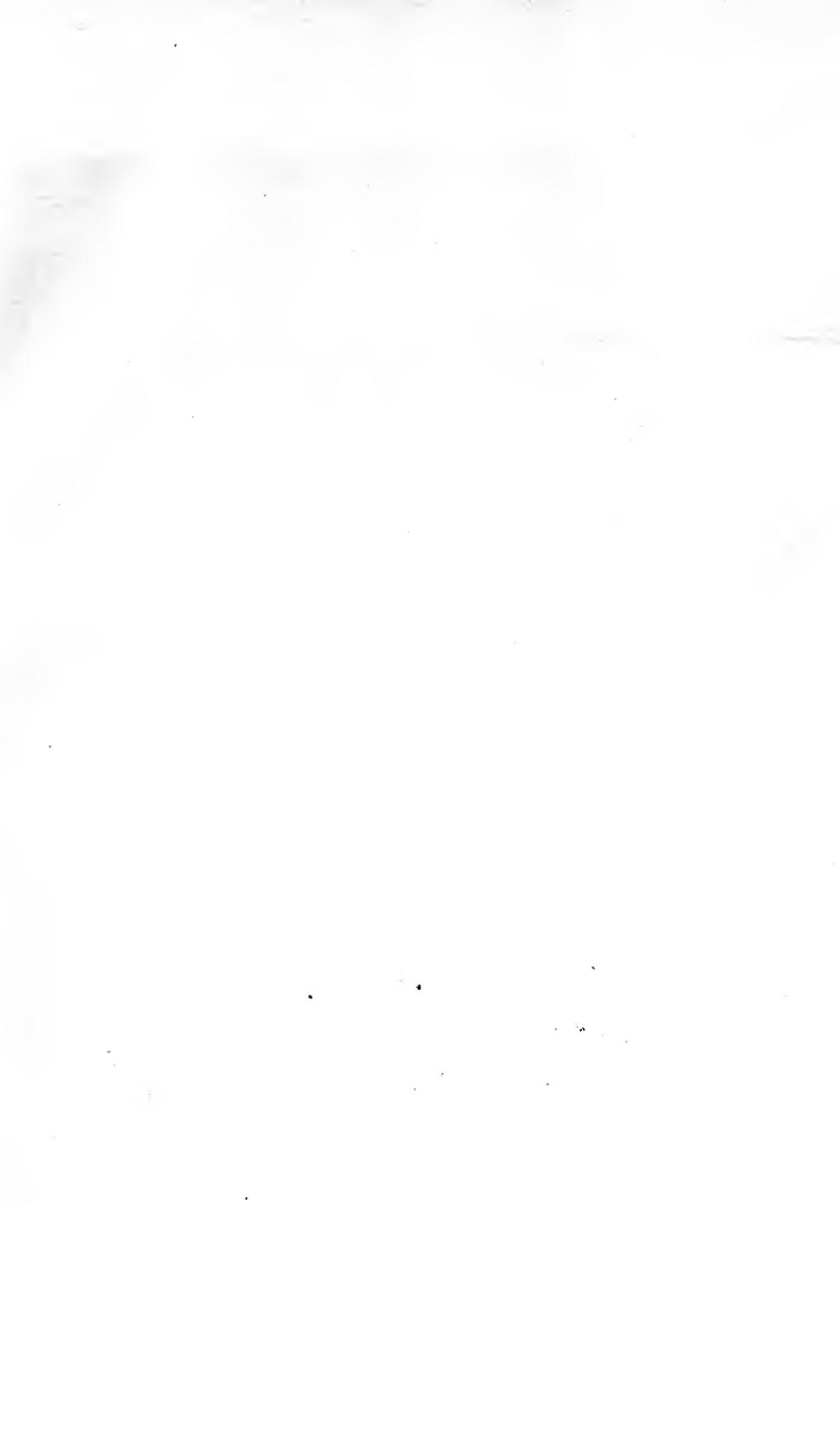
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